

Gc
973.74
Oh3ohp
1757968

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Ge

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01084 2802



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

<http://archive.org/details/personalreminisc00ohio>

Personal

Reminiscences

and

Experiences

By Members of the One Hundred and Third
Ohio Volunteer Infantry

CAMPAIGN LIFE IN THE UNION ARMY

From 1862 to 1865

1757968

16

F OHIO INFANTRY. 103 Regt., 1862-1865.

8349 Personal reminiscences and experiences by
.6834 members of the One hundred and third Ohio Volun-
teer Infantry. Campaign life in the Union Army
from 1862 to 1865. [Oberlin, O., News Printing
Co., 1900?]

144p. 20cm.

61-1619

CHALY CARD

ION 62-605

ERRATA.

Page 184, under heading of Killed and Wounded of Co. H at Resaca, Ga., May 14th, 1864, Sergeant James Allen, concussion of shell, should read, Private Thomas Allen.

Page 346, under the heading The One Hundred and Third at Resaca, Chaplain Hubbard's letter to Cleveland Herald, list of wounded in Co. H, Orderly James Allen, concussion of shell, should read, Private Thomas Allen.

Richard Doran, Co. C, 103d Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, omitted from Ohio State Roster. Enlisted on the 24th day of August, 1862, at Cleveland, Ohio; mustered out, June 12th, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C.

COMMITTEE.

EXPLANATORY.

The Committee appointed to collect material for a book to contain personal reminiscences and experiences of members of the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and to look after the publication of the same, have at last completed its work. There has been some delay, caused mainly by the difficulty which the Committee experienced in getting together such material as was desired, but that delay was to have been expected and has been unavoidable. The various articles which the book contains were all written by men who knew whereof they wrote, and hence each and every one of them can be considered thoroughly truthful and reliable. In the main; the articles appear as they were written, but in some cases slight changes have been made where the Committee thought them desirable. The book will speak for itself, and so it is handed over to the surviving members of the One Hundred and Third with the hope and the belief that one and all will enjoy the reading of it.



INDEX.

Autobiography. Colonel J. S. Casement.....	9
A New Year's Day. Colonel P. C. Hayes.....	11
March to Dandridge and Back. Colonel P. C. Hayes...	14
East Tennessee Loyalty. Colonel P. C. Hayes.....	19
Cleaning out an Enemy. Colonel P. C. Hayes.....	24
San Rafael, Cal., Jan. 30th, 1899 Major H. S. Pickands.	26
The Color Guard of the One Hundred and Third at Resaca. Captain Levi T. Scofield.....	33
Our Loyal Allies. Captain C. E. Sargeant.....	42
Crossing the Chattahoochee. Captain Albert H. Spencer	44
Blue Springs. Lieutenant G. S. Judd.....	49
Recruiting in Tennessee. Lieutenant C. Eddy.....	56
Notes from a Company A Man. Sergeant Michael Dunke	64
Recollections of Army Experience. Sergeant N. L. Cotton.....	73
Siege of Cincinnati. Lieutenant W. T. Chapman.....	85
How Kentucky was Saved to the Union. Lieutenant W. T. Chapman.....	89
Recollections of Army Life as Seen by a Private Soldier. Thomas H. Williams.....	92
Notes from a Musician. J. C. VanOrman.....	141
Siege of Knoxville, East Tennessee. H. P. Chapman...	152
Some Incidents of Life in Camp Cleveland. H. P. Chapman.....	177
Towner and His Fiddle. H. P. Chapman.....	179
Forage, Fun and Hunger. H. P. Chapman.....	181
Fun in Camp. H. P. Chapman.....	182



The Killed and Wounded of Company H at Resaca, G., May 14th, 1864. H. P. Chapman.....	183
A Live Corpse. H. P. Chapman.....	184
Notes from Company E. Ancil Perkins, Musician.....	186
Some Things I Saw and Heard in the Army. Sergeant Robert Woodward.....	194
Remarks of Company I. Arthur Bradley.....	219
The Battle of Armstrong's Hill. C. B. Welton.....	223
Memories of a Plain Private. Jesse Collins.....	241
Letter to J. C. VanOrman. Thomas Branagan.....	248
On Detail. J. G. Walton.....	259
From Nashville to Wilmington. Joseph H. Nicely.....	269
Notes from an Army Blacksmith. Franklin M. Burdoin.	270
The One Hundred and Third in East Tennessee. Charles H. Kimball.....	273
New Year's Day, 1864. C. H. Kimball.....	276
The Raw Recruit. Theo. F. Brown.....	279
Reminiscences of Army Life. Theo. F. Brown.....	291
Retreat from Dandridge. Charles Lanaghan.....	296
Prison Life of Henry Trowbridge. Henry Trowbridge..	299
Incidents from First to Last. F. B. Sherburne.....	315
Battle of Resaca. T. Metzger.....	32
Extracts from Letters Written by the late Joshua S. Mason.....	328
Shooting a Rebel Scout. Strangue.....	341
The One Hundred and Third at Resaca. Chaplain Hub- bard in Cleveland Herald.....	342
The One Hundred and Third Ohio at Resaca. Extract from the Cleveland Leader, June 2, 1864.....	347
Return of the One Hundred and Third. Cleveland Daily Herald, June, 1865.....	353



Reunions.....	353
Deaths Reported.....	375
Ladies' Auxiliary.....	379
Officers Ladies' Auxiliary.....	384
The Sons and Daughters of the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry	387
Roster of the One Hundred and Third Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.....	389
Field and Staff.....	390
Company A.....	392
Company B.....	397
Company C.....	402
Company D.....	407
Company E.....	412
Company F.....	417
Company G.....	422
Company H.....	427
Company I.....	433
Company K.....	439
Unassigned Recruits	444



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

BY MEMBERS OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD
O. V. I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY COL. J. S. CASEMENT.

I was born on the 29th of January, 1829, in Ontario county, New York. My parents were from the Isle of Man. We moved from Geneva, New York, to Michigan in 1844.

I commenced working on the Michigan Central Railroad, then owned by the State, in 1846, and remained on that road until the spring of 1850, when I came to Ohio and commenced track laying on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. After its completion I commenced track laying on the Lake Shore Railroad, which was completed November 1, 1852. I ran a freight train on this road during the winter of '52 and '53, and commenced the ballasting of it in the following spring. I ballasted the road and did much other work on it, such as filling many of the ravines that had been crossed by trestle work, and building all the double track that was



built previous to the war. I also had contracts for laying and ballasting tracks of the Sunbury and Erie, over three hundred miles, and the Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad of about half that length. The work on these roads was in progress when the war commenced, and they were completed during the war under the supervision of my brother Daniel, who afterwards became my partner. On the first call for troops I joined the 7th O. V. I. I was mustered into the three months' service as major, but remained in Camp Dennison until the regiment was organized. In the three years' service I was again made major of the regiment and served with them until near the time that I took command of the One Hundred and Third, whose history is now being written, and a part of which I claim.

Immediately after the war I took the contract for laying all the track of the Union Pacific Railroad and doing the greater part of the grading. After finishing that road I built the Union and Titusville, the Canada Southern, the Toledo, Canada Southern and Detroit, the Detroit and Butler Road, and the Nickel Plate Road from Cleveland to Buffalo; besides some short roads in Indiana, Kentucky, Nebraska, and New York, West Virginia, and Ohio.

This is all I can think of that I have done. I am still doing by building a road in Costa Rica for that government. I do not know that this will interest



my comrades, but it has all been sufficient to keep me out of a great deal of mischief.

I should have stated earlier that I was married in 1857 to Frances Marion Jennings, of Painesville, Ohio. We have had three sons, only one of whom is now living.

These are all the facts in my case that are worth stating, and it is a question in my mind whether these are; but you have them to do with as seemeth good unto you, as our Chaplain would say. Yours truly.

COL. J. S. CASEMENT.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The One Hundred and Third spent New Year's Day, 1864, at Strawberry Plains. This was the second New Year's Day of our army life, a day ever to be remembered by every member of the regiment. The weather was terribly cold; the ground was frozen hard and covered with snow; the wind blew shrill and piercing—the thermometer standing below zero. No clothing had been drawn since we left Knoxville, and the men were in a very destitute condition, having scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. There were not over half a dozen overcoats in



the regiment. Blankets, also, were scarce, and those we did have were worn so very thin as to afford little protection against the cold. Under these circumstances the men suffered exceedingly. It was impossible to keep anything like comfortable. The nearest approach to comfort they could make was to keep a large fire burning before the tents, in which, even then, they would sit shivering with the cold. Besides all this, every haversack in the regiment was empty, and the Commissary had not the wherewith to replenish it. On this cold, blustering, disagreeable day, just when the troops needed a double allowance of provisions, not a mouthful of anything eatable was issued. All that they had to allay their hunger was what they picked up in the country round about—and this was very little, indeed. The country in every direction had been overrun by hungry soldiers of both armies, and everything that could be found in the eating line, had been “gobbled up.” Some of the Hundred and Third went out, on this New Year's Day, eight or ten miles from camp and returned at night with nothing in the line of provisions except a few ears of corn.

And thus suffering from both cold and hunger we spent the day—a day as little like ordinary New Year's Days as night is like day. It was such a New Year's as none of us ever spent before, and certainly hope never to spend again. How different it was

from the New Year's each had been accustomed to spend amid the pleasures and comforts, and luxuries even, of home! What a contrast between the dinner of a few grains of parched corn, and the sumptuous dinners upon which one and all had feasted in other days! What a change from the brilliantly-lighted and comfortbly-warmed parlors of more peaceful times to the little tents, so cheerless and cold! What happy visions of days gone by flitted before the mind of each, as he sat in his canvas home this day, suffering from both hunger and cold! With what anxious longing did he think over the many home comforts he once enjoyed! What bright, recollections of roast turkey, fried oysters, mince pie and scores of other luxuries, did memory bring before him, as if to make him more sensible of his present destitute situation.

But the day finally wore away, and another came—the second day of the New Year. But its coming brought no relief. Both the cold and the scanty fare continued, with this slight improvement in regard to provisions, that two ounces of meal and a small bit of lean beef were issued to each man. This was not enough to keep soul and body together, and had it been all that the troops had, they must have suffered terribly. But, fortunately, some of the men, during a foraging expedition, had chanced to come upon a small cornfield, which thus far had escaped the notice



of both our own and the rebel troops. From this we obtained a liberal supply of corn, which lasted us for several days and until the Commissary was enabled to contribute somewhat to our sustenance.

COL. P. C. HAYES.

MARCH TO DANDRIDGE AND BACK.

It was on January 15, 1864, that our entire force at Strawberry Plains was ordered out of camp, and that never-to-be-forgotten march to Dandridge began. Longstreet had concentrated a considerable force at this place, and it was feared that he might cross to the south side of the French Broad river, move upon Knoxville by a forced march, capture the city and leave us out in the cold. To prevent him from carrying out any such plan, it was determined to send forward as large a force as we could spare, to watch his movements, attack him if a favorable opportunity offered, and, by all means, to prevent him moving upon Knoxville.

There was nothing particularly remarkable connected with our march to Dandridge, but the retreat from that place was among the most noted events of our whole army life. No sooner had we

arrived at the front, than Longstreet, being informed of our arrival and fearing an attack, began to make preparations for a retreat. To cover his movements, he ordered his advance to keep up a lively skirmish fire, and at the same time, sent a party to the river to lay a pontoon, as if he intended to cross and move upon Knoxville. This feint succeeded more completely than he had dared to expect. Our generals were thoroughly deceived by it, and, believing that Longstreet was endeavoring to flank them and march upon Knoxville, at once ordered a retreat, even while Longstreet was moving in the opposite direction as rapidly as he could.

To characterize this retreat as disgraceful, is speaking of it in very mild terms—disgraceful, not on the part of the troops who were ever ready to do their duty, but disgraceful on the part of incompetent generals, who, relying upon some mere rumor that Longstreet was preparing to cross the river, without stopping to investigate the matter, ordered a retreat. The whole movement was the product of a brain terribly befogged and shamefully timorous, and from beginning to end, indicated the utmost incompetency. Had we moved to the front, instead of to the rear, we should, doubtless, have obtained an important victory. Had we even stood our ground twenty-four hours longer, Longstreet and his whole army, except, perhaps, a few cavalry, would have



been miles away from our front. But instead of this, at the command of men not fit to be trusted with a corporal's guard, we let slip our advantage and beat a hasty retreat—a retreat which was more like a rout than anything else.

The order to fall back was given about 10 o'clock Sunday night, January 17th. At this time the One Hundred and Third was occupying a position about two miles northeast of Dandridge. With the other troops we fell back to that place where we found everything in the utmost confusion. Teams came pouring into town from every direction, each at full speed and anxious to get ahead in this general backward movement. Troops were rushing hither and thither, without any particular order or apparent head. Our brigade commander, however, was on hand and we were thus kept in good shape. In arranging the order of march, teams were allowed to pass on ahead. Being loaded very heavily and the roads being very muddy, they necessarily moved very slow. About every five or ten rods some two or three would get stuck in the mud, when there would be a general halt, until by kicking, and whipping, and yelling, and swearing, the drivers would compel the mules to force the wagons through the mud inch by inch.

The infantry, of course, was obliged to keep in the rear of these teams. As often as they stopped, we

were obliged to stop. This was exceedingly annoying and unpleasant. The halts were so frequent that we found it impossible to move over half a dozen rods at a time, and so short that there was not sufficient time given us to sit down and rest. Thus we were kept on our feet constantly almost, without making much headway. Besides this, it was quite cold, and, standing still so much, we became chilly and remarkably uncomfortable. Under these circumstances, the march was not only very tiresome, but not at all promotive of good nature. The sweetest-tempered became somewhat "riled," and indulged in some loud grumbling, while those, accustomed to profanity, forgetting that patience is a virtue, let slip some of the "tallest swearing" ever heard.

Morning at length dawned, and upon taking our bearings, we found we had made only about two miles. The march had been very severe and exhaustive, although the distance gone over was so short, and it was to be expected, after such a night's work, that we would have an opportunity given us to get some breakfast. We had nothing in our haversacks but a little meal and meat, and unless we had an opportunity to cook them we must go hungry. But there was no such thing as stopping on this disgraceful retreat. Some timorous general had gotten the idea into his head that Longstreet's



whole army was upon us, and our business was to get out of its way. Hence he had issued his orders, and all we had to do was to move on. Yet we could not help thinking that we could march farther, go over the same distance quicker, and do it with far greater ease if we could be allowed to get a little warm breakfast. Many of our men acted upon this idea. During the night they had kept up with the command promptly, but now hunger got the better of discipline, and they fell out, one after another, until not more than a fourth of the regiment were left. It took but a short time to cook and eat their breakfast, which being done, they came on, soon overtaking us and feeling much better and stronger than we who had kept marching all the time. Some few of them, however, were not content with getting their breakfast, but after eating, lay down to take a nap. In this way they were surprised by the enemy's cavalry and some eight or ten captured.

About 10 o'clock it began to rain. If it had been disagreeable before, it was doubly so now. The rain fell profusely for about two hours, making the roads a perfect mortar bed. To get out of the mud and water was impossible, and we found it best to keep in the middle of the road, although sometimes we sank into the slush ankle deep. Yet we always found a bottom here, which we feared we might not always find at the side of the road. About noon it

stopped raining, and we began to imagine that a halt would be ordered to give the troops a chance to get dinner. But in this we were disappointed. We were kept marching right along, as though it was not necessary for us either to rest or eat.

The day at length wore away, and about sundown we were ordered into camp for the night. Never was there an order more joyfully received or more willingly obeyed. The troops were completely exhausted, and it was only their remarkable determination that had enabled them to keep up with their commands until the day's march was done. For nearly twenty-four hours they had been on the move, stopping neither for rest nor to cook a mouthful to eat. The result was, that those who went into camp with their commands, were so completely tired out that, although exceedingly hungry, they spread out their blankets as soon as they could get their tents up, and lay down to sleep without tasting a morsel of food.

COL. P. C. HAYES.

EAST TENNESSEE LOYALTY.

It was the last of August, 1863, when the One Hundred and Third arrived at Concord, East Ten-

nessee. The enemy in this part of the field, who, we supposed, would make a determined and desperate effort to hold the Union forces in check, fled at the approach of our cavalry without offering any great resistance. Knoxville, which was regarded as the rebel stronghold in East Tennessee, was abandoned, and our advance took quiet possession of it on the first of September. The railroad, leading from Chattanooga into Virginia, was taken possession of by our forces, and the One Hundred and Third, with other troops, took the cars, and passing through Knoxville, moved up to Henderson Station, about nine miles above Greenville.

During this trip, we had an excellent opportunity to observe the loyalty of the people of East Tennessee, of which we had heard so much. Everywhere we went, we were welcomed with the most unbounded expressions of delight, and with such an enthusiastic outpouring of gratitude as has rarely ever been witnessed among any people. After witnessing our receptions at the various points where we stopped, no one could doubt the genuineness of East Tennessee loyalty. That loyalty was a kind that remained true throughout, under every and all circumstances. It was not sickly, or sentimental, or wavering, but as genuine and true-hearted one day as another—as reliable, unflinching and uncompromising in the presence of rebels as in the presence of Union men.

As we passed up the country at this time, it seemed as though the entire population had turned out to welcome us. Every little town was filled with crowds, eager to catch a glimpse of the Yankee soldiers, and to show them by some outward demonstration that the people of East Tennessee were heart and soul with the defenders of the Union. The National flags, so long concealed, were now brought out, and could be seen waving from almost every house, while "the cheers, and fond greetings, and happy tears, of the assembled thousands, attested their fervent hope and trust that the national authority and protection, for which they had prayed and pined through two long, weary years, would never again be expelled from their midst."

The demonstrations of the people at Greenville were, perhaps, more enthusiastic and significant than those of the people at any other point. The hearty welcome with which they greeted us and the intense delight manifested at our arrival, the members of the One Hundred and Third will never forget. Hearing of our approach, the people had flocked in to see us not only from the village, but from all the surrounding country. The crowd at the depot was immense, and composed of all ages, colors and conditions. They had assembled to testify their joy at our arrival, not by words only, but they had brought "bounteous stores" of refreshments of every imag-



inable kind. The platform was absolutely loaded down with baskets filled with pies, cakes, meats, etc., etc. As the train stopped, cheer after cheer arose from the crowd, and as each soldier stepped from the cars, he was grasped eagerly by the hand which was shaken until the party, shaking, became exhausted, and then he was passed on to have the same thing repeated over and over again a countless number of times. Old men gathered around him and blessed him. Fathers welcomed him as the defender of a government they loved ; mothers greeted him as their own son, while sisters wept for joy as if their own brothers had returned to them after long years of absence. In their excitement, many would seize the old flag and shower it with kisses, rejoicing that they were once more permitted to gaze upon it, floating proudly over them, and reminding them of the happy fact that the oppressions, insults and outrages, so long heaped upon them by their rebel enemies, were at an end.

But these people were no more loyal than the great mass of the people in East Tennessee. Everywhere we found this same love for the Union—this same enthusiastic affection for the old flag. No people ever remained more firm in their devotion to their government than did this people—and that, too, under the most trying and unfavorable circumstances. With every inducement in the world to



go with the South, they yet adhered to their allegiance to the Union, although they knew such a course would bring upon them abuse, persecution, loss of property and frequently, loss of life. The very fact that they dared, being Southerners, to stand by the Government and oppose secession, made them the objects of the most bitter hatred on the part of the rebels and drew upon them the full force of rebel malignity. The result was, that they had not a single right which rebels considered it their duty to respect. Every plan that hatred and malice could suggest, was devised to persecute and annoy them. Their property was stolen, their houses and barns burned, their wives and daughters insulted, their lives threatened unless they would leave the country, and, in many cases where they had the courage to remain in spite of threats, they were taken by armed rebels and murdered in cold blood ; and yet in the midst of all these robberies, outrages and dangers, they remained true to their country and its cause. Their devotion to the Union, and their terrible sufferings in consequence have become a part of history, from which he who reads will learn that nowhere in all our broad land did loyalty shine forth more brightly, or rebel hate, malignity and unbridled passion manifest themselves in a more dastardly and fiendish manner, than in East Tennessee.

COL. P. C. HAYES.

CLEANING OUT AN ENEMY.

On the 19th of September, 1863, a general advance of the Union forces was ordered, and we again left Greenville and started up the country—moving forward, the first night the One Hundred and Third halted at Henderson bridge. Here we remained until noon of the next day, when striking tents, we moved up to Jonesboro. This was a severe march. We reached Jonesboro at 11 o'clock at night, hungry and tired. Just at this time rations were very short, and when we halted for the night every haversack in the command was empty. A little beef was issued, and after roasting and eating this, the men lay down to rest. At 4 o'clock the next morning, reveille was sounded, and at 5 we marched out of camp. Our progress was slow, however, as the enemy, with whom our advance was skirmishing, showed a determination not to fall back any faster than he was obliged to. We reached Johnson's Station about 3 P. M., and after lying about until nearly dark, were marched about half a mile and ordered into camp.

This camp chanced to be on the farm of a violent rebel, and the men were not long in ascertaining his political proclivities. The confederate soldiers had taken very good care of the old fellow. His property had all been spared him, and he was surrounded

with all the luxuries of life. His orchard was full of apples, his garden abounded in sweet potatoes, cabbages, etc., his field contained an abundance of corn, his barn-yard was alive with chickens, turkeys and geese, and his stock of pigs was excellent. All these things were very tempting to the appetite of a soldier who had had little to eat for a couple of days, and, as soon as it was known that their owner was a "secesh" of the "strictest sect," the men "went for them" in regular soldier style. The whole brigade seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Every man in the command seemed to consider himself a special committee of one to see that our "rebel friend" was "cleaned out." While some gathered rails and kindled fires, others went for the apples. One squad started for corn, and another for the garden to get potatoes and cabbages. A few were to be seen chasing down chickens and turkeys, while others were rallying, with fixed bayonets around a few fat porkers, fully determined that not one should escape. One fellow had even dared to enter the smoke-house and was seen coming to camp with both hands full of lard, declaring to his companions that "there was a whole jar full of that stuff in there, which was very fine." In fact, everything that would allay hunger, or serve to make the men comfortable for the night, was "gobbled up"—each soldier proving to his entire satisfaction that, however much he

might hate rebels, rebel chickens, potatoes, and bacon were very palatable, and that the top rails of a rebel's fence would make an excellent fire.

COL. P. C. HAYES.

SAN RAFAEL, CAL., Jan. 30, 1899.

My Dear Comrade:—

While idling away the winter in this favored land, and "knitting up the raveled sleeve of care" in the balmy winds and mellow sunshine, comes your request that I contribute something to the "Camp Fire," which you boys are laying up in remembrance of the old regiment.

I have been denied with much personal regret the pleasure of attending your annual gatherings, always promising myself an appearance at the next one only to be disappointed, for I have been a very busy man since we left the trade of war for the more serious struggle for existence, and thus time has slipped away until thirty-four years have scored their varying vicissitudes upon the lives of the young and wiry "web feet" who came marching home in the summer dust with me, jaunty in bearing and light of step, with the conscious pride of having done their duty as soldiers every time, throughout the long and trying

field service of three years at the front, and at what sacrifice is tersely told in the official record of the fallen, who sleep on in many a southern field and wood, where the scars of battle still mark the trees above them. I find it quite impossible to think of you youngsters as at all changed by this long interval of time, and as memory recalls the familiar notes of the "assembly" with Fife-Major Robinson and little Andy Parsons leading the drum corps, I see in fancy a brave lot of tanned wiry fellows tumbling out of their pup tents, alert and supple, slipping into their harness as they come, and ready for whatever fate may send them, before the echo of the snare drum dies away. You were never a slow lot, except in giving up a field you couldn't win, like the second line of assault at Resaca, where you slept on your winnings for the night and some of you sleep there still. Of course those of us who still survive have followed with intense and critical interest the course of our arms through this Spanish war, on land and at sea, and we naturally find ourselves comparing the conditions and exploits of the soldier of to-day with our own experiences, which to the world are ancient history, and to us a remembrance of yesterday. I was in Chinese waters last April, when the gallant Dewey sailed for Manila with his snug little fleet, and having seen much of the splendid morale, and absolutely perfect discipline of the sea force, both

officers and men, I had no doubt of the result of the fight that was impending, although the feeling in Hong Kong and Yokahama was, among foreigners and natives, strongly the reverse. One old world-wise Englishman just from Manila, on his tour round the world, said to me, "Your people are making a mistake in forcing this war upon Spain, and if you send that little fleet to Manila you will lose it." Well, if we have lost anything, it hasn't been found yet. Upon my return to this country, June 1st, I found San Francisco full of troops, and the camps presenting a repetition of the scenes of sixty-one, the awkward sentry, the pie vender at the guard line, more to be dreaded than the enemy with his gun, the young recruit busying himself in getting acquainted with his accoutrements and arms, sewing on a button, or writing to the girl he left behind him, and all so full of high hope and courage and the spirit of adventure, facing the long sea voyage to unknown lands and inhospitable climates and strange foes, with the careless indifference of youth and robust health. How these once familiar scenes carried me back to the school days in which we learned our soldiering, and how we kicked at the government rations, and held indignation meetings because the "sow belly" was all fat, and had a few flourishing grub worms in it, and the innocent weevil inhabited the hard tack, and our clothes didn't fit us and we knew not then

how to make them over, nor how to cook and serve up a delicious meal with the then despised material which Uncle Sam provided. Our great good fortune was in going promptly to the front.

As I review the entire service of the regiment, and it was exceptionally severe and active, with much unusual exposure and privation, I name as the most unendurable, the months we spent about Snows Pond in Kentucky, and chasing the illusive John Morgan hundreds of miles, we on foot and his command on Kentucky thoroughbreds. From Buzzards Roost to the fall of Atlanta, you were one hundred and three days in the fighting line, some portion of which was under fire almost every day, and yet we had a lot of comfort and plenty of sleep through it all. There is but scant comfort in soldiering, except in active campaigning. The newspaper correspondent was not so much in evidence in those days, and "Uncle Billy" Sherman didn't encourage or invite his presence; but in these times of progress, the yellow journalist considers himself competent to direct a campaign as well as to criticise one, and the country has been distressed and horrified over the newspaper accounts of the starving and inhuman neglect of our soldiers in the field, nearly all of which is of course sensational rot; but the friends of the volunteers have suffered all the same, believing it to be true. You boys know full well that the first

year of service is unavoidably full of discomfort and unhappiness, only experience and much practice will teach the recruit how to live comfortably under all conditions, to take care of his feet, to learn to cook and to husband his rations, and do his marching and his fighting with his blanket and his own half of the pup tent, and his haversack and frying pan upon him, for if he sheds them, as a tender-foot is pretty sure to do upon going into action, the chances are about a certainty that he never gets them again, and he suffers and falls ill for want of them. The short and entirely glorious campaign of Santiago, in which our troops won fresh and enduring laurels for American arms was brilliant, but in point of endurance compare the service with your East Tennessee campaign in the winter of '63 and '64. We had crossed the Cumberland mountains in midsummer in light marching order, the plan of campaign being to clean up East Tennessee in a hurry, and Rosecrans would then establish communication with us, sending supplies to us up the river from Chattanooga. We rounded up our part of the contract, but the drawn battle of Chickamauga prevented any relief coming to us, and the impassable condition of mud roads in winter prevented supplies reaching us over the mountains, and we went into that severe winter without shelter, with clothes in rags from half a year's hard wear, not half blankets enough, and those old

and thin, no stockings or underclothes in the command, and the commissary depending on foraging in a country already stripped bare by the enemy we had driven out, and yet we marched all that winter in snow and rain, had a bit of fighting now and then, and came out in the spring in fine fit for the Atlanta campaign. How long was it that we lived on field corn issued in the ear? and not enough for more than two meals a day—not even salt to put in the hoe cake we made of the corn—again recall the desperate forced march after the fall of Atlanta when Sherman had cut loose for the sea, leaving our corps to take care of Hood and his army, and we raced him on parallel roads back to Franklin, fighting at Pulaski, Duck River and Spring Hill; there were days together on that march when we subsisted on sorghum cane, and from Duck River to Nashville, over fifty miles, with the battles of Spring Hill and Franklin taken en route occupied four days and night of continuous maneuvering, marching and fighting, during all of which no rest or sleep was possible, and every man lived out of his own haversack, on his raw pork and hard tack, and at the end of the terrible strain the One Hundred and Third passed through the gates at Nashville with eleven hundred prisoners in charge from the field of Franklin, in closed column and its own drum corps playing our swinging favorite, “The Wrecker’s Daugh-



ter." I never knew the regiment to march finer. No new troops can ever endure such physical strains as those, and there were scores of others equally hard and borne as well. As I remember, we slept about a week in the Nashville trenches, only waking up to eat, and were then ready for anything again—and got it too, in the destruction of Hood's army in front of Nashville, and the mad chase through snow and mud after his broken squadrons to Duck River, and then the long march to Clifton on the Tennessee River in mud and snow where we embarked on the deck of a river boat for Louisville, and then on by rail in freight cars in dead of winter to Annapolis, Md., and thence by sea to North Carolina. That long rail ride in bitter cold weather would have frozen the mules, had they been with us, but the second day out we were warm and happy, for the boys brought in every stove within reach, out of the pump stations and the depots and telegraph offices, all of them hot and thus the well seasoned soldier knows how to make the most of any adverse condition. To-day Uncle Sam is able to transport his troops in Pullman cars steam heated, such is the progress of the age we live in. I sincerely hope that you may all be spared for many more Regimental Reunions and I desire to be cordially remembered to all members of the old command. Ever sincerely,

Your old Major, H. S. PICKANDS.

THE COLOR-GUARD OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD AT RESACA.

It was with some reluctance that the writer consented to contribute to the sketches and reminiscences that are to be compiled with the history of the One Hundred and Third Ohio, for the reason that he was not on duty with the regiment during the last two years or the more eventful period of its service. It so happened that when General Burnside was planning his expedition to East Tennessee, and the Twenty-third Army Corps was being organized to accompany it, there was a call for engineer officers to be detailed from regiments of the command, and the writer having performed such work for the regimental officers, was recommended by the Colonel for the position at Third Division Headquarters.

He was reluctant to accept the new office, which would to some extent separate him from comrades amongst whom there was a true brotherly affection, partly because of severing such ties, but more by reason of lack of confidence in ability to perform the duties of Division Engineer, but was finally persuaded by brother officers to consent. At times staff officers were expected to visit, in their line of duty, the brigades and regiments of the command, and it was on several of these trips during the action at Resaca, Ga., that the following incident was ob-

served: This was the first general engagement in which the regiment took part, although they had been seasoned to fire on several previous occasions in East Tennessee and Georgia, so that they carried themselves as steadily as any of the other veteran organizations in the line. In crossing the open bottom land of Mud Creek, they were exposed to a direct artillery fire from the Confederate works, which caused many open gaps in their line.

Capt. John T. Philpot, of Co. D, was killed at this time, by a solid shot passing through his body. Tommy Brennan, the cook of Co. E, was toiling along at the left of his company when a Whitworth shell carried away his camp kettles and frying pans, leaving him empty handed for the time, but he picked up the gun of Corporal Puffer who was killed in front of him, and with borrowed ammunition, fired until the recall.

Capt. W. N. Hutchinson, of Co. B, was in command of the regiment, and led his men gallantly across the field and over the first line of works, until they reached the abatis in front of the main line.

He commanded them to lie down until rested for the final charge over the substantial breastworks. The men begged him to lie down also, but instead he bravely walked along their front, cutting at the weeds with his saber, apparently unconcerned for his own safety, but quietly encouraging and steady-



ing the troops. His conduct was brave and heroic, but perhaps imprudent, for a rebel bullet passed into the right side of his head and lodged under the skin over his left temple.

1757968
His body was borne from the field in a blanket, when the regiment, under the command of Capt. Harry Pickands, was ordered to retire.

The incident that made the most vivid impression was the devoted stand made by the color-guard in defense of their flag. The sergeant who carried the colors, Martin Striebler, was a member of Co. E, a magnificent man, six feet and four inches in height, of gigantic mould, and although he had the power to crush any man in his grasp, was beloved by the entire regiment for his gentle ways. His voice was soft and kind, and his manners so winning that his comrades in camp life were better for his being with them. He had served six years in the regular dragoons, was thoroughly disciplined, but too brave to lie down with the rest, although so ordered, and stood up manfully waving the colors over the regiment. The color-guard stood up with him until they were all killed or wounded. The sergeant fell slowly, and even after the fatal ball had crashed into his brain through the center of his forehead, he turned his eyes up to the flag he loved so well, and as he fell to the ground, folded his arms around the colors, saturating them with his blood from many

wounds. The colors are now in the flag-room at Columbus, still marked with those dreadful stains. The writer saw the body of the noble soldier carried off in a blanket, with the brain oozing down his cheek; also that of Corporal Andrew Klingman of the guard, and of the same company. Seven of the nine men were carried from the field, three of them killed and four badly wounded, the other two were wounded but were able to get off without assistance. It seemed sad to look on the form of the brave sergeant, who but a short time before, in the great strength of his manhood, had with elastic step, borne his country's emblem with such evident pride that it thrilled the entire regiment to a man.

The colors were seized by one corporal after another while they stood, but when the last one fell it was covered by his body, and in the confusion of retirement, it was discovered that the beloved flag had been left on the field. Sergeant John Silburn, a messmate of the brave Striebler, determined to regain the flag if it cost him his life, and he boldly went back to the advanced position, and a happier man never lived when he at last found it under the body of the dead corporal. Fortunately he escaped with his life and bore it back in triumph to the regiment. Then there was rejoicing! He was at once made color sergeant and continued as such until the end of the war.

After a late supper, and when it was quite dark, the writer mounted his horse and rode over to the One Hundred and Third Regiment and to the field hospital where the wounded corporals were, to learn as much in detail as possible of their gallant defense of the flag; and the information was so impressive, that he carried it along as part of his life, through the days of the war and for many years after, with a determination to some time put the recollections in durable form, either by writing, drawing, painting or modeling. He finally chose the latter, and the result was adopted for the infantry group or "Color-Guard" for the Soldiers' Monument in Cleveland, and this led to the other groups and the author's connection as architect and sculptor of the monument.

A brief description of the group, now made in imperishable bronze, will perhaps give a good idea of the impressions obtained from the survivors of the guard. In the group the sergeant is represented falling as before described. The first corporal to his right has caught him with his arm, but with head elevated is looking forward to the sheet of flame that pours from the rebel ramparts, and bracing himself with his gun on the ground, is quietly easing the dying color-bearer down. On his right, a step in advance, is a stalwart-looking dare-devil soldier, with gun partly raised, as though picking out his man.

His makeup is slightly different from the rest: His last month's pay has gone to the sutler for a new hat and a pair of high-topped boots, which show off more strikingly his muscular but ill-favored legs.

On his right is a plucky young fellow, who has a flesh wound in his leg, but who has with true grit determined to stay with the boys, and has simply bent down on one knee, still keeping his gun with him, to perform his own surgical operation by bandaging his wound with his handkerchief. The corporal on the right flank of the guard, poor fellow, has received his death wound. He is represented as having fallen forward on his face, with his gun underneath, and in his death agony has turned on his back to get more air, but alas that terrible wound through his right lung will soon finish his life. In fact his right arm is lying limp, and his left arm is raised from the elbow, with his hand clinched. When that falls it is all over with Andrew Klingman. This figure is very real and although in bronze, one can almost see the death struggle, with the left side of the chest thrown up to extend the lung for one more gasp of air. The eyes are closed but will soon partly open again. The cap has fallen back on the grass, showing his damp hair and death sweat on his brow. To the left of the sergeant is one of those finely formed fellows, always neat in dress, who seem to have luck in getting a good fit from the Quarter-



master everytime, and who are invariably selected for the color-guard when they can be found. He has received a slight scalp wound, just enough to smart and make him mad. He has drawn his cartridge box around to the front, and with jaw firmly set and eyes flashing, you can almost hear his dignified oath as he determines to pay them back if forty rounds will do it ; and he watches the effect of his last shot as he deliberately loads for another. On his left is a cool soldier who does not believe in wasting ammunition, and is taking as careful aim as though practicing for Creedmore. Next to him is the most difficult figure to model in the group. It represents faithfully a young fellow who has undoubtedly received a mortal wound. While leaning back, he is still falling forward. He has dropped his gun, his cap has fallen behind him, and with his arms thrown up wildly, fingers distored, head thrown to one side and eyes rolled back, you expect to hear "My God" come from his lips and see him fall. The last figure in the group is of a brave fellow who has fallen forward with a painful wound, but has raised up on one hand which still clutches his gun, and with the other is brushing the tangled hair from his eyes to see if the flag is still there, the most intense thought in his patriotic mind, although his knitted brow indicates severest pain.

The modeling of the figures in all the details,



shows great painstaking, care and study. The accoutrements are all in place, as the old veterans wore them, and the uniforms with baggy knees, slack seats and full of wrinkles, show that the men who wore them usually slept in same, and were not so particular about their tailoring, as they were to get something to wear.

It will be noticed that most of them have their trousers tucked in their stockings to keep the dust out and make marching easier.

Some have holes in the legs of their stockings which show that they have slept in close proximity to camp-fire embers, while one has traded off his shoes and a big plug of tobacco with a cavalryman for his boots. No attempt was made to introduce portrait faces, for the reason that it was impossible to procure likenesses, and it was deemed better to omit this feature, although in two instances photographs were produced by friends.

There are doubtless instances where the color-guards of other regiments had similar experiences, and perhaps acquitted themselves equally well, but there certainly could be no more brilliant record from one end of the army to the other, than the splendid defense of the flag made by the mighty Striebler and his faithful guard.

The sergeant was a hero, and he looked for no greater reward from his country, than to be permit-

ted to die while waving the tattered colors that he loved and glorified, for his comrades to follow.

The corporals were equally brave, and the persistency with which they supported the sergeant until he fell, and the bold front which they showed until the last one went down, was evidence that they were willing to give their lives, if need be, in the duty that they were selected to perform.

It should not seem improper for a member of this regiment to speak in praise of his own command, for it is well known that the entire career of the One Hundred and Third Ohio, was of a marked and unusually high order, and no blemish stained its record from the time they left the market house in Covington, to their dumping at the Altoona horse-shoe bend, on their way home over the Pennsylvania mountains; and while countless pages can and will be written of its heroic actions performed, the writer feels that the selection he has chosen for his paper will equal any others as a subject, that will be made, and while in its crude form it is only a suggestion, some other writer, more skilled, may some time make of it a complete chapter of the history of the regiment.

CAPT. LEVI T. SCOFIELD.



OUR LOYAL ALLIES.

The invasion of East Tennessee by the Army of the Ohio, after that toilsome climb of the Cumberland mountains which we of the One Hundred and Third will never forget, was hailed with great delight by the hardy mountaineers of that region. Loyal almost to a man, they had suffered great persecution from the Confederate Government, and through fear of conscription into the rebel army had been driven from their humble homes to take refuge in obscure retreats in the most inaccessible of those wild and rugged mountain fastnesses. With scanty food and in constant fear of capture, they eked out a miserable existence. Small wonder, then, that our advent was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and that the boys in blue were looked upon as saviors and as little less than demi-gods. The opportunity given by General Burnside to enroll themselves under the old flag was therefore responded to with great eagerness, and the ranks of the first regiment soon filled to a maximum:—

To the query, "What regiment, my man?" would come the response in the high-pitched sing-song tone peculiar to the region—"I belong to the First East Tennessee loyal *recg-i-ment* fitin' for the *Goverment*."

Ignorance, alike amongst officers and men, of drill,

tactics, and regulations gave rise to many funny incidents. They could not get into their heads the important fact that a "ration" meant food for twenty-four hours, and with an appetite sharpened by the pure mountain air, and enhanced by the privations they had recently endured, would devour at *one* meal the supplies furnished them for *three*, and proceed *en masse* to the Commissary to clamor for their next, until that much harassed and long suffering officer was driven nearly to frenzy. In tactics, too they were equally innocent of the "how to do it."

I heard one day an officer wishing to form his company into column of fours, cry out,—“Two strings into four strings, git!” They got. And at another time when breaking camp and wishing to follow the 24th Kentucky, which had just marched out into the road, I heard a field officer give the following extraordinary command:—“Gentlemen, get into four strings and march out e-e-endwise like those *other* gentlemen.”

At Knoxville they were camped near us on the hills overlooking the river and their proximity permitted us to notice many odd incidents. Returning one day about dusk from picket duty with Company E, I passed near to a camp fire, where a squad of these mountaineers were dividing the rations they had just drawn. Squatting about a rubber poncho spread upon the ground, they were industriously

dividing by means of a tin spoon a pile of brown sugar heaped thereon. The ruddy light of the camp fire threw their sallow faces (born of much *soda* in their biscuits) into bold relief. Suddenly one tall fellow, uncoiling his long legs, sprang to his feet and in great wrath shouted, "Sergeant, there's another spoonful of sugar comin' to me, and by —— I'll have my rights or I'll *die* right on this hill."

Whether he died or got his "rights" this veracious chronicler knoweth not.

C. E. SARGEANT,
Capt. Co. E.

CROSSING OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

On the 8th day of July, 1864, the One Hundred and Third Ohio Infantry Regiment rendered to the country an important service. It led the advance of all Sherman's great army in crossing the Chattahoochee river,—the last great natural barrier in our progress toward Atlanta, the goal toward which we pressed with the utmost energy through all that most eventful summer. General Sherman's masterly strategy had outflanked Joe Johnston's forces from every stronghold, and persistently pressed the enemy

back from Dalton to Marietta and below. We felt that our leader's resources of military skill were equal to the accomplishment of every task, and yet it seemed apparent that *at the river* we should encounter the most serious opposition,—that here, surely, our wily foe would make a determined stand and desperately dispute our advance.

The bulk of Johnston's army was within a few miles of the railroad bridge,—still to the north of the river which here runs in a southwesterly direction. Sherman, as usual, presented a strong front to the enemy and kept a movable column in reserve, to extend our right or left flank at will. He now made strong demonstrations of a purpose to move to the right,—that is down the river. Our 23rd Corps had held the extreme right, on the Sandtown road; but Thomas and McPherson were pushed forward until their forces were actually nearer Atlanta than were Johnston's. This movement naturally deceived the enemy into the belief that we contemplated crossing there, and it led him to dispose his troops to defeat the plan.

But Sherman's strategy was not quite so transparent. His scheme was altogether different. On July 7th he sent General Schofield to ascertain the feasibility of crossing at some point well up the river, and the report being favorable, immediate action followed. On the 8th the 23rd Corps was moved boldly to the

left, by roads and through fields well back from the river, so as to mask our movement from the enemy's observation. At exposed points flags were furled and muskets were carried at "trail arms." Canteens were so slung as not to rattle against bayonets. Officers dismounted; wagon trains and artillery were left at the rear.

The point selected for the crossing was a little above the mouth of Soap Creek, and Cox's 3rd Division, 23rd Corps, was assigned to the work. The creek runs for some distance nearly parallel to the river, with a high ridge between them, at the end of which the creek makes a sharp bend into the river. Cameron's 2d Brigade crossed the creek at the rickety paper mill dam, climbed and descended the steep ridge and advanced to the river's brink, while Byrd's 3rd Brigade manned canvas pontoons, lying concealed in the creek, ready to paddle into and across the river at the signal, their riflemen to move forward at the same time to the river, and open fire on any enemy, and to cross by the pontoon boats speedily.

The 2d Brigade had the more difficult and dangerous task of fording the river at an old fish dam where the current was swift and the bottom rocky and unknown, the water varying from two to five feet deep. It was essential to "keep our powder dry," whatever else happened, for we knew not at

what moment the enemy would be upon us. The One Hundred and Third Ohio led off, having been given the right of the line in this all-important movement; and we took to the water at the appointed moment, half-past three, as a part of our soldier duty to be unhesitatingly performed. Floundering, stumbling, but steadily advancing, we reached the opposite bank, forming our lines anew in a wheatfield while the other regiments of our brigade were still crossing, and before any alarm indicated that our movement was discovered.

We were squeezing the water from our soaked garments and emptying our shoes when Byrd's men were fired on as their pontoons appeared on the river half a mile below us. A single field piece opened on them from the hill opposite; and they replied with a rattle of musketry so lively that, although the piece was again loaded, it could not be fired, and on landing they rushed up the hill, captured the loaded gun and turned it on the flying squad who had been in charge of it.

The 2d Brigade moved immediately down the river to join Byrd, and took up a strong position on the heights opposite the mouth of the creek. Our entire division was speedily concentrated there and fortified for defense against the enemy and to protect the pontoon bridges which were immediately laid and made serviceable for the army. The cross-

ing had been effected without the loss of a man; and a firm foothold had been secured south of the Chattahoochee, more than twenty-four hours before the rebel army withdrew to that side of the river, which occurred on the night of July 9th.

Our position was, however, a dangerous one,—a single division thus exposed to be “gobbled up,” if possible, by a quick movement of Johnston’s forces. They did not, however, attack us, for while reinforcements were near us—the balance of our Corps and the 4th Corps—Sherman crowded right up to the enemy at the railroad bridge and continued his demonstrations down the river at Turner’s Ferry, so that Johnston was at a loss what to do after withdrawing to the south bank, removing his pontoons and burning the three bridges.

But it is not my present purpose to narrate the further progress of the campaign. *The Chattahoochee had been crossed in force*, and we were never dislodged from our position. A permanent bridge was speedily built there to supplement or replace the pontoons, another at Roswell, up the river, where a large force crossed, and several pontoon and other bridges lower down were laid for Thomas’ army, so that a general advance was made, in several columns, about July 16th, as Johnston’s lines were forced back toward Atlanta.

Johnston’s failure to hold the line of the river led



to his retirement, by orders from Richmond. He was superseded by General Hood with the idea that a more aggressive policy should be adopted by the Confederates. This was most gratifying to us, for we had long wanted to have the enemy attack us in our chosen position, instead of reversing the process. The immediate result of this change of commanders was that within ten days after Hood's accession to power he fought us three fierce battles,—July 20th, 22d and 28th. But that's another story.

ALBERT H. SPENCER,
Late Captain Co. H, 103rd Ohio Inf.

BLUE SPRINGS.

There is one disease which afflicts the old soldier, for which the government provides no pension. It is the disease which proverbially pursues every man who goes "gunning" or "fishing," and makes every old soldier the hero of his own story of fight, and field, and camp. The "boys" who remain of the One Hundred and Third—God bless them—have asked me with pointed persistence for some personal recollection of the war, and have suggested the skirmish at Blue Springs in East Tennessee.

It has been a lifetime since that summer day, almost two lifetimes, for there are not only children, but also grand children, who, when the shadows lengthen, delight to gather about and hear stories of what father and grand-father did in those days which now seem so far away, and seem in life's perspective like outlines on the far distant horizon. The diaries so carefully written—the letters so hastily penned, in camp, have in the flood of years been marked off the roll as “lost,” or “deserted,” and the swift revolving years have kept us so busy that we who have been isolated and away from the old comrades, have lost out of mind and memory many of the dates, and names and facts necessary to a connected story.

But “it happened once upon a time” about the summer of 1863, that the One Hundred and Third was ordered to the front as a support to the cavalry force under General Carter, to reconnoiter and “feel for the enemy,” up about the little station on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railway, known as Blue Springs. Arrived in the vicinity, the cavalry took up its position on a long high ridge facing up the road eastward, with a battery of those long-nosed Rodman guns in the center, and the One Hundred and Third lying in the rear and to the right of the battery. The long line of horses standing in groups of fours, stretched as far as the eye could reach

in either direction, while the dismounted men, well in front, with carbines in hand, crouching in the grass, told of an expected enemy not far away. General Burnside's order was to find the enemy but not to bring on a general engagement, especially if an infantry line was developed.

The boy of the One Hundred and Third who wore the blue stripes of the Sergeant Major, had just raised his cup of coffee to his lips, at noon, when a sharp peremptory order came to him from the Colonel—Casement—to mount and ride forward. Hastily setting down the tin cup of coffee and laying the “hard tack” over it to keep the grasshoppers out, he unhitched his bay mare from the sassafras stem, mounted and rode up to the Colonel, who seated on Old Rover, said: “Carter ordered me to send out two companies to deploy as skirmishers along our front and move forward and see if we can find the enemy. I ordered out Co's A and K, and sent Major Howard with them on foot. They are around the point of the hill yonder, and I am a little uneasy and want you to go along with me, as there is no telling what we may run into, and you always keep a cool head.” So “Old Rover” and the bay mare “Kate” made a flying leap over the rail fence, and galloped down to where the two companies, not yet deployed were advancing along the railroad, when coming to a curve to the right, the Major ordered the two com-

panies to move to the left, through an open field, towards a ridge covered with woods. We had marched about half or two-thirds of the way up to the top, when the Colonel turned and rode back to the command. Just as we neared the crest, we heard directly in our front and extending beyond our flanks the same old "Rebel yell." Major Howard ordered "halt." The Sergeant Major, turning in the saddle said: "Major, wait till I ride forward and see what is going on over there." Going to the top of the ridge, he saw a long line of Johnnies advancing directly upon the two companies and in overwhelming numbers. Disregarding an invitation or two to halt, he dug the spurs into the bay mare as he flew back shouting, "right about—double quick—march." Major Howard repeated the order, as soon as told the situation, and all the men started on the run, keeping in line down the hill back across the open field, the Sergeant Major saying to Major Howard, that if the men could get across the field, over the fence and face about, they could check the rebel advance long enough to get reinforcements or retreat back upon the main line. But just as the men had all climbed to the top of the rail fence, the enemy came out of the woods to the open field about a hundred and twenty-five yards away, and their whole line opened fire. A number of the men of Co's A and K, fell off the fence, some dead, some wounded, the

others immediately faced about and began firing. But the grey line was too long and came sweeping on at a fast walk, firing as they came. Major Howard turning, said, "what can we do, they will kill or capture every last man of us." The Sergeant Major replied, "Major, retreat back through the woods up the hill fighting as you go, and I'll ride back and get reinforcements for you." Major Howard said, "you can't get back up this steep hill through the thicket, and if you go out by the railroad they will kill you." But the Sergeant Major had calculated on this one chance, and with the Major's "good bye" ringing in his ears, wheeled and dashed at full speed directly out toward the rebel line for an open road. Again that high-tense tenor yell went up, and the enemy sure of their man began firing at the flying horseman by files, guessing his mission. Thicker and faster the bullets flew, longer and louder the yell resounded, faster and faster flew the bay mare, shaking her head as the bullets singed her ears, quivering as they sang through her mane, over a huge sycamore tree that lay prone in the path, as high as a man's head, up the railroad embankment, on she flew like the wind, skimming the ground like a swallow, her rider pistol in one hand, patting the mare's neck tenderly with the other, saying, "splendidly Kit, splendidly my girl, we'll save the boys yet my darling,"—over the ties and jagged rocks, through the

cut, over the fences, up the hill to where the General stood, by the battery, watching the advancing line of grey, the Sergeant Major rode, saying with a salute, "General, please send my regiment to the right of the boys, and let the battery open on the left, or they will all be captured." Two companies were at once ordered forward to the right, and then turning to the battery, General Carter said, "Captain, you may open on the line and give them a little taste of your delicacies." Bang, bang, went the big guns, and the roar and reverberation of the artillery among the hills was the sweetest music companies A and K, ever heard. The Sergeant Major with an order to retire the line rode away with the supporting companies which arrived in time to drive back the rebel left, just as Major Howard and his men reached the top of the hill, firing as they came. The Major held a smoking pistol in one hand and was mopping the perspiration from his face with the other hand, swearing loud enough and fast enough for four men. The advance of the enemy being checked, the Sergeant Major rode up to Major Howard saying, "Major does that blue smoke come from your pistol or your cussing?" The Major looked at him a moment in utter astonishment, and then said, "Good Lord, old fellow, is that you? I was sure they had killed you, and that you were safe in heaven, out of all this foolishness," and added as an answer to the

question, "Both, but I can cuss better than I can shoot."

When the order was given to countermarch, one of Company A's men said, "Wait a minute till I take a look at this poor Johnnie I killed not twenty feet away," and sure enough there on his back with a dark red spot over his heart the poor fellow lay. Another said, "there lies another who had his gun sighted on me and mine empty, when a company K man saw it and shot him, and there he laid dead as the stone beside him.

Our command marched back to camp, but not all. Some had bivouacked forever and for aye on the hillside at Blue Springs, some were wounded and some were captured. One Sergeant of Company A came back to us in 1865 out of Andersonville prison, as we lay at Wilmington. He was only the shadow of himself, so weak, that he would sit down and cry at the kind words and kindly offices of the men shown him. Ah, all the pension money this government has paid out since the war, could not recompense him for all his sufferings.

After the regiment had gotten back to camp, late at night, the boys of A and K, who had been in that day's fight, would one by one quietly slip in out of the darkness, and say to the Sergeant Major with a little quiver in the voice: "Old fellow, as long as we are soldiers together, you can have the

best half of my last hard tack and blanket," and as quietly slip out again into the night—but it was the bay mare that saved them, and she never asked for a pension.

LIEUTENANT G. S. JUDD.

RECRUITING IN TENNESSEE.

About the middle of October, 1863, the One Hundred and Third regiment was lying in camp on a hill three miles south of Jonesboro, Tennessee. Colonel Butler, a brother-in-law of Andrew Johnson, who was at that time military governor of that state, came into our camp, for the purpose of getting aid in recruiting a cavalry regiment in portions of North Carolina and Tennessee.

After considering the matter for some time, A. R. Dixon and Glasier (whose first name I have forgotten), and myself, all of Company D, consulted with our Colonel, J. S. Casement, and obtained permission to go and also a recommend from him; he had our names put on the records as absent on special duty.

We were promised by Colonel Butler in case we succeeded in raising the cavalry, the best offices in it, but if we failed in getting the required number of

men and had to consolidate with some other regiment, then our chances for a high office were somewhat slimmer. It was a bright October morning when we left camp and a walk of three miles brought us to the little town of Jonesboro, a place with perhaps three thousand inhabitants. We soon had possession of an office and entered upon our duties at once. Recruits were coming in from the Laurel mountains. They were mostly the loyal men of North Carolina and Tennessee and some of them had been hiding for nearly two years on account of the conscript act of the confederate government. We had on our rolls in ten days almost four hundred names. Many of the names were written down by ourselves as but few could write. A rumor soon reached us that the army was falling back to Knoxville, and in consequence we moved our men up the railroad about one mile and went into camp. We had no regular arms and no rations, and were illy prepared to meet rebels should any chance to come our way. We did much foraging for a few days and were given some food by the loyal Tennesseans. We soon felt the need of some clean clothing, and I was chosen to go and find some one to wash shirts for Glasier, Dixon and myself. When near Jonesboro, I came across a large red-haired woman dipping water with a gourd from a creek. I made known my business to her and she readily consented to do our wash-

ing, promising that we could have it by evening. Then pointing out the house where she lived, she took her pail of water and bundle of shirts and went home, and I back to camp. In the early evening, I went to her home. I knocked on the door two or three times, but getting no response, I pulled a string that hung on the outside and the door opened. On a chair lay the shirts ready for me. I called, and from the next room came the washerwoman, and with her a big savage looking dog that growled and snarled at sight of me. I asked what my bill was for washing and was surprised when she replied fifty dollars and not a cent less. It took but a moment to see I had got in the wrong pew. I told her I was willing to pay her what was right and no more. In an instant a girl from the adjoining room sprang out with an iron poker in her hand and said, "Mother, let's kill the Yank." Luckily my revolver was in my pocket. I drew it and backed out of the door, almost into the arms of a big square shouldered rebel cavalryman. I turned on him with my revolver in hand; he took in at sight that I had the advantage of him, and said, "Yank, let's shake." I gave him my left hand and kept my revolver pointed at him, slowly backing away. When I thought I was at a safe distance I started on a run, and never stopped to look behind me till I reached camp. I afterward learned from Colonel Butler, that the cavalryman was the son of the wash-

erwoman, and that they were noted rebels, and he congratulated me on my escape from death. I must not forget to say that I got the shirts, and that she got no pay. My hair stands up when I recall that incident in my army life after a lapse of thirty-five years, and the battle of Resaca pales into insignificance by the side of what you may call a little episode, but to me it was far more exciting than any battle I was ever engaged in and left a more lasting impression on my mind than any one thing that occurred during my three years' service in the army.

The next morning I received an order from Colonel Butler to go to Camp Nelson, Kentucky, by the way of Knoxville, Tennessee, to get arms for our recruits. If I could procure them at Knoxville I was to go no farther. He gave me an open letter to General Burnside, who at that time commanded the Union Army in East Tennessee. I started about noon and took with me four smart, active men. We found at the station a small car such as section men use to push their tools along on the track. We appropriated this car to our own use as it was down grade most of the way. Two of the boys would push the car and three ride, taking turns till we reached a five mile grade four miles south of Jonesboro. Here we halted for a while and made a brake and thought we could safely manage the car and all ride down the incline. We started, and in spite of our brake we

discovered that the car was going at a rapid rate of speed. In pulling on the brake it broke and the car almost flew down the track. It seemed to me we must have gone at the rate of two miles a minute. We were badly frightened, no one spoke a word, and we could hardly breathe. The car seemed to jump a hundred feet at a time, but strange as it may seem it kept the track. After we had gone the five miles we struck level ground, turned a curve and went a long ways up a grade before the car stopped and we got off. We all thought we had had a narrow escape. I sent the car back and started for Knoxville afoot. When I reached Henderson Station it was quite dark and I went into a house to get supper and lodging. I had been there but a short time when we heard the tramping of horses in front of the house. I was given a squash pie and went out the back door in a hurry, glad that it was dark and thankful that the rebel scouts didn't gobble onto me. From there I went to Greenville, then on to Knoxville. Next morning I was very happily surprised on meeting an old friend and comrade, Lieutenant Munson, of the 2d O. V. C., on General Carter's staff. I staid a spell with him and from him learned that General Burnside was near Loudon with most of his army, fighting Longstreet. I gave the letter intended for him to General Mansfield, post commander. He promised to furnish the necessary

arms, ammunition, etc., and send them to us by train the following week as far as Morristown, as some Union cavalry were in that town. I started back to camp and met no particular obstacle worthy of mention. I learned at a farm house that Colonel Butler had moved the recruits east across the Wautauga river. I traveled a long distance afoot and when I reached the place was chagrined enough to find I had been misinformed and it was the camp of Colonel Miller. I was tired and hungry and began to look out for my dinner, was made welcome at the first farm house, rested awhile and started for the railroad track, a distance of thirteen miles.

At last night overtook me, and it was one of the darkest nights I ever saw. I continued my journey anxious to reach Jonesboro. About 11 o'clock I met a line of men, I stepped behind a clump of bushes fearing it might be the enemy. I listened to their talk and to my joy I heard the voice of Comrade Glasier, I called to him and found it was Colonel Butler's recruits. I joined them and told them I had succeeded in getting arms, etc. We marched all night, and when we came to the Wautauga river, crossed it, and went into camp again for a few days. When the day came for us to receive arms and ammunition we were at the station in waiting. Imagine our disappointment at getting only ten guns and one hundred rounds for one hundred men, a supply for



one-tenth of our recruits. Colonel Miller's men received the same. We also learned that General Longstreet and his rebel army would reach Knoxville by night. This news and the lack of arms discouraged the men and they began to desert at the rate of twenty a day. We coaxed and threatened and did all we could to hold them together. We marched them down the track and crossed the river at Strawberry Point. Here the citizens told us that Knoxville was surrounded by Longstreet's army. The officers of both regiments held a consultation that evening as to what course to pursue. I proposed to go that night into Knoxville; thought our chances for safety were as good as crossing the mountains with but few armed men. Colonels Miller and Butler chose the latter way. About 10 o'clock I bade them good bye, and started alone; had nothing to carry but a blanket and my revolver. I passed through a camp of wagons and a cavalry camp, then went down to the river and kept near its banks until I came to the big bend in the river above Knoxville. I was halted by no one, but saw many camp fires of the rebels. I crossed the bottom lands and was soon greeted by my friend Lieutenant Munson. I ate breakfast with him and rested for a time, then went to my regiment which was just the other side of the river. They were preparing to move out to Armstrong's Hill. I went with them and participated

in the battle at that place, and never left again until the final muster out.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words in regard to Dixon and Glasier. They left Strawberry Point the morning after I went away. Both were captured and suffered nearly two years in Rebel prisons. Glasier died at Wilmington, North Carolina, soon after being exchanged. He was a brave and manly soldier boy and was very dear to me. Peace to his ashes.

I have often thought of my recruiting on Rebel soil as a boyish escapade that I would not have attempted later in life. But I am glad I was one of the defenders of the Union, proud to be numbered with the boys in blue who faced death for an idea, for a principle. All honor to every soldier who took part in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. Had we failed the Union would have been dissolved, the silver cord loosed, the golden bowl broken at the fountain; rival confederacies of states at war with each other, ferocious factions struggling for supremacy; hate, malice and treachery rampant with one flag waving here and another yonder, while the glorious stars and stripes would be laid away a relic of a dead Republic. We conquered! and to-day we rejoice that we live in this mighty Republic—a land of freedom and equality of rights; a land where everything is possible to each citizen and with

no tyrant ruling over it. May the old flag for which we fought, and for which so many died, wave unsullied over a nation of peace, till time shall be no more!

The boys of the dear old One Hundred and Third, I love each one as a brother. They were all brave and true.

LIEUTENANT C. EDDY,

Co. F 103rd O. V. I.

NOTES FROM A COMPANY "A" MAN.

CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

In choosing a starting point for what I have to write, I have fixed upon the 17th day of August, 1863, that being the date when the One Hundred and Third began its memorable march from Danville, Ky., to Knoxville, Tenn. Up to this time and from the date of our muster into the United States Army, September 8, 1862, we had done service in Kentucky. But now the time had come when the wishes of our boys were to be gratified, and we were to push further South. At the call of the drum on the morning of the 17th, the boys of our brigade, consisting of the Twenty-fourth Kentucky, the Sixty-fifth Illinois, and the One Hundred and Third Ohio,

formed in column and the march began, our martial band leading off and playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Our march led us through Stanford and Crab Orchard, over Buck and Pitman creeks, when on the 23d we forded the Cumberland river and camped that night near a Presbyterian church. On the 24th the real hardships of our march began. The mountain roads became so rough that we could move but slowly, the men being obliged to assist the artillery and wagon trains over them. This was done by attaching ropes to the wagons and artillery, and enough men pulling at these ropes to bring the vehicles forward. Different companies were stationed at intervals from the foot to the top of the steep incline, each company doing its part, and by a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together, the desired work was accomplished. This was a kind of soldiering that the boys had not been used to, but they all did the task assigned them cheerfully and readily, notwithstanding the rain was falling in torrents, making the roads exceedingly slippery and wetting most of them to the skin. For two full days this hard work continued, and when we reached the southern side of the mountains the boys were pretty thoroughly used up. However, after a good night's rest all were ready to move forward again, and we pushed on, arriving on August 31 at Wartsburg. Near this place was a fine orchard and vine-

yard, and the writer was detailed with twenty men to guard the premises until all of our troops had passed by. This we did according to the full letter of our instructions, when we, too, moved forward, not forgetting to carry to camp with us a good supply of the luscious fruits, reaching camp about 10 o'clock P. M.

THE AFFAIR AT LIMESTONE STATION.

The next event of any great importance was the affair at Limestone Station. We had gradually moved forward until we had reached Knoxville which was to be our base of operations in our great East Tennessee campaign. On the morning of Sept. 8th, the One Hundred and Third boarded a train of flat, coal and box cars, and started for the enemy who were some miles above Greenville. We reached Greenville a little before dark where we made a short stay. We then started forward again, but darkness soon came on which made it very dangerous for us to proceed. I was detailed to take twenty men and march in advance of the locomotive, with orders to keep a sharp look-out for obstructions. Shortly after this advance guard started out, we came to a long trestle and bridge which spanned the creek at Henderson Station. Near the middle of the bridge a rail was found torn off and thrown to the creek below. The remains of a burned car were also found on the

track at the further end of the bridge. The train was signaled to stop, the missing rail quickly gotten up and spiked in position, the remains of the burned car removed, and then our train moved forward again. Going about three miles further we came to another creek, the bridge over which had been burned. Here the regiment left the cars, crossed the creek and taking the wagon road moved forward. At a little after sunrise on the morning of Sept. 9th, we halted on an elevated point from which could be seen the block-house at Limestone Station. This was the block-house where the 100th Ohio had made such a brave and gallant defense, but had finally been obliged to surrender to a force vastly superior in number. Through their field glasses our officers could see the enemy, moving here and there, evidently determined to cut us off from our train, surround us and compel us to surrender, also. For a little while our situation was one of great peril. The enemy outnumbered us four to one, and the only wise thing for us to do was to face to the rear and get to our train as quickly as possible. We succeeded in reaching our train at Henderson Station, when we found that the locomotive had gone back to Greenville to take water. It seemed for a little while that we should certainly be captured, as the enemy was but a short distance behind us. We resolved, however, to make as gallant a fight as possible, rather than to allow ourselves to

fall into the enemy's hands. One company was thrown out as skirmishers, while the balance of the regiment pushed the train across the bridge by hand. At this critical moment, however, the locomotive returned, and the skirmishers being called in, we all made double quick for the train, hastily took the cars and the train pulled out just as the rebel advance reached the opposite bank of the creek. This was perhaps the closest call that the regiment ever had to spend a few months in the prison-pens of the South, and every one of us rejoiced greatly that we were lucky enough to escape as we did.

AT ARMSTRONG'S HILL.

Another important event in the history of the One Hundred and Third was the battle of Armstrong's Hill. This battle took place on November 25th, and in it our regiment played a prominent part. Armstrong's Hill is southwest from Knoxville three or four miles and on the south side of the river. Near this hill the enemy had taken position on another and higher hill, and his object was to drive our forces from the position they occupied on Armstrong's Hill. With this object in view the rebels determined to make a charge upon our works on the 25th. Early in the morning we had strengthened our skirmish line and on this line a constant firing was kept up until about 10 o'clock P. M. At that

time the enemy advanced with three brigades of infantry, formed in double line of battle. This sudden attack, with so strong a force, compelled our skirmish line to fall back into our works, when the reserves were ordered forward, and the fighting became general and desperate. The enemy moved forward to within a few rods of our line of works, when our men were ordered to charge. Grasping their guns with bayonets fixed and raising a mighty yell which was taken up all along the line, our men sprang over the works and amid the blinding smoke and deafening roar of musketry, pushed forward against the enemy. The rebels were not prepared for such a bold charge, and they at once gave up the fight and broke for the rear. We followed the retreating foe until he took refuge within his works, when we fell back to our original line. The contest, from first to last, had continued for about three hours, but the result was a decided victory for our men. The killed and wounded in the regiment was about thirty. We made our works as strong as we could during the next two days, thinking that we would be thoroughly prepared should the enemy see fit to attack us again. But no further attack was made on that part of our line during the siege, although there was constant firing on the picket line which often became very brisk.

THE CROSSING OF NOYES'S CREEK.

It was on June 19 that the One Hundred and Third put in one of the most disagreeable and exciting days of the whole Atlanta campaign. Early in the morning six companies of the regiment were ordered to the skirmish line under command of Capt. P. C. Hayes, of Company F, the other four companies of the regiment being held in reserve. About 10 o'clock, everything being arranged, an advance was ordered, and we at once moved forward against the enemy. The latter was determined to contest every foot of ground, and hence gave us a warm reception. But our boys pushed on steadily, driving the enemy from point to point and gradually forcing him back. An almost constant firing was kept up by each side, although very little damage was done to either party. Our advance was rather slow, for in addition to forcing the enemy back, we had to work our way through thick brush, over plowed fields that were shoe-top deep with mud, and across streams and ponds where the boys had to wade in water two or three feet deep, while all the time the rain was falling heavily and making it almost impossible to move forward. Still we managed to drive the enemy about five miles, when late in the afternoon we reached the banks of Noyes's Creek. The enemy had retreated across this creek over a bridge from which he had removed the planks, and which,

when we arrived, he was guarding with several pieces of artillery, trained so as to sweep the bridge and to thus make it impossible for us to cross it. The stream also was overflowing its banks on account of the recent heavy rains, and although we made every effort to wade it, we soon discovered that the current was too swift and deep for such an undertaking. The enemy, seeing our efforts to cross, opened fire with their artillery, sending grape and cannister as well as shell into our ranks, and at the same time keeping up a constant fire of musketry. Our boys took such shelter along the banks of the stream as they could find, returning the fire of the enemy on the opposite bank as rapidly and effectively as possible. Night coming on put a stop to the heavy firing, although the rattling of musketry was heard more or less frequently until midnight. We held our position until morning, when we were relieved and sent back to our main line. Here we remained until about 2 o'clock P. M., when we were called upon to force a crossing over the bridge. A storming party, consisting of two men from each company of the regiment, was detailed to cross the bridge, and as soon as they reached the other side, our regiment and the other troops were to hurry over to their assistance. Some time before the storming party started, our batteries opened fire upon the enemy's guns on the opposite bank and

poured their shell into them so rapidly and effectually as to silence them. The twenty men in charge of Capt. Hayes, took a double-quick down the road leading to the bridge, then across on the stringers, gained the opposite side with the loss of one man, and pushing forward a short distance were halted under the brow of the hill from which the enemy had been driven by the well-directed firing of our batteries. Seeing that the advance was across, our regiment, the 24th Kentucky, and the other regiments of our brigade hurried down to the bridge, crossed over as rapidly as possible, formed in line and began to fortify. The enemy seeing such a strong force of blue-coats, did not venture to make an attack upon our line, but fell back to the woods, some distance in our front. Soon after we had formed our line here, Private King, of Company D, was instantly killed by being struck squarely in the forehead by some sharpshooter's bullet. We remained on our new line all night, and when morning came the rebels were gone from our front, forced to fall back by our cavalry threatening to get behind them and capture them.

SERGEANT MICHAEL DUNKE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY EXPERIENCE.

COMPANY F'S RALLY ON THE RESERVE.

All soldiers have to pass through the *stag* fever stage, what may be called initiation to real soldier life. Company F was so initiated during the first week of our service while on picket duty near Covington, Ky. We were stationed in a wood mostly facing open fields, and carefully instructed to be exceedingly watchful and on the approach of the enemy to any post to fire three guns which was to be a signal to rally on the reserve—that is to assemble there. About one-half of the company were stationed further back. About midnight, Comrade Sam Franklin, who by the way was an English soldier in the Crimean war, concluded that our boys needed something to relieve the monotony and proposed to the other two on his post to start the show by firing the three shots for a rally, which was agreed to and done, and in less time than it would take to give the password the woods were full of Yanks, rallying to the reserve over brush-heaps, briars, logs, through bushes, and one and another would call, "Jim! Say, *Jim*," or Tom or Sam as it might be, "where are you," and then would come "Shut up, d——n you," and other cuss words appropriate to the occasion.

The night was clear and the moon just beginning to show in the east. The writer had charge of a post

and a few minutes before had placed Jim as sentry and lain down just back of where he was seated on a rail projecting from the fence. When the shots were fired I started to spring up, but Jim turned a back somersault and struck me, just where the lower end of the spine joins the femur, with the force and directness of a battering ram, when I went about thirty feet, landing on my nose among the roots of a beech tree. But Jim didn't even stop to ask if I was dead. When I regained my feet there wasn't a boy in sight or a rebel either, but such a tearing through the woods as would have scared any rebel within a mile half to death.

When I got back to the reserve the Captain was trying to get the boys into line, but some how couldn't size them up. When every man's hair stands on end the long haired fellow has the advantage. Jim, in the evolution of the somersault, lost his gun, and when he reached the reserve and realized his defenseless condition appropriated the first loose one he found. The owner of that gun used some language not appropriate in refined society, but all to no purpose and for a long time had to bear another's burden, but not in a scripture sense. That was our first and last rally on the reserve. Thereafter through the service the reserve rallied on the pickets. Poor Sam did not stay long with us. Snow's Pond finished him, as within a month he

died at Lexington, Ky., the first soldier lost by Company F.

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

Our first experience with the "peculiar institution" was on the 16th day of October, 1862, on the march from Camp Wells to Lexington. Off on our left we saw some colored gentlemen picking apples in an orchard. Soon we saw a young darky, perhaps fifteen years old, come running across the field to us, when he commenced asking the officers if they did not want a boy, and was told to come along and they would see. Soon his master came and demanded the boy, but no one paid any attention to him and he went back and procured an order from General Gilmore to our Lieutenant-Colonel, who was in command that day, to deliver the boy to his master. Still no one paid any attention to him, but the master stepped into the ranks and took him and started back. When he came opposite Colonel Utley's regiment the boy struggled away and got among the men, when we heard the command, "Halt! Front! Order arms! Fix bayonets!" and guessed immediately that the master had struck a snag; and so he had. The Colonel ordered him to keep out of his ranks and made him understand he meant it. Soon after when the General peremptorily demanded him to deliver the boy to his master, he positively refused, saying, "My men were not en-

listed to hunt slaves or deliver them to any one and no one shall enter my ranks for that purpose." He was immediately placed under arrest. The master didn't get his boy, but how the matter was finally settled between the General and Colonel I never learned. The Colonel's contention was that the order was degrading and entirely contrary to the spirit and intent of the service for which they enlisted and pledged their lives and honor.

All honor to the Colonel. No action during our entire service so relieved my mind of pent-up disgust and indignation as that *grand* act of Colonel Utley.

Later I was present in Frankfort, Ky., at an auction sale where about a dozen men, women and children were sold, one young man bringing \$650, and so down, but all then felt that slavery was doomed.

SNOW STORM.

The first remarkable weather experienced by the One Hundred and Third Regiment was on the 25th day of October, 1862, at Lexington, Ky. We arrived there on October 20th, and on the 24th two or three companies were ordered out on picket. During the night it snowed furiously, and on the morning of the 25th the snow was eight inches deep on a level,—an almost unheard of occurrence at that season of the year. The picket reserves were without tents, and daylight revealed a

novel sight. The groups of men under their blankets resembled a lot of old logs covered with snow, and when reveille sounded it was a most ludicrous sight to behold the boys popping up and shaking off the snow, some growling, others joking, some cussing the rebels, some the weather, while a good part were laughing, although it was no laughing matter. We wanted something warm and wanted it badly, but hadn't yet become experts in reaching after what we wanted. We had been out only six weeks and hadn't learned that a rebel fence-rail was such a wonderful consoler of a cold, wet Yankee. However, we lived through it, consoling ourselves in thinking we shouldn't have many such times. What a vain delusion!

The next day we visited the old Henry Clay homestead and viewed the home and grounds of the GREAT Whig orator and compromiser, who prophesied the awful work we were engaged in unless some compromise could be devised to allay the growing irritation between the free and slave sections. But Kentucky had given us a greater than he, who proclaimed that the conflict between freedom and slavery was irrepressible and one or the other must die. And we were there to help kill slavery, which, thank GOD, was done. I had been taught to reverence the memory of Henry Clay. My father was a Whig and held Clay next to WASHINGTON among

the great men of our country, but the sequel proved that he was wrong and LINCOLN right. The buildings and ground were not what would be called elegant, but seemed to me the ideal of that first object in life, a charming, satisfying HOME.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR EXPERIENCE.

The soldier in the ranks sees little of the surroundings or situation in battle and must take all facts beyond his vision at second hand, and his vision is usually very limited. My recollections of the battle of Resaca will be confined to my own knowledge and experience, and if the relation seems to smack too much of personal mention, please consider it due to necessity in such a case and not any desire on my part to do so.

During the forenoon of May 15th, 1864, perhaps about ten o'clock, it became known that we were about to attack the enemy, then intrenched in our front. And here I wish to pay a pay a deserved tribute to the memory of Thomas Butson, one of the youngest boys in our company. He had been sick for a day or two and was in the company ambulance, but when he learned that we were going into a fight he determined to go in with the rest, and in spite of persuasion came into the ranks and started with us; but during the three hours or more in which we were maneuvering for position before the charge, Tommy

had given out and lain down in a fence corner from which he was taken to the hospital and died next day. He carried a true soldier's heart. God rest him. Just before the charge, while the division was aligning, I think between 1 and 2 o'clock P. M., the rebel battery in our front commenced shelling us. One of the shells struck directly in front of company F, and exploded, throwing quantities of dirt over the boys, when Daniel Saulsbury, whom we often called "ten-penny nail," seemed to spring ten feet back without knowledge or intention. Seeing him unhurt, I said, "Dan, what's the matter?" With a look as though some one had knocked a chip off his shoulder he said, "Nothing, by ——." "All right, Dan, we'll soon make them hunt their holes," and we did. Before the order to charge was given, the enemy's works full of men and cannon, dotted with flags and flashing arms which seemed to prophesy death to us, and our long lines in beautiful order with "Old Glory" and regimental banners all along the line of glittering guns, was the most splendid sight I ever beheld, and it needed some such sight to hold men steady in the face of seeming sure destruction. Then came the order to charge, and the first distinct recollection I have was the curious set expression on the boys' faces as we rushed forward, not fear, but a desperate exertion of will. I can see them now, and in my heart I love and honor every one of them still

and ever shall. Next I noticed that for some reason the right of our line was breaking up and scattering, but soon only immediate surroundings were noticed, one and another falling around me. First Bob Penson went down, then Captain Philpot, then the rush became too fierce to know who. The blood and particles of flesh from Capt. Philpot were spattered upon the face and clothing of Sergeant Blair and myself.

As we approached the creek where we expected the first shock the rebels fled and there behind their first defenses we were halted to regain our breath; many of the boys being hardly able to stand after such a terrible rush. Almost immediately Generals Cox and Manson met close by and conferred a moment, and as General Manson turned away, a shell exploded close above his head and knocked him off his horse, and we supposed killed him, but he recovered, I believe. Meanwhile General Cox remained cool and collected, all that a commander should be, ever since which I have been an admirer of the General. Again, after about twenty minutes came the order to charge.

We leaped the works, but instead of landing over them, as I expected, I struck on the opposite bank and nearly knocked the breath out of me. When I regained my feet I could not distinguish companies, but could see "Old Glory," and came up with the

colors just as we raised the top of the ridge in full view and range of the rebel battery and works, when in two minutes I believe every color-bearer, except Sol Olcott, was killed or wounded, and the dead were thick around us. Sergt. Martin Streibler was among the first to go down, falling upon the flag, shot through the head. Another, I cannot now call his name, was shot through the abdomen. Sol Olcott stood close to them and remained there till long after we were recalled, unhurt.

Comrade John Bacon, Company H, lay to my right, and when shot was touching elbows with Comrade Ira Griswold, now of Ft. Scott, Kansas, who remained by him till recalled, and he and I used his cartridges. To my left was John Forbs, of Company H, dead, all within twenty or thirty feet of the colors. Those of us near, among whom were Orderly Sergeant Scoville, Company C; Mills Blain, Company H; Ira Griswold, Company H; and others I cannot now recall, began carefully to reserve our fire till some head appeared above the rebel works, then went for it, and after a little mighty few heads appeared. Once in a while one would show in trying to take aim through the notches in their head logs. Others would elevate their guns with both hands and pull at a venture, evidently preferring to risk their hands than heads.

When the smoke cleared a little so we could see the battery after the rebels left it, there was no flag

on any of their guns. Presently a rebel made a rush for them, placed a flag, and as far as we could see, returned unhurt amidst a shower of bullets. After remaining over an hour without a cartridge, except the one in my gun, I said to Sol Olcott, "If we are going to stay here till night I'm going for some cartridges," and after one more shot started for the rear and immediately met Captain Hayes, who, after the death of Captains Hutchinson and Philpot, had succeeded to the command of the regiment, and asked where I could find cartridges and was told we had been relieved long ago. None of those who relieved us had advanced as far as we were and we knew nothing about it. Comrade Olcott and I met one year after the war closed and he did not know me. After a good look he gave it up till I told him the last time I saw him he was beside Comrade Streibler in charge of the colors at Resaca. Then we had something more than a shake. He said about fifteen minutes after I left he started to follow on, learning that we were relieved and had not gone fifty feet before he was shot and carried off the field, leaving the colors behind. How often I have wished I had remained and brought off those colors. But this I have the consolation of knowing, that no one on our line carried the colors further to the front or died nearer the enemy than Comrade Streibler, of the One Hundred and Third.

NEW AND PECULIAR DIET.

After the close of the Atlanta campaign we were stationed at Decatur, Ga., for a short rest and taking an inventory of fighting stock on hand and accounted for, and the consideration of a merciful Providence that there was anything left of us. Gathering in a few greenbacks, catching up our correspondence, and other such occupations as seemed pleasing to us after four months of marching, digging and fighting.

Of course, for the four months we had no chance to choose the quality or quantity of our diet, but simply took what Uncle Samuel provided and were glad to get it. But now we thought we were entitled to something a little extra and set out to get it, and we did get it, as usual.

George B. Fenn, "of blessed memory," always with an eye out for the main chance, came down from the sutler's one morning with the news that he was baking pies for headquarters, and we immediately started a committee off to engage a dozen of those pies—who engaged them to be delivered at noon. Our mess thought one pie each would fill the bill and our stomachs too. When received they smelled so delicious they were immediately sampled and pronounced good and were fast disappearing when one of us happened to displace the crust and made a startling discovery. We had ordered apple

pie, but they were certainly mince, but instead of beef and pork for meat their place was supplied by insects of the kind that prey upon dried apples, of all ages, sizes, sex and conditions from nits to dried skeletons of former generations. Some who had finished theirs declared they were all right, but every remaining sample proved the contrary. In this case where "ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise," fitted exactly, but every one looked pale around the gills and all commenced to recover their share. Some succeeded and some failed, some cussed and all discussed. The language used, it is not essential to state. One boy said if he couldn't get his pie up he would have his money back or the sutler's head. We held a council of war, sent a deputation to the sutler with the remains of our pies and sold them to him for the original price with a warning not to repeat such a game. Whether the headquarters chaps discovered the really delicate flavor of those pies and the reason for it, they never revealed to us, but they ought to own if they did.

SERGEANT N. L. COTTON,
Company F.

SIEGE OF CINCINNATI.

Among the many events connected with the Great Rebellion, the siege of Cincinnati in the early part of the war was by no means the least in importance—not because of the clash of arms, and the smoke of battle, for it was nearly bloodless, but because of the great uprising of the people to defend Ohio's great metropolis, which was saved from capture only by the exertions of General Wallace; Kirby Smith having already taken Frankfort and Lexington. It will be remembered by my comrades of the One Hundred and Third Ohio that during the summer and fall of 1862 the Confederate forces under Smith and Bragg tried hard to gain a foothold in Kentucky. The rebel advance was made from Knoxville, Tenn., Smith advancing toward Cincinnati and Bragg moving toward Louisville. I will now proceed to relate from my own observation, as gathered from my journal, the facts of the siege and its results.

The 1st of September, 1862, found the One Hundred and Third Ohio in a camp of instruction on University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio, where we had been lying about three weeks preparing ourselves for future usefulness. On the 3d of September we received orders to go to the relief of Cincinnati, which was being besieged, although as yet we had neither guns nor ammunition, in fact, nothing but knapsacks

and haversacks. On the evening of the same day we left the Union depot, which was literally packed with the fathers and mothers, wives and sweethearts of our boys, and amid the most pitiful demonstrations of weeping and mourning, while Jack Leland's silver band played "Wait for the Wagon." We arrived in Cincinnati the next day, finding the city in the most terrible state of excitement, for the rebel advance, under General Heath, was within a few miles of the place. Every place of business was bolted and barred and nothing was to be seen on the streets except soldiers preparing to cross the river. No sound was heard but the rumbling of government wagons, the rattling of artillery and the clattering tread of cavalry making their way to the Covington ferry. The male population were away drilling for the defense. After receiving our guns and equipments from the Cincinnati armory, we crossed the river and camped for the night on the stone floor of the Covington market house. Having no rations, the citizens of the town furnished us with hot coffee and other choice refreshments, for they looked upon us as the defenders of their firesides. On the 6th we received orders to move forward to Fort Mitchell two and a half miles back of Covington among the hills on the Lexington pike. That little march made an indelible impression upon the minds of all my comrades of the One Hundred and Third.

This move was made after dark, and although short, was one of the most tedious in all our experience, it being up grade and amid dust interminable, arising from the lime-stone pike, and added to this each man carried a ponderous knapsack containing all the useful articles usually found in a Saratoga trunk, in addition to our accoutrements and overcoats which had been issued to us, although the heat was oppressive. Arriving near the fort we bivouacked in a peach orchard, lying in the dust till morning, dreaming of our wives and sweethearts. It has been said that during the next ten days not less than 25,000 soldiers and 30,000 squirrel hunters were in position on the hills commanding the Lexington pike. Every height glistened with bayonets and with batteries of artillery in favorable positions. In addition to this was Fort Mitchell, from the parapets of which six great siege guns frowned down upon the pike, looking as they really were, the very dogs of war. Among the many regiments that were around us I can only give the following: The Ninety-seventh, Forty-fifth, One Hundredth, One Hundred and First, One Hundred and Third, One Hundred and Fourth, One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Eighth Ohio, the Twenty-third Kentucky and the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Michigan, with thousands of home guards from Covington and Cincinnati. My own Company H and Company E

were thrown out as pickets on the 10th two miles to the front, but on the morning of the 11th we were driven in by the rebel skirmishers. During the next three days there were frequent skirmishes while we lay back of a line of trenches, sleeping constantly on our arms at night, and one day and night the rain came down in torrents, soaking everything through and through and filling our rifle-pits with water, for as yet we were without shelter of any kind either from the rain or the burning sun.

It would have been the height of folly for the rebel forces to have attempted to storm our defenses, and so, after some heavy skirmishing, they withdrew their forces with a loss of fifteen killed and several wounded. Quite a number of the Union forces were wounded, but only one man killed. Kirby Smith then gave up his purpose to capture Cincinnati and led his army off to join Bragg for the capture of Louisville. Their forces were driven out of the state by Buell, after the battle of Perryville. This rebel raid was not entirely fruitless, however. History records that they captured a Union force of 4,500 at Mumfordsville, carrying out of the state 4,000 wagons loaded with the spoils of the campaign.

To the skill and indomitable energy of General Wallace, the safety of the city was largely due. The squirrel hunters who seized their guns, elected their officers, and hastened to the defense, were a motley

crowd in citizen's dress, mainly with here and there a man in uniform. Armed as they were with muskets, rifles, shot-guns of every conceivable size and pattern and loaded with their own ammunition, they would have proved a dangerous set of men for the rebels to have met, and great credit is due them for their prompt action. All honor then to the squirrel hunters of '62. On the 19th of September our Union forces withdrew from the vicinity of Fort Mitchell and moved forward to occupy Lexington and Frankfort, and the squirrel hunters returned home, when business was again resumed in Cincinnati and Covington with confidence fully restored.

For Cincinnati to have been captured at that early stage in the rebellion would have been exceedingly disastrous, in that it would have given great courage to our enemies and a corresponding degree of depression to the Union cause. W. T. CHAPMAN,

Lieut. Co. H, 103d O. V. I.

HOW KENTUCKY WAS SAVED TO THE UNION.

During the winter of 1862 and 1863, Col. S. A. Gilbert's brigade, of which the One Hundred and

Third Ohio Volunteers formed a part, occupied a very quiescent attitude at Camp Gilmore, Frankfort, Ky., but was nevertheless the hope of loyalty, and a terror to the evil machinations of designing men, who, if their hellish propensities could have been fully acted out, would have carried Kentucky out of the Union, and devastated her fair fields with blood and carnage. For some time previous treason had been rampant there, not seeking to hide its deformed head. Col. Gilbert made an admirable commander of *Union* forces, while his skill and promptness were equally displayed in presiding over a Rebel convention, of which his prompt action on the 18th of February, 1863, was a prominent indication. On that day an attempt was made to nominate a Governor who should be an exponent of the copperheads of Kentucky. The State House having been refused them the delegates were notified to meet at No. 13 Merriweather's Hall. Company H of the One Hundred and Third Ohio, of which I had the honor of being a member, was at that time on detached service guarding bridges on the Louisville & Lexington Railroad at North Benson, nine miles from the capital. On the morning of the convention it was my good fortune to be in the city, coming in with a train load of rebel delegates, who were alive with mirth and jollity. As they crossed the Kentucky river ferry the bridge having been carried away, all sorts

of denunciations were uttered against the "Lincoln Hirelings" and the "Emancipation Proclamation." At the hour appointed Col. Gilbert appeared on the scene with his Adjutant. Six companies from the brigade were also brought from his command, and drawn up in front and rear of the building, with glittering bayonets fixed, and a strong guard was posted at the entrance with crossed bayonets, and half way up the stairs another like guard was placed. When a man wished to enter, he was told that the way was open, but in order to come out again, he must furnish vouchers for his loyalty. Part of the delegates boldly entered, while others backed off, having the fear of Uncle Sam before their eyes, with visions no doubt, of Camp Chase, flitting before their butternut understanding. Ex-Gov. Merriweather was appointed chairman. As fast as the names of delegates were given in Colonel Gilbert ordered his Adjutant to take them down. After which the Colonel arose, and very politely ordered them to disperse and go to their homes, as he should allow no such convention to be held within the limits of his command. He also told them that he knew many of them to be rebels of the deepest dye, whose object was to deluge the soil of Kentucky with civil strife. It may well be surmised that their curses were both loud and deep. Yet thinking discretion to be the better part of valor they did not stand on the order of their

going, but beat a hasty retreat. It was also my privilege to go a piece with the same crowd I had been with in the morning, on the evening train, as I returned to my company, and to listen to their curses, as well as to breathe the air in common with the unwashed, but no longer unterrified minions of Jeff Davis.

Thus by the prompt action of our brigade commander was a scheme to carry Kentucky out of the Union, so completely nullified, that another attempt was never made.

W. T. CHAPMAN,

Formerly Lieut. Co. H, 103d Ohio.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE, AS SEEN BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

In giving our recollections of the events of our soldier life, it must not be forgotten that a third of a century has passed away since we laid aside our soldier equipments, and took our places among the citizens of this Great Republic, and owing to the fact that we gave our best years to the service of our country and lost opportunities which were given to others who stayed at home, it required all our energies and best efforts to put ourselves in condition to

go into the great battle of life, and all thoughts of our soldier life were laid aside and many of the events nearly forgotten, and it will not be strange if one would err in giving data, or names of places, or camps and companies.

In giving this as my recollection of the events so long ago, I rely on a memory that is very good, besides I have before me all the letters that were written by me to my father, whilst I was in the army, and which he carefully numbered and preserved, and a short time ago gave them to me, and by which I am enabled to recall many incidents of our soldier life that had entirely passed out of my mind.

History has so fully described all the battles and important movements of the armies that I will only take time to mention such events of our soldier life as came under my observation, and of which the historian knows nothing, and which must necessarily be confined very closely to my own company.

The writer, like thousands of others, was a farmer boy, born and raised on a farm and knew nothing of this great world of ours, outside of two or three counties in the neighborhood of his home. At that time I thought I knew it all, but at this point in life I look back to that time, and wonder how it was that the army mule did not eat me up when vegetation was scarce, as I was *so green*, but perhaps it was because "*there were others*," and the mule did not

know where to commence, as surely all were green in army and camp life.

There were three of us boys lived near each other, and who in winter months attended school in the same little red school-house, and in the summer we took our schooling in the farm lots of our respective fathers, and when the echoes from the guns at Fort Sumter awoke our people to the fact that war was upon us, we often met and talked it over, watching the older boys who quickly responded to the call, and soon we decided to enlist, and went to Cleveland, Ohio, eighteen miles from our home, to enlist in Capt. Joe Shields' Nineteenth Ohio Independent Battery, which was being recruited in the Weddell House block in August, 1862. But we were much disappointed to find out that the complement of men for the Battery was about completed, and Captain Shields told us we were rather too young and light for battery service, which nearly broke our hearts, and whilst bemoaning our sad fate we were interviewed by a recruiting officer who told us that the One Hundred and Third Ohio was to be a "crack regiment and Company A the banner company of the regiment," and who invited us up to old Apollo Hall, No. 94 and 96 Superior street, where headquarters were for Company A. We went and were soon enrolled as members, and went through the examination, which at that time was very thorough,

passed all O. K., were told to report to camp on a certain day, and went home to get ready. So our soldier life commenced.

In due time we reported to camp, where we remained only a short time, when we were ordered to the field. On the evening of September 3, 1862, we left Camp Cleveland. Knapsacks and haversacks were filled to the brim. The next morning when we opened our haversacks to get our lunch, we found all the contents spoiled, as the material used for making the haversacks was a kind of oil cloth and so filled with oil that it permeated all through our food and spoiled it, so we had to depend on what the people along the route gave us, until our arrival at Cincinnati, where our guns and equipments were issued to us, and we crossed the Ohio river into Kentucky and quartered in the market house of Covington. From there we went out on the Lexington pike to Camp Mitchell, where for the first time we bivouacked on the ground with our blankets over us and the starry decked heavens above us.

Here the sutler soon put in his appearance and put up a rough board shanty and did a lively business. One day whilst he was temporarily absent the boys raided the shanty, and carried away considerable plunder. Some one soon gave the alarm and an officer with a file of armed soldiers was hurried to the spot and many of the boys were captured and marched

under guard to the Adjutant's quarters, whilst he proceeded at once to take the name and Company of each unlucky soldier who stood in line under guard.

When we enlisted Captain Vail generously told the boys of Company A that he would give to each man the enlistment fee given him by the Government. As yet it had not been paid to us. We were somewhat in doubt as to its ever coming to us and some had interviewed the Captain about it and were told just as soon as he got it he would turn it over to the men. It so happened that whilst the Adjutant was busy taking the names of the captured men, one of our boys who was not in camp at the time the sutler's shanty was raided, and who was very anxious to get his two dollars, came along and asked some of the bystanders what was going on, and the reply was, "They are giving their names so they can get their two dollars." Our Company A man had not yet got his enlistment fee of two dollars, so fell in on the left of the line, and when the Adjutant came to him there was none in the entire line who gave his name in full and with so loud and clear a voice as he did. It was afterwards said that when the loss was made out by the sutler each man on the Adjutant's list had to put up \$3.00 to settle it, but whether our Company A boy ever got out of it or not without putting up his \$3.00 I do not know, but we never forgot to roast him. And right here let me say, a lot of soldiers

when they get a roast on another will make life a burden to him. This I know by experience, for I got my share, and for this reason I am charitable enough to withhold the name of the comrade who so innocently fell in on the left of the line on that occasion. Some reader of this may think I will tell of some of the "rigs" got on me. Oh, no; that is unwritten history, and will go into oblivion when my comrades and I have answered the last roll-call here on earth.

One thing I will mention, but first must explain that one of the things a soldier soon learns is to take care of number one. I have mentioned that I was a green country boy when I enlisted, but I might have added also an observing one, and I soon learned that there were very many of the soldiers who would elbow a comrade from the camp fire and help themselves to his cup, knife, fork, plate, or spoon, and when done with it throw it down and await another chance. This did not apply to all, but some were very lawless, and from this fact it became an unwritten law among soldiers to take what you could get to add to your comfort and let the other chap do likewise. The comrades will remember that one afternoon we were moved out and occupied the trenches in front of Fort Mitchell and laid there until the next day, possibly longer. I well remember our first night there. We slept on the ground along

the edge of the trench just back of the works, and in the night I awoke all of a shiver. There was a cold night wind blowing and my blanket was gone. I felt all around me supposing that the wind had blown it off me, but could not find it. Ere long it dawned upon me that some of those lawless, rascally chaps had "pinched it," and no doubt were now sleeping soundly under it, whilst my poor body was chilled to the very bone and my teeth all of a chatter. I could not lie there and suffer like that, so I got up and sat on my knapsack and pondered over it, and concluded I had fallen among a hard lot. I thought of the Quartermaster, but knew I could not get a blanket from him without an order from my company officer, and I could not find him, either, in the dead of night, and I thought I must sit there and shiver until morning. My thoughts turned to my home which I had so recently left, and I wished I could only be there nights and soldier day-time. Even the thought of crawling into the hay-mow at home was a comfort, but of short duration, as the shivers still ran down me, and my teeth rattled enough to shake them from their sockets. Finally I thought of an old saying, viz: "When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," and I at once acted upon this principle. I got up from my seat, put my bayonet on my gun and stuck it into the ground to mark the spot so I could find my way back again.

I started out and went along down the line some little distance, where I stood for a moment. Some soldier near me was evidently asleep, at least he was snoring furiously, and nothing fictitious about it. I soon located him. His blanket was over him, but somehow it did not stay there. If he kept his tune up the blanket kept sliding off, but if he missed a note the blanket stopped, but he was so interested in that snore that the blanket soon came entirely off him, and I caught it and at once walked back to my place, and that time I rolled myself in it so thoroughly that no one could get it without surely awakening me. I never knew how that chap came out, but suppose that he got the shakes in due time. The exercise and the little excitement warmed me up, so that when I got snugly fixed in the blanket I soon closed my eyes and shut out the dark clouds that were rushing along, chasing one another above me. Whoever he was, I sincerely hope he did not suffer from the loss of the blanket.

Perhaps it would be better if I did not tell this, but, comrades, you and I know how such things were among soldiers. It was never considered in the nature of stealing, but each one felt that he had an interest in anything that would add to his personal comfort, and the great majority acted accordingly. Now and then there was an exception, and I can recall a case where I had been out foraging, and

came in with a goodly amount of eatables, when a comrade, whom I had great respect for, came to me and gave me a lecture, telling how wrong it was, that it was not mine, and I had no business to take it, etc., and I will say this much for him, I never saw him out foraging, but on this very occasion, after he gave me the lecture, when our dinner was all ready, I went to him and invited him to bring his cup and plate and dine with us. I even asked him to say grace, which he did, and ate heartily of the food. After dinner he turned to me and said, "Doc, was this dinner made from the provisions you got out foraging?" I replied it was. He bowed his head and said he hoped to be forgiven, as he supposed it was really as great a sin to partake of it as it was for us to appropriate it. I laughed to myself, and thought that comrade has a good long head on him. If he had asked me the question before dinner he would in all probability gone without one, or partaken of his ration of hard tack and sow belly. But I am getting ahead of my story.

We were mustered into the U. S. service here at Fort Mitchell, and some of us had an opportunity to go out on the picket line and exchange shots with our neighbors, the Johnnies, and all who were there will never forget our first night on the picket line, and it is safe to say that one and all, officers as well as privates, were exceedingly green, and years after,

when we looked back and talked over how we stood picket that first time, we all freely admit that we were very green in our soldier work at that time.

We soon moved from Fort Mitchell to Snow's Pond, where we had to drink water too dirty and filthy for a duck pond. The only thing that could be said in its favor was, it was wet. It was filled with wigglers and covered with a green scum, and unfit for animals to drink, yet we had to use it, and in a few days nearly half the men were sick from the effects of the same, and one poor boy of Company A died at this camp. This, I think, was the first death in our regiment.

When I enlisted I resolved to obey orders and do my duty faithfully, but I did not like pond water and tried to get a pass out of the lines, but was refused, so I with my bunk mate, Ward, passed ourselves out of camp in search of water, which we succeeded in finding about a mile out of camp. On our return we found there had been a catch roll-call, while we were away and we were found absent, and were told that we were pricked for extra duty, which we were informed would be police duty. This we did not seriously object to, as we supposed police duty would be to patrol the camp with a club in our hand, but we soon found out what police duty in the army was, as we were marched under guard to the woods, there caused to cut and wind brush into

brooms, which, when done, we carried to camp and there under guard was made to sweep the ground all around the officers' quarters and the parade ground. There was a goodly number of us, and we finally got it done, and were then marched to headquarters where we were told a greater punishment would be given us if we left camp again without permission. This to me was humiliating, sweeping the camp ground under guard, and all my good resolves went from me, and I concluded I would be more careful and not get caught next time.

Whilst in camp at Snow's Pond we had our first camp alarm. The Johnnies succeeded in capturing the pickets and driving in a small squad of men out with the forage train, and the way we were hustled into line of battle at the beating of the long roll, and the confusion created, it was no wonder our cheeks were blanched with fear. I know it gave me a fright that nearly threw me into a chill. My teeth chattered as bad as they did the night my blanket left me, but I soon got nerved up to it, and when the order was given to load at will I succeeded in getting my gun loaded in very good time. My comrade on my left hand was very nervous and I noticed he spilled as much powder on the ground as he put in the gun, and I called his attention to it. He replied, "Load your own gun; I am loading this one."

One comrade in his excitement asked which to

put in first, the powder or the ball. Another rushed up to the Lieutenant and asked if he should take his buttery and water canister with him, meaning his haversack and canteen. Take it all in all, we were a nervous set, but soon got accustomed to these camp alarms, and ere long when the long roll was beat we would soon be in line for any emergency. It took just such things as these to make soldiers of us, and we had to be taught discipline, no matter what our feelings.

Our tents came to us at Snow's Pond, and who among us cannot remember how we were drilled in setting them up and striking tents until we had it down pat. Five were put in one wedge tent and when all were in it it was full. When we laid down, all must lay on the same side, and when one turned over all must turn, and the order was usually given by the one desiring to turn, "Turn to the right—flop," or "to the left—flop," when all would go over at once and spoon up.

When some of the tent mates were on duty or away from the tent, then we could sleep as we pleased, and only at such times could one lie on his back. We did not remain long in this camp, but steadily advanced until we reached Georgetown, where we, for the first time, found plenty of good, pure spring water. I felt as if I could never leave it, and the expression came from many: "How I

wish I was made like a camel and could carry a supply of water." Our stay was very short at Georgetown, and we were quietly called from our tents during the night and in light marching order hurried on to Lexington, Ky., with the expectation of catching a lot of Johnnies, who did not stay to be caught, but got out p. d. q., leaving only the sick who could not go. Our marches soon brought us to Frankfort, Ky., and whilst in camp at this place our company cooks got quite foxy. They learned and practiced some Yankee tricks on us by boiling our coffee in the berry, drying and selling it afterwards and trading our rations for supply for their mess, which caused some to kick vigorously, and many changes were made in our company to get cooks who would be honest and who could cook rice in a camp kettle and not burn it. With trips to Lexington, Louisville, Shepherdsville and Lawrenceburg, the winter soon passed, when we again started south, going as far as Monticello, at which place, if my memory serves me rightly, we first received our shelter tents, or dog tents some called them. What makes me remember that they were given us at Monticello is this: I, with some others, had been to a cave and spent considerable time in exploring it, and on our return to camp some of the boys had got their pup or dog tents set up and were crawling in on hands and knees and barking like a lot of dogs,

which so impressed me that I always remember it.

Our soldier life in the different camps along the banks of the Cumberland river was to me very pleasant. Who will ever forget the luscious blackberries that grew all about our camps, so plentiful that a whole regiment could get all they wanted? Whilst camping near the Cumberland river near Stagall's Ferry our Company A was detached and sent down the river to guard White's Ferry, where we had a royal good time. Duty was light and we were permitted to go about, and soon got acquainted with the people who lived there, and those of us who had money could live finely, as milk, honey and corn pone could be had for a reasonable sum.

I remember one day three of us called on a man who had plenty of bees and bought some honey in the comb, about three pounds of it, for which he asked only ten cents a pound, but we could not carry it as we had no dishes and he could not sell us one, so we concluded to eat some and let it go at that. He told us he would give us what milk we wanted to drink and some corn pone and what honey we could eat for twenty-five cents for the three of us. The three pounds we had weighed out and was to buy was set before us, and we went in and never stopped until it was all gone, together with a goodly amount of milk and corn pone, but our generous Kentuckian freely offered us more honey, which we were com-

pelled to decline. He said he never saw three persons eat as much at one time before, and said he would know how to charge by the eat hereafter. It is needless to say that we did not get off scott free, as the way two of us (myself being one) cramped and doubled up for a couple of hours, was no joke.

A few days after this our honey man lost a swarm of bees which came out, and before he could stop them, went to the woods. We boys discovered them, got a cracker box from camp, and with a little sugar in it soon succeeded in getting the swarm into the box. Ward was the successful one in handling them, as he had had experience at home in hiving and keeping bees. We then went and told the man about the capture and he came and got them and gave us a dollar, besides a promise of what honey we could eat, which we never went for, as we were ordered to move before we got the opportunity to go for the honey. If we had gone, one thing is sure, there were two of us that would not have eaten as much as before. One old native who lived near this camp had a black cow, as wild as a deer, and the old lady who milked her had freely bragged that no Yankee could catch the cow to milk it. I set about the task and nearly exhausted our company stock of salt feeding Miss Bossy so I could get close enough to get my hands on her, which I finally accomplished, and held her while Ward or Shepard milked her,

and by kind treatment we had no further trouble to get her once a day and get a canteen full of milk, and the owner declared the Yanks were running her about trying to catch her, so that it was drying her milk. We never gave the snap away and many a cup of coffee was trimmed to our taste by the milk we got in this way.

One little incident I must not forget while at this camp. Some of the boys got well acquainted with the people and one of the Non Coms of our company had a stand in with a charming girl whom he went to see daily. Sundays he would brush up his clothes, polish the brass buttons on his blouse, and call on her and they went to the little log church near by together, and from there he was always asked to dinner, but he was faithful to his messmates and would daily bring in a canteen of good, fresh, sweet milk to them. His tent was close to ours, and one afternoon word came that we were to be relieved the next day and would rejoin our regiment, and while I was in my tent I heard the Non Com tell his messmates to have all their canteens ready and he would go early in the morning and get them filled with fresh milk. I knew a trick to beat that and went quietly to the cook's tent and obtained a mess pail, got Ward and Shepard to go with me, and as soon as the morning star appeared in the east we set out, went to the farm where the people lived, found the

cows all lying down in the yard, got them up one by one and milked them dry, filling our canteens and the camp kettle. What our dishes would not hold went on the ground. We then hurried back to camp. What milk we could not drink we gave to the boys, making sure to keep from the tent of our comrade, who was now away with the several canteens of his comrades after milk. We had for our breakfast corn pone and milk, milk and hard tack, milk to drink, milk in our coffee and each a canteen full, and contentment reigned supreme in our squad. When our comrade came trudging back, the empty canteens he had, rattled like tin pans blowing off a board, and he went into his tent with an air of disappointment on his face, each of his messmates asking in the same breath, "Where is the milk?" We stood near by to get all the fun there was in it, and heard him explain that some one had been there, milked all the cows and turned them to pasture, and he had to come away without a drop. All he got was a drink of last night's milk. His mates explained that Doc, High, and Squire had a mess pail full, and only that they expected he would surely bring some, they would have bought some of them.

Did we stuff the corners of our blankets into our mouths to keep from laughing outright? You may say we did, and then laughed until our sides ached.

I have not mentioned a name. Our Company A boys know them all, and if they did not get their milk that morning, let me say right here, they are all good boys, were brave soldiers, faithful to the old flag, and did their duty at any and all times, and to-day I would go a long ways to do them an act of kindness, and they well know that it was for a joke only that we forestalled them on that occasion. They soon knew who did it, as it was too good for us to keep, and to-day, when I meet the Non Com who wended his way to the farm in early morn where he expected to get milk for himself and comrades, I like to remind him of it.

We soon rejoined our regiment, which was still in camp near the Cumberland river, where we remained a short time. While here in this camp I well remember that most of us run short of money, and in our little mess not enough could be got together to buy a postage stamp, and as we had been living pretty well with what the Government furnished us and the extras we got from the people, it came hard to come down to our Government rations alone. So we took a little scout out through the country to see what could be found, and on the trip we located a spring house, which was built of logs, over the spring, and was a little distance from the house. The cracks between the logs were left open for the air to circulate through and we could see numerous

things in there that made our mouths water, so we concluded to come out from camp after dark and gather in some of the good things, which we did, but found the door securely locked. We then got rails from the fence and pried up one corner of the house enough so we could pull one end of a log out which left a good-sized space, and while Ward and I sat on the rails holding the spring house up, Shepard and Werkmeister (who were smaller than we) squeezed through the space and got inside the milk house and handed out numerous articles which were added to our mess supplies. We carefully put the log back into place and went back to camp wondering if the people would ever know how we got into the milk house.

When Shepard and Werkmeister were in the spring house, Ward and myself made them promise to build our fires, cut the wood and bring the water for our mess for an indefinite length of time, under the threat that we would let the corner down if they would not promise, in which case they would be caught, and next day marched to camp by the owner of the place. But after they got out they did not care a snap for the promise, and we took our turn in getting water, building fire and cutting wood.

There were numerous caves all about near the camp, and we boys used up the company's supply of candles in exploring them. Some of them were very

extensive and we would be gone a long time and then not find the end, and in many cases the sights seen by the light of our candles were beautiful. Where the stalactites hung from the walls above with the extreme end as thin and transparent as glass, and always a tiny drop of water hanging to it, which in the light of our candles sparkled like a diamond, and when hundreds of these could be seen at once, the sight was beautiful.

One day we lost our way and were a long time finding our way out, and only succeeded in doing so when our candles were nearly burned out. This cooled our ardor for long distance cave exploring very much, as we were considerably frightened before we got out.

In this camp we celebrated our first 4th of July, and the next day, although it was Sunday, we were started back towards Stanford, Ky., on one of the hardest marches we ever made, and while passing through Somerset we received the news of the great victory of our army over Lee at Gettysburg, Pa. Our march was continued until we reached Danville, at which place we remained some little time, and at this camp our Company A took exceptions to the rations issued us, as the bacon which was given us was so full of worms that there was danger of it walking away if a guard was not placed over it, and we selected some of it that we thought better be buried, formed a procession and carried it on a bier

to the grave, where it was consigned. When we returned we were marched to regimental headquarters where we got a lecture from the Colonel and the rules of war were read to us, after which we were marched to our company quarters, wiser, if not better men. We started from this place on the 18th of August, 1863, on the march over the mountains into East Tennessee. Can any one who ever participated in that grand march ever forget it? While it is true, we at times had hard work to do in building bridges, and assisting the heavily loaded wagons in getting them up some steep hills, at which times long ropes would be fastened to the wagons, and hundreds of men would take hold and help pull the load to the hill top, detach the rope, go back and take the next one until all were up, when we would go into camp at night within sight of the smoke from the burning embers of our camp of the night before, and when we got on top of the mountains where the road would curve and twist along, first around a deep ravine on one side, then another on the opposite side, and one could look ahead and see the long lines of blue as far as the eye could reach, and look back and see the long train of army wagons, with their canvas covers, following us along that narrow mountain road, it certainly was a sight never to be forgotten.

When the noon hour came and we were halted for dinner, how quickly thousands of little fires would

be started, and each soldier would be standing or sitting near it with his coffee boiler hung on a stick which he would hold in the fire and boil his coffee. After it was partaken of and a short rest given us, the bugle would sound the fall-in call, and away we would go with that long swinging stride so familiar to our western armies. When some one would start up the song of "John Brown's Body," which would be taken up along the whole line, and thousands of voices would join in making the welkin ring, and when we were descending the mountains, whenever we came to a little fertile valley, where some settler had cleared a little spot and got corn growing, which at this time was just right to eat, how quickly we would clear out every ear there was, which, when cut from the cob into a cup with a little salt and pepper to season it and a little water to boil it, made a dish highly prized by us, and I don't know as green corn ever tasted better to me in all my life than it did on this march, and as we were on short rations during the march and but little could be got along the route, this green corn to all of us was fine.

The people who lived in this mountainous country were to all appearances poor people and without education, and in talking had a dialect of their own. I remember asking one party if there was any wild animals in the woods about there, he replied that there was "right smart of bar and a sprinklin' of

panther;" from which I took it there was plenty of bear and some panthers. One morning our line of march was just ahead of a battery, near us was one of the mountain houses of a settler, and to which other mountaineers had come from miles around to see the soldiers, and they completely lined the fence which surrounded the place. One old lady climbed on the fence and as regiment after regiment swung into the road and marched along, the old lady raised her hands and said, "The whole world is coming; do see them." Just at this time orders were given for the battery to move, which was given by the commanding officer to his bugler, who blew the calls to the battery, when the old lady went wild with joy and shouted, "Do tell that man to play that tune again." No doubt the sight to her was the greatest of her entire life, and she was so carried away with it that she was oblivious to all else. One thing we always noticed about these mountaineer houses, and that would be a large flock of children. Sometimes we would attempt to count them, but usually after getting eighteen or twenty counted they would commence to run about, so one could not complete the count.

Our marches in time brought us to East Tennessee, but we were not permitted to stay long in one place and were kept constantly moving about, and all the time on short rations. I remember one day when we were marching and a short halt was made

to let us have a little rest, our Company A was in front of a house. Several of the women and children from the house were out at the fence to see the Yanks. We were grumbling because our full rations were not given us, and Captain Stockwell, of our company, and whose hair was red, sat near where the people from the house were standing. One of them spoke up and said, "Captain, you no need go hungry." "How is that?" asked the Captain; "I get just as hungry as the rest do." The answer to him was, "Get up on the fence and the redheads will feed you." If it had been any one else but an officer that had got that roast we would have laughed. As it was, we smiled out loud, just a little.

On one of our marches we went as far east as the Watauga river and were on very short rations, and near Johnson's Station. We went into camp for the night. Near our camp was the house of an old rebel who had plenty of chickens, geese, etc., which we soon appropriated for our use. Ward had the luck to catch a goose, which we dressed, and as I was on duty that night I thought I would cook it so as to have it for breakfast. I boiled it all night and in the morning it was as tough as could be, and we never did succeed in getting it cooked so as to make it tender, and we came to the conclusion that this must have been one of the geese that Noah had in the ark, and was the great grandfather of all geese.

On the morning of October 5, 1863, we were in camp at Bull's Gap, East Tennessee, and in early morning we were started for Blue Springs, where we found the Johnnie Rebs awaiting us. Company A was at once deployed and sent forward as skirmishers. We soon woke up the enemy and a running fight was kept up until we had gained considerable distance, when a force of the enemy was sent on each flank of our company and we were driven back. Company D came to our support and we had a short but lively brush with the enemy. Several of our company were wounded and captured, and Company D also had some men wounded. Little Billy Rothan, Company D, was one of the men wounded, the ball just grazing his scalp, cutting it so the blood ran down his face, and he ran to the Major, telling him that he was the first man killed in Company D. His wound was slight and he soon recovered and came home with his regiment in June, 1865. And right here I must say a word for my old bunk-mate, who was wounded and captured at this place, taken to Richmond, Va., and there died in the prison hospital. No better soldier ever stood under the shadow of the old flag than Hiram B. Ward. I knew him from his early boyhood days. He was a noble boy, true as steel to his friends, a strong and healthy boy, ever ready to lend a helping hand to others.

Geo. W. Shepard was not as strong as Ward and

myself, and on many of the long, weary marches we would see poor George bravely struggling to keep up, until he would stagger from sheer exhaustion. Ward and I would go to him and one take his gun and the other his knapsack and lighten his load to rest him, so he could keep up with his command, and after getting to camp, when Shepard would be so tired and foot-sore that he would throw himself down all tired out, Ward would with me share his duty, and many times we stood his turn on guard and perhaps the next night we would be detailed to go on duty ourselves. Shepard was my own cousin and I would naturally do all I could for him. Ward was not related to him, but always stood by his tent-mate the same as myself.

At Blue Springs, only a few minutes before Ward was wounded and captured, I gave him a drink of water from my canteen, as he had none, and had only a small pocket flask to carry water in. While he was getting the drink I cautioned him to be careful and not expose himself needlessly. He told me to take care of myself and not worry about him, he would come out all right. Poor boy, how little he knew what was in store for him in only a few moments to come. At this particular point in my soldier life, with Shepard away on detail and Ward captured, my mess was broken up, after which Rudolph Werkmeister, and John Derr came to be tent-mates of

mine. My heart was very sad at the loss of Ward, and for many and many days I was more lonely than I can describe.

We were kept constantly moving and time flew quickly, and in November we were ordered back to Knoxville, and were soon building winter quarters, which, when about completed, we left, and went out on the hills south of the city and went to work building breastworks and felling timber, and soon Longstreet's forces put in an appearance and we were kept busy, and as for myself, I never again saw our winter quarters, which we had so recently built and never occupied.

The 25th of November we will, I think, always remember, as many of our poor boys were wounded and killed on that day. We of Company A were the last to go into the engagement, as we had been on picket for several days in succession without being relieved, and when the fighting began on the line we were back a little distance. Soon Colonel Cameron, commanding the brigade, came and ordered our Captain to take us into the fight, telling us to go in with a yell. As we started up the hill towards the line we met one of the boys belonging to Company F, and who, as I remember him, was naturally a healthy looking man with face usually flushed. He had a smile on his face as we passed him, and said, "Go in boys and give them hell; they

have given me my button hole." Poor boy, we learned afterwards that he had been shot through the breast. While he had a smile on his face yet he was pale as death, which was all the evidence one could see of the great suffering he was enduring.

When we came on to the front we sent up a cheer which was taken up all along our entire line, and some of the boys received their death wounds while joining their comrades in the cheer and the rush at the enemy. Who of Company A will forget Billy Eldred, who the day before, while rations were being given us, and his portion was given him, took it cheerfully, and while it would not make a meal for a canary bird, he put it in his haversack and commenced to sing a little of the song, "If I ever live to go back to Alabama again," etc., which he worded, "If I ever live to go back to Ohio again"? Poor boy, he fell mortally wounded, and near him also fell the quiet, uncomplaining soldier boy, Wm. Kirchner, also with a mortal wound, and very near them went down poor Charley Caldwell, the only son of a widowed mother, and who fell forward shot dead with a bullet through his head.

I mention these boys, as they were all of a height that brought them on the left of the company. As they were a little taller than Eldred and Kirchner, they were on my left, whilst Caldwell was a little above me in the line. There were scores of others wounded

and killed, which did not at the time come under my notice, but a short time ago I visited this place and went carefully over the ground, and it brought to my mind many sad recollections of the past, and from there I went to the beautiful little National cemetery on the north side of the city and looked up the graves of our One Hundred and Third boys whose bodies were laid away there. Each little head stone is numbered and marked at the graves of eighteen of our brave boys who gave up their lives on the altar of their country. But to go on with my story. The siege at last came to an end. General Sherman came to our assistance and Longstreet moved on up the valley, and we went following after. Who will forget the time we forded the river above Knoxville on the 7th day of December, 1863? The water was icy cold and nearly waist deep and running with a strong current.

Many of the men plunged in and crossed with their clothes on, but I, with many others, removed my pants and shoes, and while I suffered intensely for a little time after first starting in the water, my limbs were soon numb with the cold. After I got across and was dressed the command was so far ahead that I had to get on a lively trot to catch up, which soon started up a good circulation and I never felt any ill effects from it, while many who went through the river with their clothes on had to march along with

their clothes cold and dripping wet, and the next day were good subjects for the hospital.

Our Captain, with some other officers of our regiment, got into an ambulance, thinking to ride across the river, the bottom of which was very stony and rough, and the ambulance overloaded, when in mid-stream, broke down and they had to get out and wade across, which greatly pleased us, as we felt that they should share with us the pleasure of the forced "mid-winter bath."

About the middle of December, while we were in camp near Blaine's Cross Roads, some soldiers who belonged to some of the regiments which were with us, who had just come over the mountains from Kentucky, and who had not been with us at the siege of Knoxville, came and camped near us. They were well clothed and looked fine and when night came they did not fasten their clothing to themselves securely, and the result was some of them lost their overcoats. I was sorry for them, as I knew just how they felt, as it reminded me of the time my blanket left me.

New Year's Day, January 1st, 1864, we were in camp at Strawberry Plains. It was very cold, and it was said that it was zero weather. I am sure it was all of that, and perhaps even colder. I remember well there was a call for rations and our Orderly Sergeant, Michael Dunke, got the proportion allotted

to Company A and we fell into line to get our share. The rations consisted of unbolted corn meal, and we stood in line, ~~cup~~ in hand, to get it while Mike gave it out with a table spoon, commencing with three spoonfuls for each man, saying to the men if there was any left he would come back along the line again, and when he got to the end of the line it was all gone. As none had been saved for himself he went without. I noted this carefully, and while I had always thought much of him, this lesson to me was one that has always remained with me, and from that moment I knew him to be one of God's true noblemen.

When I got my corn meal I at once cooked and ate it, then looked about for some one to go with me on a forage, and found one of the boys who was willing to go. We went to the Captain of our company, got passes and started. As both armies had been all along up and down the valley, we went across the river and started south. Late in the afternoon we came into a little valley between a range of hills where we found an old native who had some wheat, and we bought a bushel, for which we paid a good round price. We carried the wheat several miles to a little mill on one of the mountain streams. It was well into the night when we got to the mill and we stayed there the rest of the night, getting the miller up in the morning to grind it, and

you may judge of our surprise and chagrin when the miller told us it was sick wheat and not fit to eat. This made us very mad at the person who sold it to us, and we held a council of war all by ourselves. My partner was in favor of going back, and if the old chap did not square the deal we would do something desperate. I felt the same way and back we went. The old fellow said he thought the wheat all right, but if we did not want it he would help us gather some corn, that yet stood on the stalks in the field, which he did, and we then shelled it. He then gave us a good-sized ham, all the corn we could carry, besides a good dinner, which settled it with us, and we carried our corn to the mill, getting there about dusk, and got the miller to grind it for us, which he could do, but could not bolt it, but he had a hand sieve which we used to screen out the hulls with. He asked us what he should do with the wheat. We told him that it belonged to the old chap from whom we got it, and whom we told could get it by going after it.

The next morning we had our meal baked into pone, and went back to camp, having with us all we could tote along, and which was a great treat to our comrades. My chum of this trip was Matthew Gooby of our company, and the way he talked to the old citizen who sold us the sick wheat was a caution, and he told him plainly what would be done if he

did not make it all right with us. Although we had been gone three days, as soon as others could learn from us where to go, several parties started out for the same locality. I have mentioned this little expedition to show that it was no easy task to go out in the country away from the army, to say nothing of the danger of being picked up by the enemy's cavalry who might be scouting about, or the danger of some bush-whacker shooting a person from some place of concealment. All such things we had to take chances on when out foraging. I was a very good forager, but Harris P. Losey of our company certainly beat everything I ever saw, and he stood at the head of the list in company A as a forager, and I have doubts as to any in the regiment being his equal, while Adam Furnace was not slow. In fact he stood well up on the list as a successful forager, and when I met him at one of our Regimental Reunions a few years ago, he hit me hard, when I asked him about his foraging, and he answered saying: "Yes, I was pretty good at foraging and generally got what I went after. If I didn't I went to camp and reported it, and you would be sent after it."

I was out on several expeditions with Losey, but he was such a dare devil that on some of them I had the life nearly scared out of me. When our regiment was in camp near Jonesborough, East Tennessee, Losey came to me and told me that out several

miles from camp there was to be a candy-pull and dance, and induced me to go with him. We noticed that Ben (Captain Stockwell's servant) had been washing the captain's clothing and there were two white shirts hanging on the line to dry, while we had nothing to wear but our old gray woolen army-shirts. So we nipped the captain's shirts, and that night we wore the shirts to the entertainment, which we hung back on the line in early morning for Ben to wash again. If it was ever known who wore them, Losey settled it, as I did not.

At another time when in camp at Mossy Creek in East Tennessee, we were out of the lines without the password, and in order to avoid the pickets got over into the fields, went through brush and weeds, and crossing through a field, Losey a little ahead of me, and both of us stooping low to avoid being seen, I noticed an animal following close after the heels of Losey, which I struck with a stick that I had in my hand and it fell over to all appearances dead. On examination there in the moonlight we found it to be an opossum, which we carried into camp and in early morn, before reveille sounded, we took it to the tent of Jesse Weigel, who was sleeping soundly and lying on his back. We put the opossum on the breast of our sleeping comrade and then gently awoke him. I never shall forget those big round eyes of Jesse's. They opened slowly at first and he began

to yawn, and as he caught sight of the strange animal on him, his eyes flew open, as big, and round and wide as could be, and with one sweep of his arm the opossum flew out of the tent, while we rolled on the ground with laughter.

I need not ask you boys of the One Hundred and Third Regiment if you remember the little campaign to Dandridge, for if there, you certainly do. After being on our feet all night, standing in the mud and slush for a long time, while the wagon trains ahead were being pulled out of some mudhole, then starting along a few rods only to stop again, when morning came we had not gone more than one or two miles. I, with others, fell out to try and make a little coffee, and everything being wet it took us a long time to get a fire started, which we did at last, and while we were boiling our coffee the rebs made a dash at our rear guard, who came in past us as fast as their horses could go, leaving us between the lines. To say we got our belts on in a hurry would not explain it. We just slid into them, grabbed our things and ran, and for once in our lives we got up a speed equal to the cavalry, and during all the race I hung to my coffee boiler, and while some of it spilled out as I ran, I had a little left to drink when I got back behind the rear guard.

The yelling of the rebs, the zip of the bullets as they flew past us and struck in the mud about us,

helped us mightily in the race. There were three of us, John Derr, Werkmeister and myself, and Derr being a good long-legged fellow, he got along fast, while Werkmeister and myself not being as fortunate, had to make fast time with our short legs. The officer in charge of the rear guard damned us in good shape for leaving the ranks, told us only for the fact that he saw we would be captured, unless he held his line in order to give us a chance to get to the road, we would now be prisoners, and ordered us to get to our command at once, and be mighty lively about it, as his men would in a few moments fall back again. Although the mud was ankle deep we got back in a hurry, and in talking it over afterwards we concluded that every shot fired by the rebs was fired at us, and that we did the rear guard a good turn by drawing the fire from them. However, we felt very thankful indeed to the rear guard for holding their line as they did, or we boys would surely have been taken prisoners.

When it came to be dark in the evening of that day, a soldier came to me, saying: "Soldier, have you got a frying pan?" "No," said I. "Well," said he, "won't you buy mine?" "I am all tired out and cannot carry it, or I would not sell it." As frying pans were scarce articles and I had none, we struck up a bargain. I paid him \$2.00 for it, which I thought was cheap. If he didn't laugh until he

shook his teeth out to think how he had soaked me, after he got out of sight, then I am mistaken, for when I came to use it, I found it to be so old that a hole was burned through the bottom, and it was of no use, so I gave it away, and kept my eye open to see if I could get it on the chap who had fooled me so nicely. That chap certainly missed his calling. He had a face on him as long as though he was walking to his own grave when he came to me to tell me how tired and worn-out he was, and that he was just ready to drop down and be picked up by the rebs, and I took it all in as innocent as a child, but I was hopping mad when I found out how he had played it on me, and to help it along our company boys who knew of the deal roasted me unmercifully. I finally said to my messmates: "I may never get even with the chap who sold me the worthless frying pan, but some one will go lame for one if I have a half chance," which came to me the very next day.

The boys of Companies A and F certainly would recall it, but as it is a long story I shall beg to be excused from telling it, only to say that with the frying pan came an officer's double blanket, which my messmates and I slept under that night, and while sleeping the beautiful snow fell on us to a depth of three or four inches, and in the morning all about that side hill could be seen little knolls, or hummocks, at the upper end of which there would

be little jets of steam arising, where the breath of the sleeper was working its way up through the blanket and snow. There was not a single tent put up, as the evening before we were all tired out and knowing our march would be resumed in the morning, we dropped down on the ground, covered ourselves with our blankets and the snow came so gently that we knew nothing of it until we awoke in the morning, and it was a sight to see all those soldier boys lying there covered with snow. The only evidence there was of any life being under the blanket was as noted above, where the breath of the sleeper was arising through the blanket, and in one little spot thawing the snow as it fell. We continued falling back until we reached Knoxville, and to add to our misery on the march, as the horses had given out, we were made to do duty, not only as soldiers, but as horses, and given a section of battery to haul along, and the guns we were hauling not only held back going up hill, but the blamed things kept us pulling even when going down hill, and as for myself, I was not sorry when we finally got them to the railroad, loaded on the flat car, and we could resume our march again as web-footed infantry alone, as that was all the artillery service of that kind I cared about.

About the time we got to Knoxville, a number of our men who had been left back in Kentucky sick when we came away, rejoined the regiment. They

were on the mountains on their journey to us on the cold New Year's Day, January 1st, 1864, and which is remembered by all who were old enough to note such things as the cold New Year's Day, as it was a cold wave that settled down all over our country, north, south, east and west. After their arrival, while we were sitting about our camp fire one evening listening to them tell the news from Kentucky, where they could get newspapers, and knew something about what was being done, etc., the conversation turned to their trip over the mountains in winter.

One of the boys who came with them, and was something of a wag, was asked if it was cold up there on the mountains. There was not a smile on his face while answering, and looking very serious, he said: "Cold! I should say it was cold, and," said he, "when we got up that New Year's morning, the bugler blew the reveille, the breakfast call, strike tents, fall in, and forward march, and not a sound could he get out of the bugle, and the men had to be ordered about by word of mouth. That night we went in camp in a valley, cut logs, rolled them up and built large fires, and set up our tents so they would face the fire and the heat would keep us warm. In the dead of night the reveille blew out loud and clear, followed by all the camp calls, strike tents, fall in, forward march, etc. The officers were

rushing about to see who was giving the commands and went to the bugler, who they found had hung his bugle on his tent near the hot fire and the heat had thawed out the frozen notes which had been blown into the bugle in the morning. After telling us this yarn he turned to one of the men and asked, "Was it as cold in the valley where you were?"

In the spring of '64 we were marching and countermarching over the same ground that we had been over so many times in the autumn months of the preceding year, and the last days of April we were started westward, and on the 3rd day of May, 1864, had joined the army of General Sherman and were fairly started on the great campaign for Atlanta. I remember at one time on that campaign our One Hundred and Third Regiment was occupying the line on the left of a regiment of Kentucky infantry, and across an open field in front of us could be plainly seen the rebel works. Our division was in command of Gen. J. D. Cox and it was rumored among us that we were to assault the works of the enemy. The General, with some of his staff officers had dismounted, leaving their horses back from the line, while they came along the line on foot, inspecting the position, etc. One of the boys of the Kentucky regiment saluted the General and said to him, "General, does Uncle Sam want that artillery over there?" pointing to the rebel batteries. The Gen-

eral answered and said, "Yes, my man, I think he does." The Kentucky soldier then said, "Suppose we take up a collection and buy it; I would rather chip in than go over there after it." The General smiled and passed on, and while none of the others expressed themselves about it, I felt as though I would rather chip in with my Kentucky friend than to take the chances of going after it.

After Atlanta had fallen and our regiment had been sent to General Schofield's headquarters, I, with others of the One Hundred and Third Regiment, was detailed for duty at corps headquarters, and there I messed with Marsh Hulet and Art Mills, both boys of my own stamp. We were all about of an age, full of the devil, and what one could not think of the other was sure to do.

It did not take us long to get a stand-in with some of the headquarter attaches, and we had some good things to eat, and occasionally something good to take that we did not eat, and our duties not being very laborious, we had plenty of time to ourselves. I remember when our 23rd Army Corps was at Columbia, Tenn., we boys went up on a steep hill back of the town where a large fort had been built and was now abandoned. We found there a large, heavy wheel which had been used at some time to move heavy loads with. We got the wheel to the edge of the hill and set it going towards the town. I don't

believe either one of us thought for a moment it would reach the town, but we gave it a good send-off and stood and watched it go rolling and bounding down the hill at a terrific speed. At the foot of the hill it went through a board fence as easy as though it was built of straw and went on towards a little old shanty near the edge of the town and plunged into into it. The boards and dust flew to beat the band, and quicker than I can tell it, out flew about a dozen darkies, so scared that they could hardly stand. We went down around the hill so we would not be seen, went to the shanty and found that none of the occupants were hurt, but the shanty was as completely wrecked as could be. The old wheel was buried in the debris, and as yet they had not found out what caused the damage, and we did not stay to help investigate, but I never shall forget seeing those *coons* roll out of that old shanty. I always felt glad that none of them were hurt, and how they escaped was a wonder, as the shanty hardly had the appearance of a building after it was struck, and went to pieces like an egg shell. If we had aimed to hit the building or destroy it, we could not have done it more thoroughly.

When our army was on the march to Raleigh, N. C., and came to the Neuse river the bridge was burned, and while the engineers and mechanics were rebuilding it we boys found a log dug out, in which

we sat and paddled across the river, and went up the road about a half mile to a house where we talked with the women folks, who declared "there had been nary a rebel there for weeks," which we knew to be false, as the bridge was yet burning when we came to it. We sat on the edge of the stoop while talking and Art soon discovered that there were a lot of little pigs under there anxious to come out of a hole at his feet, and as one came out he caught it, asked for my knife, which I gave him, when he deliberately cut the pig's tail off, laid it down with the knife and took his feet away from the hole and soon had another pig, which he served the same as the first one, and commenced to fish for another, when one of the women asked rather sharply, "What are you doing?" Art's reply to her was, "I am marking my pigs." About this time I discovered a squad of cavalry coming down the road towards us, and called the attention of the boys to them. We soon concluded to move, as they were Johnnies, and we had no guns with us, so we lit out on the run for the river, which greatly pleased the women, as they were anxious to see us picked up.

When we got back to the river we found a good-sized flatboat which had been loaded with pitch, tar and rosin. In floating it down the river and in rounding a bend it had run aground. This was when the water was high, but which now was low,

leaving the boat high on dry land. We looked it over and somehow must have been careless, for soon after we left it, it commenced to burn. It made a wild, roaring fire, sending the black smoke in great clouds rolling away above the tree tops. Forks of angry fire would dart out here and there and it made a grand sight. An inquiry was made as to who started the fire, but as it was not pressed it ended there, as we boys were mum about it.

When the bridge was completed and the troops went over, we called on the people at the house where Art marked his pigs, but they were very sour and chilly. We finally induced them to sell us a piece of home-cured bacon, for which we paid them in Confederate money. As we went away one could see that they did not look near as smiling as they did when we first discovered the Rebel cavalry, and Art had to forego the pleasure of marking the rest of his pigs.

At Goldsboro, N. C., our Army of the Ohio was joined by Sherman's army. We were all greatly rejoiced and got up a little celebration. While it was going on we boys discovered a colt (which was, I think, a two-year-old) which we proposed to have help us celebrate, so we got a large tin pail and tied to its tail and turned it loose. The colt first attempted to kick the pail away, but after several vigorous attempts lit out and tried to run away from it,

heading for headquarters, where he became tangled up in the tent ropes and succeeded in pulling down the large tent of the Adjutant General in which several army clerks were at work. Men, colt and all were mixed in the deal. We had to go and help set things to rights and liberate the colt, and while the clerks were swearing about the persons who had caused them the trouble, we boys pronounced it a very mean trick, and expressed ourselves only anxious to get our hands on any one who would do such a thing.

The army of General Sherman was now camped about Goldsboro, and every effort was being made to hurry forward supplies to the army from Moorehead City and Newberne. I found myself with \$15 in money, and as there were no sutlers now with the army I went to a comrade of mine, who was on detail to bring mail for the 23rd Army Corps from Newberne to Goldsboro, and who made daily trips on the railroad for this purpose, and handed him the money, telling him to invest it all in envelopes, paper and tobacco, which he did, and within two hours after I got the stock from him I had sold it and realized over \$30 clear on the deal. So I went to him again for another supply, and he told me he would do it only on condition that I would "divy" up with him, which I agreed to, and for a few days we did a good business, although the officers were constantly

on the watch to prevent the bringing of anything but army supplies on the train, and in two or three cases our supply came under their eyes. Some pointed questions were asked, which were answered satisfactorily. Although we had only a short time to carry on our mercantile business, we cleared up in all about \$700, which to us was a bonanza, and as our entire capital when we started in business was only \$15, we felt that we had done very well, indeed.

One incident that I have neglected to speak of happened at the time our Army of the Ohio was being transferred from the west to the east, which was in mid-winter. After leaving the boats at Cincinnati we were loaded into box cars, and crowded in as thick as sardines, no fires to warm by and no room to lie down or exercise in. We suffered intensely from the cold. When we got to Bellaire, Ohio, we left the train in which we rode from Cincinnati, and were ferried across the river where another train of box cars awaited us. Our squad numbered some fifteen or twenty men, and we noted that an officer stood by the door of each car and counted in forty-five men to the car. This we knew would fill the cars so that it would be difficult to lie down or move about. Mills, Hulet, and myself quickly decided what to do, and as it was dark our plan worked finely. As soon as it came our turn to

be loaded in one of us was to slip from the ranks, go under the cars and unfasten the door of the car on the opposite side from where the men were getting in, while the other two would get in quickly and see to it that no man was permitted to stay in the car, but quickly tell him to jump out of the door, crawl under the car and fall in the rear of our squad, and by so doing we succeeded in getting forty-five men counted in, when in fact we only had our squad of fifteen or twenty (the exact number I do not remember), when we closed the car door we had opened. As each car had straw put into it we gathered it all from one end of the car and put it in the other end where we made our beds. From there to Washington we fared much better than the others, who were so thickly loaded in that no room was left for exercise.

After the train was loaded and it was found necessary to put a few more men in each car, we heard the officers as they came and opened our door. When they looked in with a lantern we were all huddled about the door, so blocking it that they could not see into the car, and we asked them if they would not take some men out of our car, as we were so crowded we could not lie down, but were told there were cars enough for all the men, if forty-five men were put in each car, but some one had been doing some cheating as the cars were all loaded

and men yet to put in. We succeeded in playing our game to a finish and no more men were put in our car.

The things I have mentioned are but a few of the many incidents of our camp life that came under the eye of one who was in the ranks as a private soldier, and I hope I have not injured the feelings of any of my comrades in speaking of our old jokes, which we got on each other. In fact, I think I have roasted myself much harder than I have any of my comrades, as I have been very plain to tell some of the incidents of our camp life, which we, as old soldiers, understand, while the generations which follow us may not look upon it as we do, and to them I will say, "Soldiers are not angels, and if angels had ever been soldiers the chances would be against their ever being angels."

Who is there among us that went out in the '60's but at times thinks back, and again for a few moments lives over some of the stirring events of our soldier life; when we of the old One Hundred and Third Regiment can, in our imagination, hear the voice of Colonel Jack, just as we used to hear it, when he gave his commands? Who of the One Hundred and Third can ever forget the 2d day of June, 1864, when our regiment had advanced in line of battle through woods and brush so thick that a horse could not be got through it; when we came

to the edge of a cleared field in sight of the enemy's works, where we halted for a minute to dress the lines, when our Colonel dismounted, and in front of our regiment, gave the command, "*Forward, men! Follow me!*" with a voice that could be heard by every man of the regiment, inspiring them to go on and do their whole duty?

Not only on this occasion, but several others, can we look back and live over those stirring events of our soldier life, and to-day, the little headstones that mark the graves of the brave boys of our regiment where they lay sleeping in the beautiful National cemeteries in the South where we campaigned, show the sacrifices that were made to preserve the Union. Brave boys! sleep on, until the bugle notes shall call from their slumbering graves the mighty sleeping hosts, at which time let us hope that we may all be marshaled together again, and under the shadowy folds of our starry banner, go marching on, keeping step to the grand old tune, "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more," and may God's beautiful angels open wide the pearly gates of heaven, and may we go marching in, and there be reunited with loved ones, and under the command of the great Captain of our salvation, be permitted to dwell through all the ages to come.

Comrades of the One Hundred and Third Regiment, I am proud that I was permitted to have been

one of your number, and to you all I will say, "May God bless and be with you."

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS,
Late Private Co. A, 103rd Reg't. O. V. I.

NOTES FROM A MUSICIAN.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, August twenty-second, I shouldered my fife and went out to the defense of my country. The mustering of a thousand young men, moved by a common purpose, and that the desire to perpetuate liberty and a republican form of government as against human slavery and the heresy of secession, is a sublime spectacle, known only to Free America. Fully imbued with these principles I turned from the endearing ties of home and friends, father, mother, sisters and brothers, for the trials and hardships of the tented field; counting all these as valueless without the blessing of liberty and a united country.

As I belonged to the musical corps I will confine myself principally to their branch of the service. It is my wish to perpetuate the memory of the One Hundred and Third musicians who cared for and

ministered to the wants of their comrades during and after battle.

The One Hundred and Third Regiment had ten fifers and ten drummers, one of each to a company. I will say that when we entered the service we were amateurs in every sense of the word. I will give one instance. Soon after our arrival at Frankfort, Ky., we were to have dress-parade. It was our part, after certain preliminaries, to play a 4-4 march down the line, turn around and play a quickstep back. On this occasion our 4-4 and 2-4 pieces were selected. We arrived at the left of the line all right, about-faced and started into the 2-4 quickstep. Not all of them, however, for the two fifers on the right were playing a 6-8 march. Well, the snare drummers being young and inexperienced, this difference of time naturally confused them. They would not tell me what kind of time they did play. The bass drummer said it did not bother him in the least. He said, "I just beat 2-4 time with one hand and 6-8 with the other."

For the first year in the service we had no regular duty to perform outside of regular camp calls, viz: Reveille and tattoo, Surgeon's, Orderly's and dinner calls. Church call, we were subject to our good Chaplain's order. During the day, while on the march, we often played a few pieces of music which never failed to bring an encore. We soon found

that Uncle Sam had some extra duty (as we thought) for us to perform. When we came to campaigning we found that we were to take care of the wounded; also carry them from the battle field, etc.

Previous to entering upon the Georgia campaign the surgeons of our corps had never organized for the purpose of caring for and handling the wounded. After the battle of Resaca they found it necessary to do so. They met and organized by divisions, establishing a field hospital for each division. These division hospitals were to be located in the immediate rear of its division, one surgeon to have charge of said hospital, he to be known as Medical Director, and all other surgeons of the division were under his control. Each hospital had its ambulance train consisting of thirty-six ambulances. This train was in charge of some Lieutenant, selected for his fitness for the work. The surgeons would establish brigade depots for the wounded as near the fighting line as practicable, in some spot sheltered from the direct fire. Here the first temporary relief was given the wounded, and from here they were taken back to the division hospital by ambulance. On reaching the hospitals their wounds were properly dressed and amputations, if necessary, followed, and as soon thereafter as possible the wounded were sent back to corps or some general hospital.

The musicians got in their work with their little

stretchers, carrying the wounded from the battle field back to the brigade depots.

The whole medical corps worked together with a zeal and self-devotion as worthy of remembrance as that of their comrades of the line. Before closing I wish to say something to perpetuate the memory of the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Third. The question is often asked, "What use was there for a preacher in the army?" Now, who could attend to and look after the wants of the sick and wounded but the Chaplain? If those asking this question could have seen our Chaplain working among the sick and wounded, writing letters for them, often riding over the country and many times exposing himself to great danger for some delicacy that the sick comrade would enjoy, this question would have never been propounded, and they would have nothing but love and admiration for the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Third.

Besides, every organization of men that are away from home influence, are benefited by having a good man to give them good sermons, and by his example show them that they were still responsible beings. Now our good Chaplain did his duty on this line, and we all know the timber, or the most of it, for his use, was in the rough. He was not always rewarded with success, as shown in his attempt to reform our Colonel. Our Colonel was in the habit

of using profane language, and our Chaplain, as he expressed it, was anxious to earn his salary, so he resolved to reform the Colonel. Soon after this resolution was formed he proceeded to execute it.

Scene 1st—In the Colonel's tent, enter Chaplain. The Chaplain—"Colonel, I called for the purpose of asking you to give up the use of profane language; it is not only degrading to any man or soldier, but especially so for a Colonel who is in command of a regiment of young men. Besides in a short time the men will cease to have any respect for you."

Scene 2d—Colonel's tent. The Colonel—"Chaplain, the probability is that you will keep right on praying, and the probability is that I will keep right on swearing; and the probability also is that in a very short time the boys will learn that neither of us mean a d——n word we say."

The Chaplain quietly withdrew, hostilities ceased on the moment, and ever after the Colonel and Chaplain were the best of friends.

ROSTER OF THE 103rd MUSICIANS.

A Company, had none.

B Company, James Erwin and James Scarr.

C Company, John Williams, Jessie Thayer and Joseph Lovely.

D Company, Charles D. Nice and W. H. Caley.

E Company, Ancil Perkins and L. B. Laney.

F Company, Richard M. Tiffany.

G Company, James Shrier and Henry Deal.

H Company, A. F. Parsons, John Mountain, T. H. Osgood and Charles Rowe.

I Company, M. J. Truman and Orceinus Howe.

K Company, J. C. Van Orman.

In the early fall of 1862 the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry was recruited in the counties of Cuyahoga, Lorain and Medina. We were assembled at Camp Cleveland, Ohio, and here it was that we took our first lesson as soldiers. Here the awkward squad might have been seen at about all hours of sunlight, being drilled by one a little less awkward than themselves. The "Halt," "Right dress," "Forward," "Eyes right," "Eyes left," "Right wheel," etc., etc., given in stentorian tones might have been heard on the parade ground of our camp in season and out of season. During our stay in this camp we were not well up in the manual of arms. In fact, we had not received our muskets. Camp Cleveland, during the time the One Hundred and Third was there was a hard place for the young volunteer. Calls were constantly being made by his relatives, and visits were constantly being solicited and made to the old home. Under such circumstances anything like the discipline necessary to perfect the raw but patriotic volunteer into the well-drilled and efficient soldier, was out of the question.

But our stay at Camp Cleveland was short. We were hurried down to Cincinnati and across the Ohio River into Kentucky. After receiving our guns and uniforms we felt that we were soldiers, indeed.

Our first halt in Kentucky was Fort Mitchell. We left this place after a few days and after wandering around for some time found ourselves at Frankfort, the capital of the state. These marches were a very trying ordeal for us green soldiers. The most of the men carried luggage enough to overload a mule, and such knapsacks as the boys staggered under would have been a matter of amusement later in the war. On arriving at Frankfort we went into camp for the winter. Here our Colonel, having seen service in one of the earlier regiments of the Ohio troops, was a very valuable acquisition to us in the way of an instructor. His soldierly bearing and pleasant manner won all our hearts; and so ended the winter of 1862-3.

Since leaving Fort Mitchell we had marched over two hundred miles which, considering the weather and hard roads, was an accomplishment that had a tendency to increase our confidence and prepare us for the more arduous duties that fell to our lot after we crossed the Cumberland Mountains and commenced operations in the Valley of the Tennessee.

In the early fall of 1863 General Burnside gathered up his detachments of the 23rd Army Corps—

that made a moving column of about eighteen thousand men of all arms. The One Hundred and Third was sent with the right column under General Hartsuff, by way of Tomkinsville, Somerset and Chitwood to Montgomery. We were obliged to cross the mountains by roads which were considered impracticable for military purposes. Part of the way his own road lay through the gorge of Rock Castle River. Our infantry passed the principal range of the Cumberland Mountains by way of Emory and Winters Gaps. At the principal ascent of the mountains the teams of two or three guns had to be hitched to a single cannon to pull up to the summit, and even then aided by soldiers at every wheel. But when the summit was reached what a panorama opened to the east! The circling mountains made a vast amphitheater into which the head of the column looked down, whilst directly in front the rocky strata upheaved till they stood vertically on edge. Through this dashed the blue stream which gives name to the pass, while beyond the beautiful valleys of the Clinch and Holston Rivers was seen, backed by the peaks of the great Smoky Mountains. The march was a laborious one and made without resistance. The passes of the mountains were held, and Burnside entered Knoxville with his infantry on the third day of September, 1863, amidst the sincere and enthusiastic rejoicings of the people. From

Lexington to Knoxville it is two hundred and fifty miles, and much of the way is of the roughest of mountain road. We had marched it in fourteen consecutive days. At this move the little Army of the Ohio and its commander earned and received the warm thanks of Congress and the President.

The private soldier's sideboard usually contained one coffee pot, or one tin cup minus the handle, one tin plate if he had one, knife and fork, skillet owned by the mess, and one canteen if it was not lost. His dresser contained one pair of socks, paper and envelopes, and briar wood for one or more pipes. The private soldier carried his shelter tent, which made for himself and partner a comfortable protection from the weather. His haversack contained his rations and in half an hour's time the veteran knew how to prepare a wholesome and abundant meal. The ration of meat, bread and coffee was a large one and of good quality, and by foraging or traffic extras could be added to it on the way.

The general officers could not manage in quite the same simple style. From Adjutant General down to the mustering officers, regular statistical reports were required by army regulations, and enforced by stopping the pay of delinquent commanders. At each headquarters, therefore, a good deal of business had to be transacted and much clerical work had to be done in the intervals of fight-

ing. The occupation of Knoxville, Tenn., and holding of the same against battle, siege and starvation, forms one of the brightest pages of our history. But perhaps one of the severest tests of the bravery and value of our regiment occurred on the 14th day of May, 1864, at the battle of Resaca, Ga., a day never to be forgotten while a single survivor of the One Hundred and Third remains..

Here it was that so many of our brave and beloved comrades sacrificed their young lives on the altar of our country. Also at Spring Hill, Tenn., the One Hundred and Third had an opportunity of showing its valor, hardly ever enjoyed by an infantry regiment. A division that had been sent forward in charge of our trains was drawn up in line to resist any attack the enemy might make, while the One Hundred and Third, being headquarters guard to General Schofield, was asked to support a battery so placed as to sweep an open field in front of the National troops. The enemy, emerging from the woods, marched steadily up to the National line, when the entire division broke and many of them ran, leaving the One Hundred and Third and the battery to resist the attack. The boys alone with the battery awaited the onset. As soon as the enemy came within range they poured a well-directed fire into their ranks, which, being seconded by the battery, caused the enemy to waver. Portions of

the retreating division having rallied, the rebels were compelled to retake themselves to the woods. Thus the bravery of the One Hundred and Third not only saved the entire division from capture and our vast train from falling into the hands of the enemy, but defeated Hood's plan of cutting our then outnumbered army in two and destroying each section in detail. How many times does the history of the world show that the heroic conduct of a few brave men has decided the fate of battles, of armies, and of empires.

The Twenty-third Army Corps, to which the One Hundred and Third belonged, was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., to join Sherman as soon as he arrived from the South. The comrades will all remember the suffering caused by exceedingly hasty transportation of our corps to the seaboard during the winter of 1865. The One Hundred and Third arrived at Wilmington on the 24th day of February, and on the 6th day of March started forward through Kingston to Goldsboro where it met Sherman's army. The 15th day of June, 1865, the One Hundred and Third again struck its tents, but not to move on the enemy's ranks. This time it turned its course toward its own loved Ohio. The bright prospect of soon reaching home was not realized by all. By a sad accident three more of this veteran band were called to their long home. The 19th day of

June the war-worn and battle-scarred veterans reached Cleveland, Ohio, and on the 27th were mustered out of the service of their country and returned to the avocations of civil life. Of the one thousand men who had marched from Cleveland, not quite three years before, only four hundred were mustered out. Where were the six hundred? Their graves may be found from the south bank of the Ohio to Raleigh, N. C. Some pined away in rebel prison pens until death put an end to hunger and to life; some with failing health and remnants of limbs had been discharged before; but alas, the larger number "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." They had fought the good fight; they had finished their course; they had kept the faith.

I have made but a hasty sketch at the record of the One Hundred and Third and I trust the pages of the coming history of the regiment will do it the honor it so richly earned.

J. C. VAN ORMAN, Company K.

SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE.

BATTLE OF ARMSTRONG'S HILL, NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

As a preliminary to writing my personal experience and recollection of the battle of Armstrong's

Hill, or in part the siege of Knoxville, East Tennessee, on November 25, 1863, I shall recite some of the incidents leading up to that memorable day, and a little of my hospital experience. I will give a few of the facts as to the number that engaged that day on Armstrong's Hill. I feel my weakness and inability to do this matter any justice whatever. But when I delay and hesitate in the task given me to do by my comrades, the first thing that comes to my mind, and a very important one in a military sense, is that a good soldier must obey orders. His, is not to object and ask why or wherefore, but to act with all the ability at his command. Comrades may criticise some things I shall have written. We do not all see through one pair of eyes. I will give you the best I can of what I saw and what my memory has retained for me after thirty-five long years of the joys and sorrows of life. Then we were the whole cloth. Now, we are only the remnants. Such is life. The hero of to-day may be buried in the potter's field to-morrow.

Ours was the second brigade of the third division, 23rd Corps, and was composed of the Sixty-fifth Illinois Infantry, Twenty-fourth Kentucky Infantry, One Hundred and Third Ohio, and Eighth Tennessee; also Wilder's Indiana Battery. Colonel Daniel Cameron, of the Sixty-fifth Illinois, commanding brigade.

There were only three regiments in the battle of

Armstrong's Hill, the Eighth Tennessee having been detached, and had moved further up the valley.

The Army of the Ohio, under command of General A. E. Burnside, left Danville, Kentucky, on August 17, 1863, crossing the Cumberland Mountains after a most laborious and weary march. We struck the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad at Lenoir Station about the 2nd of September, 1863, finally passing up the valley through Knoxville about the 6th. The One Hundred and Third spent the time from this date to about November 4th, in walking and running up and down the Valley of East Tennessee, many times hustling the Johnnies and putting them to a wonderful rate of speed. Then again it was different. At other times we were making tracks just as fast, but our heels were towards the Johnnies.

About November 4th, our regiment moved into Knoxville. After jacking up our pup tents two or three times, and stacking arms in as many new places, we finally moved on November 7th, down to a beautiful red cedar grove near the river bank on the south side, where we were told to build winter quarters. The memory of those cedar trees has come to me many times in later years, when I have been in need of good fence posts on the farm. Two men with axes could cut down a cedar tree a foot in diameter, and slit it through the center, as fast as they could strike and walk from one end to the other. We laid

out our streets and began work on our winter quarters. As I remember, the dimensions were about eighteen by twenty-five feet. Company H built two, or had them nearly completed, when orders came to move out. The regimental mule teams drew brick from a kiln, some distance away, for our chimneys.

I remember of going with others of Company H to the top of a very steep hill and cutting an oak tree to make shakes for our roof. We would cut out a log big enough to make what shakes were needed, and roll it down the steep hillside towards our quarters, so as to save hauling. We had to be very expeditious and save time as much as possible, for with our camp and picket duties, every other day we were detailed to work on the fortifications. I remember very distinctly of being on the first detail made to chop the trees off from a certain hill to be fortified, and a battery to be placed thereon. The ax I drew that morning seemed to be a new one, but something had knocked a large piece out of the middle of the bit. I thought whether or not a mule had kicked it out, as it was about the size and shape of a mule's foot. Well, I chopped and chopped that day, some oak, some pine, and I think by the grain of the wood, some of it was pepperage. When night came along my hands were in a pitiable condition, covered with blisters, some as large as a Canadian cent, and besides

the breech pin was jammed out of some of them. I assure you it would have been most agreeable to me if I could have been at home to eat supper with my mother, but no one said I could, so I ate what I had. That was a small chunk of dark bread and a piece of meat that was by force of habit called beef. It was from one of those creatures that got so woefully tired crossing the Cumberland Mountains, and finally expired in Knoxville.

My diagnosis of this beef was, that it died of the blues. God knows it was blue enough, to say the least. But I must return to my winter quarters. We continued our laborious duties. The facts are, that the days were not long enough for what we had on hand to do, so many nights were, of necessity, turned into day, cutting trees, splitting logs for our winter quarters, and with answering to the detail made upon us by our Orderly Sergeant for the picket guard, chopping and digging on the fortifications, with scant rations, and sometimes none issued to us at all. It was a time that tried both soul and body. When our labors had brought us nearly to the climax of our anticipated joys of once more living in a wooden house and the discarding of our pup tents, there was a great cloud came and o'ercast our beautiful sky. The great efforts we had put forth in labor and loss of sleep on our winter quarters, had gone where the woodbine twineth, for on November



the 15th, we were marched out of our pleasant camp never to return to it again.

On the day that we left our camp and moved out to the front, the Johnnies appeared in considerable force on our side of the river. We were, I think, moved out on the Mayville road a short distance, filed in on the left of the road, formed in line of battle and supporting a battery of artillery. The Johnnies soon appeared, moving out of a wooded field some hundred rods from our front. Their line of skirmishers moved into the open field at a rapid step. You would think to see them that they had started in for a picnic, and perhaps they had a right to feel that way, as the day before (Sunday, November 15) General Joe Wheeler with four brigades of rebel cavalry moving toward Knoxville by way of Maryville, attacked our outpost of cavalry, putting them to rout. Soon after being driven across Little River our cavalry remnants were reinforced by the balance of Wofford's and Sanders' brigade, under command of General W. P. Sanders. The Johnnies being reinforced, pushed on, renewing their attack, and finally drove our cavalry inside of the intrenchments on the first line of hills opposite the city of Knoxville. You can see why they marched out of the woods so chipper. They had just fairly got their line all out in the open field when our battery commenced pumping shells in among them. Now, that was fun for us

to see the Johnnies take that smile back into the woods with them at about a three-minute clip. They knew we meant it, for they did not show up again at that point.

About the 17th, Company H was detached from the regiment and sent a little further out on the Maryville road, and again moved in on the left and was deployed as skirmishers, our line running east from the road along the edge of a piece of timber. Our immediate front was an open field, on a part of which had been a crop of potatoes taken off. A farm house stood on the south side of this field. It was nearly a week before we were relieved. During that time we were not molested by the Johnnies, although we were within hearing of the firing of artillery and small arms all those days and nights.

From the south side fronting west and the north side fronting west and north; and also from Fort Saunders and Temperance Hill, this kind of music kept us on the alert, expecting at any moment to hear the ping and zip of the bullet along our own front. There were no rations brought to us while on this line. We were hungry when we arrived, and a good deal more so on leaving. Some had a little coffee in their haversacks; others a piece of corn bread or pone as the darkies call it; and some a little corn to parch. Soon this was gone, and the pangs of hunger compelled us to 'root for a living.

We would go into this little potato field and with a bayonet for a potato fork, dig the ground over for stray potatoes. I am pleased to say that the shiftless cusses who dug it over the first time left quite a goodly number of the tubers in the hill. Then, we had no meat; but there was a small drove of razor-back hogs in the woods back of our line. So we laid plans to compel some of those razors to surrender unconditionally, tail and snout. This native of the South is made of three sections of equal length. The first section is the head section. The second section is what we call in Ohio, the body. In this case it is only a belly, the architecture of which is the shape of a pumpkin seed. The third section, which is the last, as you will observe, is the tail. Some might remark that the tail was a useless appendage for a razor-back, but it is not. You know flies are great lovers of hogs. They will swarm on a hog's neck just out of reach of the ears; then it is that the tail is the saviour of the body. He will give that tail a flourish like a Texas steer driver would his whip, and swipec a score of them at one crack.

There were strict orders against firing off a gun, unless it was meant for a Johnnie Reb, so a number of us who were off duty arranged to surround some of those native beauties. Arming ourselves with stones and clubs we closed in on them, rushed

them over logs and rocks, and some tumbled into deep clefts in the rocks. We gave no quarter. When one was down he soon sounded his bugle, "lights out." Soon all was quiet again on the Holston. The trophies of this charge were three dead rooters, besides a goodly number of wounded, but who finally escaped. There would have been more fun about this affair if we had only been supplied with as much in our stomachs as the hogs had. But those long rooters gave them the advantage. It was not long before their skins were off and the meat cut up in strips and hung on the underbrush. It was roasted on sharpened sticks over a small fire. Even our salt was exhausted, so that what was eaten had to go without salt. My stomach still feels very unruly when I think of it.

On November 24th Company H was relieved from the skirmish line where we had been posted a week before, and no rations had been issued to us in all that time. Our relief was some company from a Kentucky regiment. We fell in quickly and marched back to the high hills along the river opposite the city. We were pleased to move, as we were again to join the other companies of the One Hundred and Third.

The skirmish line we had left was much safer than the one we took up with the regiment. But it is not pleasant to be so close to the crash of small arms

and the roar of cannon, knowing your friends and comrades are being tried in the fire. The love of country and your natural pride will overcome fear, and you will feel that you must be with them. A short distance back from the summit of the hill where our regiment was posted, we were ordered to unsling our knapsacks and stack them up, James Collins, being detailed to guard them.

It began to look as if we were stripping for the fight, and so it proved the next day. The regiment at this time had their arms stacked on a line running from the top of a hill diagonally down the slope to the south, and into a deep ravine. This hill was about opposite College Hill on the north side of the river. Before darkness set in on this day the rain commenced to pour down, and as our pup tents together with our knapsacks were piled up quite a distance away, we had no protection whatever. Just stand and let it rain. The only way to keep the water out of our gun barrels was to affix bayonets and stick them in the ground. It almost makes my teeth chatter now, when I think of standing and lying around on that water soaked ground all through that cold and desolate night. It seemed as if human beings could not possibly survive such an ordeal, but we did. Talk about your fun in the army! It takes a good deal of it to offset such nights as that. Morning came at last, but we had no soft snap like the

Dutchman said to his dog: "When you get up in the morning all you have to do is yust stretch, and some one brings your breakfast to you, it was different mit us."

We stretched and kicked around to get the hump out of our backs, then were ordered to draw the loads from our guns and clean them thoroughly. We had but very little to eat, so there was plenty of time to clean up our guns.

At about one o'clock we had some rations issued to us. I received a quarter of a small loaf of bread and a piece of meat as large as my three fingers. While I was staring at that blue piece of beef, the order came to fall into ranks quickly. The meat and bread were chucked into my haversack and swung over my neck in a quicker time than I can tell you.

Company H, with five other companies of the One Hundred and Third were moving at a swinging gait along the ridge towards our front a short distance away. Two other companies had been sent out on the skirmish line the night before. I have no knowledge of where the remaining two companies were posted. Right here, perhaps, it would be proper to give some description of our immediate front. On the south side of the Holston river the ground rises into a series of prominent points, the highest of which is about 360 feet. These knobs formed a range quite close to the river bank. There were four of these

knobs, commencing with the first hill east of the Seville road, and counting down the river. On No. 1 was only rifle trenches; on No. 2 Fort Stanley; on No. 3 Fort Dickerson; on No. 4 Fort Higley. This fort includes all the works on the hill west of the railroad embankment, south side of river, and was named after Captain Joel P. Higley, 7th Ohio Cavalry, who was killed at Blue Springs, Tennessee. This was the farthest position with any fortifications built upon, that we held during the siege of Knoxville. The ground was very much broken and very much of it covered with timber and some underbrush.

On the night of November 23d two brigades of Hood's Rebel Division of Longstreet's Corps crossed the river below us and took possession of the hills on our front. This force was composed of the 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th and 48th Alabama Regiments under command of E. McIver Law. The other rebel brigade was composed of the 3d Arkansas, 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Infantry under command of J. B. Robertson; also one regiment, the 10th Georgia Bryon's Brigade of McLaw's Division, and in fact the whole brigade was moved from the north side of the river to the heights on the south side at several different times from November 20th to 27th, so that it looks quite suspicious that we may have had some of them to contend with, as well as the first two brigades named of Hood's Division and a battery of artillery.

Well to return to the moving of our regiment into position at the front to strengthen the lines already established. When the One Hundred and Third came to the place ordered, they filed off to the right towards the river, was halted and came to a front. Six men were detailed from the right of each company to reinforce the skirmish line. The balance of the command was ordered to stack arms. At the same time the details were moving out through the timber towards the Johnnies. They had only proceeded a few rods, and the regiment had barely stepped back from their stacked guns, when the rebels started forward with one of their unearthly yells. It sounded to me as if the earth, trees and bushes must have been full of that yell and it had all escaped at once. Talk about hornet's nests! Close communication with a large hornet's nest is as nothing compared with this particular occasion. Was I scared? Well you can judge for yourself. My heart thumped like a blacksmith's hammer, and if my face looked like it felt, it was snow white. My patriotic pride was the thing that held me to do my duty. Quicker than I can tell, we fell in, took our guns, and none too quick, as the rebel line charged through the woods on to us with rapid fire, and the accuracy of old veterans, of which Hood's Division was composed. The suddenness of the rebel advance took us a good deal by surprise, but soon the One Hundred and

Third, struck its proper equilibrium, and the boys commenced pumping lead at the Johnnies. We made it hot for them from the start, and as our nerve returned, we redoubled our fire, each one seeming to vie with the other in exerting himself to the utmost. The cartridges slipped into the gun barrels quickly, and with quicker speed went looking for a Johnnie. We finally made their reception so hot, that they came to a stand still. Then the One Hundred and Third was ordered to fix bayonets, and with a yell that would put a Comanche Indian to shame, our men sprang forward in the charge. It was then only a matter of a few minutes before the rebel line was broken and commenced to fall back in considerable confusion, the One Hundred and Third following them closely.

There was so much timber and brush, and the ground was so broken that our alignment had entirely collapsed. Each man, or squad of men, were helping to keep the rebs a moving towards the point from which they started. I can only describe what happened to myself or in my immediate front. I moved with others through the woods, loading and firing my Enfield rifle as fast as I could, and tried to plant my cartridges as best I could, where they would do the most good. I persevered with others of the One Hundred and Third, to press on to the front, crowding the Johnnies steadily towards the

rear, and finally came to the edge of the woods opening out on a clear field of several acres in extent. On the farther side of this field the timber commenced again. When I arrived at the rail fence running along the edge of the woods, and between it and the open field, the majority of the rebel force had skedadled across the opening to the timber beyond. To the left of where I struck the opening, however, were quite a lively squad of rebels still hanging to their side of the fence with determined looks, as much as to say, we had rather die right here than to run, and sure enough nearly the whole lot were killed or wounded, as when one attempted to retreat across the open field, our fellows in the edge of the woods had a cinch on them. Soon after I struck the fence and had let go a few of my cartridges in among the Johnnies that had been tardy in their retreat, then it was that I found that sixty rounds of ammunition out of eighty on hand at the start had been fired. My remaining twenty rounds were in the bottom case of my cartridge box. I wished to remove them to the top where I could get them quickly, and feeling that discretion was the better part of valor; also that a small tree was a better protection than none at all, I stepped behind this small tree that stood near by, while I should transfer my cartridges. In my hurry to make the change I flirled one bunch out in the leaves. As I

stooped down to gather them up, a bullet from some Johnnie's gun across the open field went zip through the body of that tree on a line with my head before stooping over. It was a close call, and really I took several very short breaths in consequence of it. The slivers from the tree were driven into the old black hat that I wore, besides making my face smart in places. Excuse me if I do not vote to pension that Johnnie.

At the south end of this clear land, and to the left of my position, was a lane running across to the timber beyond. This lane was fenced on both sides with the old fashioned worm rail fence some eight or nine rails high. The north side had been opened up by the cavalry at every second length, so they could pass through readily. The one on the south side was in proper shape and height. At the west end of this lane and on a line running parallel with the edge of the timber now occupied by the rebel line, stood a log house with a shake roof, and I think some portion of it was sided up over the logs with rough siding. This made a fine fortification for the rebs. They knew a good thing when they saw it, and a goodly number was wisely located inside. They had a clear sweep of the open field between their line and ours. We had to charge across this opening in the face of a hot fire. From my point of observation I saw that to move straight across the

field would be sure death. My bump of self-preservation took me diagonally across the open field to the left, striking the lane some twenty rods from the log house. The rail fence on the one side of the lane, and the rail corners on the other where the cavalry had opened it, made some protection. I may have felt like the old rooster. He was willing to accept of a place large enough to hide his head when being hard pressed, and seeing a knot hole in a fence board he went and stuck his head through it for protection, the body had to look out for itself. At and near this point quite a large number had taken advantage as a place to hang on and fight the harder. The Johnnies in the log house were making this miscellaneous organization seriously uncomfortable. All three regiments of our brigade were here represented. It was getting so hot at this point that something had to be done. Those rebs in the log house must move immediately, as their concentrated fire on this position was strewing the ground thickly with our killed and wounded comrades.

At a word of command from some one, I know not whether he was an officer or a private, that we drive them out, every one who had come to do or die, made a rush for the Johnnies' stronghold. In five minutes the last Johnnie had evacuated his position. His military education taught him that it

would be safer to change his base. Our fire took a good share of the shakes off from the roof; also the siding and chinks from the logs. Well this relieved us from this hot point, but the cross fire from the rebel line over to the left of the lane, was dropping some of our men every moment or two. We were now putting in a rapid fire on the Johnnies' line to the right of the log house not over twenty rods away. My cartridges were now running low, so I was taking more pains in trying to make some center shots. I had in this way fired several times, squatting down on my feet with my left elbow resting on one knee and my hand supporting my gun. There were a number of men near me who belonged to the 24th Kentucky Infantry. They were firing rapidly, whooping and cussing the Rebs. Several of them had been hit by this cross fire, the bullets passing between the rails about from one to two feet from the ground.

One of these youngsters, about my own age, had just fired his gun. He was squatting down on his feet like myself and close to me; but before he had recovered his gun, one of those ugly cross fire bullets struck him a little back and above the ear, and turning a piece of the skull upward, he tipped over on to his face in a quiver. I instantly brought my gun to bear on a Johnnie who stood behind a tree from the direction from which he was firing, but stood out boldly from my position. I took a squint along my

gun barrel for the middle of him, saying to myself, I will have you, Mr. Johnnie, sure. My finger was on the trigger ready to press it, but that instant a bullet from that cross fire, pinged through between the rails, and zipped into my left thigh, laying me flat and straight on the ground. The ball entered my left thigh about three inches below the hip joint, on a line of the outer seam of the pants, striking the bone and passing around in front to the pelvis bone and into the hip joint, in such a manner as to crowd the joint apart or out of the socket, so as to slip by, making the leg one and three-fourth inches shorter than the right one. Although no bones were broken, if I could live a thousand years, the sensation and shock of that bullet penetrating my flesh and bones, can never be effaced from my memory. The tongue is incapable of describing it.

As soon as I could quiet my riotous nerves and wishing to gain some knowledge for myself as to the serious nature of the wound, the limb being limp and weak, I worked my right foot under my wounded limb, raising it so I could turn upon my side where I could examine it. After a very short diagnosis, I concluded to try and make a live of it. Now that I was down and unable to help myself, it seemed to me that the Rebs' shower of lead was thicker than ever, and that soon other bullets would wind up the bobbin. After a good deal of exertion, I had rolled

over on to my face with these thoughts uppermost in my mind. Says I to myself, if the Johnnies should drive our men back, I will surely be a prisoner in their hands. The thoughts then of being made a prisoner was more terrible to me than the numerous chances every minute of being riddled with bullets. Death was preferable, as I viewed the matter then. I seemed to have got entirely away from my own company. Those near and around me were a part of the 24th Kentucky. I thought I must do something for myself, so I reached out with both hands as far as I could, holding to the short grass and pulling myself up the lane towards the rear. It was a very slow and painful way to retreat. After drawing myself along this way by my arms some three or four rods, George Blaine of Company H, espied me and came to my assistance. He called in other comrades and they picked me up and carried me back into the woods where those provided with stretchers could take the wounded away. Then they returned to their positions, and it is with sorrow that I mention the fact that I remember the name of only one comrade who helped me on that occasion.

Although deposited in the woods, it was not a safe place to be. The bullets were patting a lively juber in the leaves and brush. The wounded were accumulating rapidly. Stretchers were moving through the woods in all directions. Men with one finally

came to take me off the field. Just at this time Adjutant John Joyce with a portion of the 24th Kentucky of our brigade charged down out of the woods on to the Rebs, whooping and yelling as if pandemonium had broken loose, the Johnnies only halting when they had reached their works on the top of an adjoining hill.

This spirited contest had covered two hours and a quarter of time, and the rebel force opposed to us were the veterans of Longstreet's Corps.

My gun was left where I was wounded, and my other accoutrements were stripped off when they put me on the stretcher. My haversack, in which was that forlorn piece of bread and meat, and I, like our winter quarters, had to part, never more to meet again.

While I was being carried down to the foot of the hills where the ambulance could get to the wounded, the bullets kept up their ping and zip among the trees. Finally one of the men carrying me received a rake across the arm, which did not break the skin, but it released his grip on the stretcher enough to nearly throw me to the ground. It was like adding insult to injury on my mangled and tortured body. I was laid on the ground with the numerous other wounded, some of whom had died after being brought off the field. Our surgeons were busy at work examining each wound before putting them in

the ambulance. Some wounds had to be tied up to keep them from bleeding to death. I remember Dr. Griswold examined my wound. Then because my body shook so hard, thinking perhaps I was cold, took off his big overcoat and covered me up—God bless him. It was not because I was cold, but my nerves were all shattered, so that my body shook like one with the ague. The ambulance kept coming from and returning to the city on the north side. Finally myself and two or three others were loaded and started through the woods. Sergeant Cotton, of Company F, I remember, helped to put me in the ambulance. There was no particular road. It was deep mud, over limbs and rocks, making it a terrible ride. The roll and tumble of the ambulance would sometimes shake me from one side to the other. My pride would not allow me to cry out in my terrible pain, but great drops of sweat formed on my face and body, showing the awful strain I was passing through. The nature of the wounds on the other fellows with me were such that they could sit up, but the plunge of the ambulance would occasionally make some of them scream aloud in their pain.

In time we arrived at the pontoon bridge, and quickly crossed it to the north side of the river, passing up into the city to the Bell House, which was quite a large brick building that had been occu-

pied as a hotel, but now entirely empty. Our wounded were carried into this building as fast as they arrived from the front. This was to be our hospital, in which many weeks of pain and anguish would be spent by some, while many others lingered for a time and then passed from earth. I was carried with many others to the second story and laid on the floor. They were so thick the surgeons could scarcely move around between them to examine them before distributing them to other parts of the building.

Close by my side lay a rebel lieutenant from one of the Texas regiments. A fine looking fellow. A surgeon examined his wound, and when done told him that he only had a short time to live. He gave one groan of anguish, then quieted down as if the last hope had gone forever. When morning came he was reported dead.

Next came my turn. The surgeon was from a Michigan regiment. He looked at my wound, run his finger along the passage of the bullet, but he could not find it. Then he inserted a crooked probe. He punched and probed around in search of that ball until the hair on my head stood up stiff enough to cut into wire nails. But it was no use. It could not be located. It was, however, in there then, and still refuses to come to light after thirty-five years. I was soon taken to a large hall at the head of the

stairs with eight or ten others; one being a Reb from the 15th Alabama, who was shot through the foot. We were laid side by side on the bare floor and not a rag to cover us over. The Reb was exchanged with others in two or three days for some of our own wounded who had fallen into the rebels' hands. My knapsack was finally brought over from the hills on the south side where they were stacked up several days before, so that now I had a blanket. I gave up half of it to the Alabamian who laid beside me while he staid with us.

In a few days I was taken on a stretcher and carried down to the first floor at the foot of the stairs. I saw Willie Howes, of Company H, propped up in some kind of a chair. His bloodless face and closed eyes I can see in my memory to this day. A rebel bullet had penetrated his breast and lung. Willie was a true-hearted and brave soldier.

Here I was cared for until January 27, 1864, when I left Knoxville. In this new location there had been bunks made out of new pine lumber, and ticks filled with straw or shavings put upon them. Indeed, this was a luxury as compared with the bare hard floor.

I investigated as well as I could and found that our good Chaplain Hubbard had been head man in this wonderful change in our condition. It certainly took a good deal of energy and labor on the part of

Chaplain Hubbard to accomplish so much in our behalf, with so little to make it out of.

On taking an inventory of the casualties in the One Hundred and Third at Armstrong's Hill, there were reported about thirty-five killed and wounded. Company H had the following names who were seriously wounded. William Howes, shot through left breast, died December 6th, of wounds received. Harrison Goding, shot through the calves of both legs, died November 29th, of wounds received. Michael Graham, shot over the eye, cutting a furrow across the side of his head. Mike is on earth yet.

One or two others had slight wounds. Those occupying the same room, several of whom were of the 24th Kentucky, two of the 2d Ohio Cavalry, Sergeant W. P. Cowhick of Company K, and Mike Graham of Company H, One Hundred and Third. On the 27th of January, 1864, I left Knoxville on a furlough home. Reported at the United States Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio, and was discharged June 27th, 1864, on account of wounds received.

H. P. CHAPMAN,

Co. H, 103d, O. V. I.

P. O. address, LaPorte, Lorain County, O.

SOME INCIDENTS OF LIFE IN CAMP CLEVELAND.

About the 20th of August, 1862, soon after the One Hundred and Third had reported at Camp Cleveland, the writer was detailed as one of the camp guards. The few guns obtainable at this time with which to do duty were a few stacks of those old flint lock relics of 1812, and perhaps of the Revolution. That was the kind of a prod I had when we went to guard mount. It was on my third trick and soon after taps was sounded. My beat was on the east side of the camp, well down to where the street commenced for the city. Those leaving camp had to cross my beat. All was quiet and still at this particular time and I was getting into a solemn train of thoughts in regard to mother and friends at home, when suddenly there came the sound of a squad of men marching, all keeping time to left! left! of the one in command. When, as I thought at about the right distance away, I halted them and asked, "Who comes there?" The tall private, who was in command, answered, "Corporal of the guard and squad of men taking a sick comrade to the city hospital." Well, I was as green as anybody in this new business of soldiering and hardly knew what to do next, as when ordered to advance and give the countersign, they advanced, but had no countersign. I compelled

them again to halt. They, all the time, continued to crowd and step along so as to get by out of my reach. I then saw who they were; the corporal of the guard being George Thompson, Company H, and the following named comrades in the squad were Charles Lanaghan, Company H; Tom Penson, Company F; John R. Knickerbocker, Company F; besides the sick man, who was Sam Franklin, of Company F. Four of the men had Sam in a box about as long as one's body, so his legs hung over the front end of the box. This had four handles and was made to carry bread in from the Qm's department to company quarters. There were four extra men, and I suppose they represented the second relief. After some hurried talk, and the boys were a little fearful that their game would not work, Sam seemed much worse. He groaned and distorted terribly. As they would have to cross another guard's beat a little distance away before getting outside of the camp, and as I wished to get shut of them myself, I ordered them to move on. Now I was interested in what kind of a reception the next guard would give them, so I listened for results. The order soon came: "Halt! Who comes there?" The same answer as before was given. "Advance and give the countersign!" All advanced as usual, crowding up close onto the guard, who finally was going to prod them to make them stop. He called

out sharply, "Corporal of the guard!" The hospital squad saw right away that their jig was up and they had struck the wrong man. They, without any more ceremony, dropped the box with poor Sam in it onto the sidewalk, and scattering, made a run for the parade ground. Poor Sam did groan then, in earnest, as soon as he could catch his breath.

It is said that Sam never got over that drop. The Corporal, with his guard, caught Sam, Lanaghan, and Penson and took them to the guard house, where the next morning, through the intervention of Capt. John Booth, they were liberated. The old boys of to-day were then full of vim and vigor. This escapade was planned to get over into the city for a gay time.

H. P. CHAPMAN.

TOWNER AND HIS FIDDLE.

Augustus Towner, a private in Company H, was a genius, honest and true; one you could tie to in an emergency; odd and humorous in his talk, and always ready for jollity and merriment. He was a great lover of the violin. Starting in at Camp Cleveland he never was separated from his instrument a day until he was seriously wounded at Re-

saca, Ga. When he was carried off the field, his violin, with his accoutrements, was left behind.

It was a great cross to him in having to leave his constant companion, and he felt sorely hurt to think that no one should bring it back to safe quarters; and well he might, for many were there of Company H, and some of other companies, who had enjoyed themselves to a wonderful degree. At night, after arriving in camp, having eaten supper, and with a cup of Uncle Sam's good coffee, the boys seemed fresh and gay, ready for a stag dance. While the boys were policing off a piece of ground sufficiently large for this, Gus would tune up his violin. Partners would be chosen, and the way those government shoes would dig up the grass and dirt, was a caution.

Towner's enjoyment on these occasions seemed as great as old Dan Tucker or the Arkansas Traveler. He never received a cent or expected one. It was all for merriment.

Augustus was quite a noted reader and many, I trust, of the One Hundred and Third will remember the comrade who read the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1863, at our camp on the Cumberland river, near Stigall's Ferry. When the war commenced he had a brother in one of the southern states that he had not seen for a long time. This brother, Frank, worked his way north, found

that Augustus was in Company H, One Hundred and Third, and searched out its location and enlisted in Company H, was a brave soldier and was killed near Atlanta, Ga., on August 6, 1864.

H. P. CHAPMAN.

FORAGE, FUN AND HUNGER.

On our march over the Cumberland mountains, arriving in camp one night about nine o'clock and rations being short, a detail was made from each company to forage corn from a field some distance away. The writer had the fortune to be one of this job lot. We moved out in the darkness to find the corn some two miles away. When about half the distance was traversed we came to quite a large stream of water with a dam across it. The only way to get over was to crawl along on the top of the dam that stuck out of the water. This was not so funny in the darkness, but, however, we arrived at the cornfield at last. We traveled up and down the rows, but found it all too hard except a few nubbins. Returning to camp by way of the dam and through an apple orchard we got a few apples by groping around in the darkness on all fours. By the time

we arrived in camp nearly all the One Hundred and Third had given up the idea of having any corn and had stretched themselves on the ground in their blankets with a good deal of that tired feeling you hear so much about. Corporal Ira Griswold was at a rail fire cooking some apple sauce; along came one of those razor-back hogs, hungry as usual, and shoving that long snout around promiscuously. Griswold gave him a bat with his gun. The rooter gave an ear-splitting squeal, leaping at the same time. When he landed it was with his nose against Sergt. Jim Lyon's breast, who was sitting on his knapsack sipping a cup of hot coffee. Down went Sergeant Jim on the broad of his back with the hot coffee and razor-back on top. Then what a commotion; in an instant the whole regiment was on their feet yelling and prodding Mr. Razor, who was running for his life, and any one so unfortunate as to be in front of him went to grass with a dull thud. That was fun for tired soldiers. I mean those who did not get knocked down.

H. P. CHAPMAN.

FUN IN CAMP.

One day when the One Hundred and Third were encamped in Kentucky, Company H's street ran up

and down a small hill. It was raining and the company street was smooth and hard with much tramping, and the rain coming down made it as slippery as grease. In one tent was a group of men playing what the boys then termed "five cents a corner." Paul Dumas, with his back towards the open tent, and who had a very interesting hand, was about to "ante-up" one of those five cent scrips of ye rebellious days, when along came Bert Wheeler, a fun-loving youth, who ran his hand down Paul's neck and getting a good hold of his collar started down the hill, with Paul sitting on the slippery ground sliding and pawing around to get loose from Wheeler, who finally let him drop and ran for his life. There was a good job of French swearing done in short meter. Paul said, "I guess I will have to kill that Wheeler."

H. P. CHAPMAN.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED OF CO. H AT RESACA, GA., MAY 14th, 1864.

Private John N. Bacon, killed.

Private Chapin M. Banister, wounded in hip.

Private Harrison McCloy, shoulder and breast.

Private Charles E. Lowman, thigh.

Private Thomas Harrison, shoulder.
Private Emery N. Chapman, hand.
Corporal John S. Warnock, thigh.
Private Wm. G. Taylor, both thighs.
Sergeant James Allen, concussion of shell.
Private Byron McNeal, toe.
Private Lorens Bement, finger.
Private Cephas Castle, abdomen. Died of wounds.
Private Paul Dumas, concussion of shell.
Private Thomas O. Fretter, loss of arm.
Corporal Solomon Alcot, thigh.
Private Oramel Whittaker, thigh.
Private Augustus Towner, thigh.
Sergeant Francis M. Freeman, concussion of shell.
Corporal Ira Griswold, concussion of shell.

H. P. CHAPMAN.

THE LIVE CORPSE.

Edward C. Kelley, of Company E, was one of those spare looking fellows that seldom smiled. To a stranger he looked like a man who had been in poor health a long time. When at Lexington, Ky., Ed was not as well as usual and he was sent to the hospital at this place. The surgeons and those who

carried the stretchers seemed to have their art down very fine. The surgeon making his rounds would see some poor fellow gasping for a few more breaths. He would step up to the couch, press the man's eyes together, bring his jaws up with a snap, and when expostulated with for so doing, said he was as good as dead. Soon men with the stretcher would come along, lay it on the floor beside the soldier's bed, take hold of the blanket, give it a pull, raising one side at the same time so that the dead or dying soldier would roll onto the stretcher, landing on his back and the poor body was soon hustled out of sight. One day in winter the surgeon came along to Kelley's bunk, put his hand on his head then over his heart. Kelley was cold. Soon the artists with the stretcher came in, rolled Kelley onto it and took him to the dead room. Along towards morning these same fellows carried in another body, tumbling it up against poor emaciated Kelley with a bang. It was noticed that Kelley moved and soon he sat up straight; his shoulders shivered a little and said: "By God, can't you give a fellow another blanket?" Ed beat those stretcher experts that time and lived many years after the war closed.

H. P. CHAPMAN.

NOTES FROM COMPANY E.

In the summer of 1862 I made up my mind to enlist, and being but a mere boy, determined to run away from home and join the first company that would accept me. So on the 21st day of July I started and succeeded in making my way that day as far as my Aunt Amanda Ford's, and staying at her place over night. The morning of the 22d I started for Cleveland, Ohio, alone and on foot, but luckily for me, was overtaken by a teamster who allowed me to ride with him to the city. Immediately after my arrival there I went to the first recruiting office I could find and presented myself to the Captain, telling him I came to enlist and that I would like to be taken as a fifer (as I had while at home on the farm learned to play the fife by making my own instruments out of alder bushes with no tools but a school boy's jack-knife, and had also taken the precaution to bring with me one of these much prized fifes), but the Captain told me a man had already enlisted who also wanted the same position, and for me to come to the hall after dinner and he would let us have a contest and the one that could play the best would be taken. You may be sure I was there promptly, but my heart sank when I saw my competitor, who was a large, heavy-man, much older than myself, and I thought surely I will

stand no show with such an important looking fellow. We were ordered to play, and each took his turn, I on my home-made fife, which amused the spectators, and after each playing a few tunes the Captain (I think Tibbits was his name) said abruptly, "That will do, the boy is the best fifer," and then told me I could enlist as such, and I don't believe any of our Generals were more proud of their glorious achievements than I was at that moment over the result of that contest. I was then given a furlough of three weeks and went up on the canal to Independence to visit my sister, Mrs. Green, but only stayed there that night, and started the morning of the 23d for Bedford, which was about eight or ten miles distant. Some of the old comrades of our regiment will remember all about that country.

While walking down the street, to my great surprise, I saw my father coming towards me. He had been on my trail since I left home, and now, of course, I had to face the music. He pleaded with me to return home, but I refused, and said if he forced me to come I would only run away again at the first opportunity. But after talking the matter over he promised that if I would go home and help him make hay during my furlough he would take me back to headquarters and give his consent to my going. I did this, and never worked harder for three

weeks in my life than at that time, but he kept his word and went with me to camp.

I don't just rememeber how long we stayed there before going South, but think we went into Kentucky near Fort Mitchell and camped near Snow's Pond. I remember the water was very bad at that place, as the rebels had thrown dead mules into the pond, and it was all we had for drinking purposes. We used to boil it before using, and I believe drinking that water was as near drinking mule soup as I ever want to be. It required a strong stomach to digest it. While there, William Coby (if I remember rightly), myself and some others resolved to forage a little, and try to procure something new for our bill of fare, and decided that some honey would be very nice as a change. After skirmishing around a little we ran across one old soldier who had partaken of a little too much "tanglefoot," who joined us. We soon found a house with beehives in the yard. This old soldier volunteered to run up and steal a hive, bees and all, but said he would have to have a blanket. So I loaned him mine, a nice, new one, and off he started. He ran up to a hive, threw the blanket over it, picked it up and started back; but the bees not liking their sudden disturbance, came out in full force and stung the poor fellow badly. He had to drop the hive and fight for his life, and we all skipped out, leaving my blanket in the yard.

Next day Coby and myself resolved to work a different scheme. So we went back boldly to the same house, pretended to be very hungry and worked on the folks' sympathy until they got us up a splendid dinner, and we had some of the much coveted honey. I saw my blanket in the house, but you may be very sure I didn't tell them that it was mine. I had to have a blanket and in the meantime had stolen one from a stranger in another regiment. But my conscience hurt me in this, so I secretly returned it and got a new one from our Quartermaster.

That winter we went into quarters at Frankfort, Ky., and my father came to visit me, and slept in the tent with me. I wanted him to go to a hotel, but he said he could stand it to sleep on a board a few nights if I could all winter.

We left there and I think went to Somerset, and crossed what I think was the Cumberland river, and started in pursuit of Morgan. On our retreat we were ferried across the river on flatboats. I got on a boat with a German regiment and just as the boat was leaving shore I jumped off, thinking the boat was too heavily loaded, and as they reached the middle of the stream over it went, and all went under. There were quite a number drowned, and I have often thought that jump was one of the wisest moves I ever made.

On our march to Lexington, Ky., I some way got separated from my regiment, and I remember of walking in there alone and putting in my first night there trying to sleep in a barrel. With my head and shoulders in the barrel and legs sticking out, there was not much comfort for me. As the air was frosty for that climate and with no blanket, I think that was one of the most miserable nights I experienced during the war.

The next thing of importance that happened was our first fight, and I cannot described the strange sensation of being under fire. It was at Bull's Gap, and I remember that Charles Butler Niece was killed there. William Caley and myself found where he had been killed in a dooryard and was buried near the house. We dug him up to satisfy ourselves whether it was him or not, but it proved to be him.

Shortly after this we went over into Tennessee to Greenville, and from there on to Knoxville. We became very short of rations before we got out of that place, and hungry enough to eat most anything. One of the comrades and myself went over to a mill and got some flour and had it baked into pies, took them back to camp and divided them with our comrades, but as they made us all very sick, we called it "sick wheat flour."

After the siege of Knoxville we went to Strawberry Plains and from there to Dandridge, marching

all night getting ready for a retreat. I and one of my comrades fell asleep on the way, but the General came along and told us that the Rebs would pick us up if we didn't get out of that—and though tired as we were, we pulled out. On our way back to Strawberry Plains, Caley and I took a trip south of the road over which our regiment was travelling to try to get something to eat. We struck a house and got some corn bread and milk, and then started to overtake our regiment, on a narrow road through the woods. We had not gone far when we heard rebel cavalry coming and we jumped out the road and over a fence and hid while they went by right before us. Those were anxious moments for us, because we realized that if we were seen it meant death. As soon as they had passed a safe distance you may be sure we lost no time in getting back to our regiment. We camped that night in the woods near Strawberry Plains, and in the morning we were covered with about two inches of snow, which proved to be a rather uncomfortable blanket.

Soon after that we went into Georgia and at the battle of Resaca; Captain Philpot of Company D, was killed, I think by the explosion of a shell. I was not far from him when he was killed. I often think of the narrow escapes I had while in the service, and it seems just good luck that saved me. Our Fife Major Robinson and myself went out foraging and

got some bacon and captured two rifles. It was on these foraging expeditions that we ran the greater risk. James Delany and myself were out one time after green corn. He was my old company drummer, but that day he was captured by the Rebs and I think died in one of their horrible prisons. Another time while out with one of the comrades, whose name I don't remember, we stole a mule and he rode him and I rode a horse. As night was coming on I wanted to pull for camp, but he said he was going to a house and get some supper; I wouldn't go with him and went back to camp. He went to the house but never got away, as he was taken prisoner while there. Another time my cousin, A. O. Ford, of Company D, was with me foraging and went to a house for something to eat. The woman tried to poison us, but we caught on to the game and fooled her—I think Ford will remember this.

After Atlanta, Ga., was taken we went back to Nashville, and I remember one night it was my turn to fill the canteens, so I started for a spring to fill them, but I ran across an Irishman who had some whiskey and nothing would do but I must drink with him. So we drank and talked and I took several drinks of that whiskey just to be sociable. But I had never drank any whiskey before and by the time I got back to camp I was crazy drunk. I think it was Andy Parsons got me into a tent and put me to

bed and I was soon sound asleep. The boys told me afterwards I was looking for the fellow that gave me that drink, as I wanted to whip him.

I would like to know if any of the boys will remember the fine house that was near the line of our charge at Nashville. Well, I went into that house and got a chicken there and always remembered it, as I think it was the only chicken I had while in that country.

While in the service I saw one man taken out and shot. I remember standing at the outcome as he traveled round the circle and then dropped on his knees as the order, "Ready, take aim, fire," was given. It was a terrible sight; worse far than seeing men shot down in battle.

On our way from Goldsboro we got the word that Lee had surrendered. I think all the old comrades will remember that. You may be sure there was rejoicing then.

On our way home the cars left the track, and I would like to hear from some of our old comrades if they can tell how many were killed and injured at that time. We then got a furlough for a few days and went home. I remember going on my way home to my aunt's. A. O. Ford was with me. She did not recognize us and for some time would not let us in the house. We soon returned and were mustered out of the service. Although I went

through hardships, I have never regretted what little service I was to my country, and though broken in health and very deaf as a result of exposure and sickness while at Fort Fisher, N. C., if I had my life to live over again I would not do different as far as my war experience is concerned.

ANCIL PERKINS,
Musician, Co. E, 103d O. V. I.

SOME THINGS I SAW AND HEARD IN THE ARMY.

It was early in September, 1862, that the One Hundred and Third Regiment was ordered from Camp Cleveland to Cincinnati. Arriving at the latter place the boys received their arms and accoutrements, and then we were marched across the Ohio river to Fort Mitchell, some three miles southwest of Covington. During our stay here several incidents occurred which came under my own observation or by report. One man was mortally wounded by an axe head flying off, or the axe flying out of the hands of an inexperienced Cincinnati citizen who was assisting at felling trees. Another instance will show how utterly ignorant the majority of us were

in regard to our duties. We were instructed to fire at the heads we saw covered with slouch hats with a feather on the side. One day the One Hundred and Third was lined up behind a fence where we could see men occasionally on the roof of a house some distance away, in front of where Company G was placed, and the boys fired every time they showed up. Some one drew our attention to a number of heads covered by hats as described before. The feathers were there all right as per instructions (who gave the order I never knew). The wearers being off on our left and rather too near to be pleasant if the head gear belonged to John Morgan's fellow students of anatomy, so several of our Company G men took up a good position, opened fire on the wearers of the ornamental head dress, and only ceased firing when some one came rushing along from their part of the lines and informed us that they were men of the 100th O. V. I. I hope none of them were hurt on this the only occasion during the war when our men fired upon the defenders of the Union, and this was, as will be evident to every reader of this (if there should be any one so unfortunate) by a misunderstanding of our duties. It was reported whilst here that Gen. John Morgan, C. S., came into our camp and sold apples to the boys, which judging from the records, was the only honest trading he was ever guilty of, and in this instance he stole the cart

and borrowed the apples without the consent of their original owners.

That our regiment was made up of a brave lot of men was proved at the siege of Knoxville, when at Armstrong Hill, a much larger number of Longstreet's celebrated Louisiana Tigers, and Texas Rangers, charged our line as we were relieving the 24th Kentucky on picket duty, and were repulsed, and in the charge with which our boys, assisted by some of the 24th Kentucky and 65th Illinois, followed up this engagement. The rebels lost heavily, being driven back into their breastworks, and held there for a considerable time by six men, three of the 24th Kentucky and three of the One Hundred and Third Ohio. One of the latter belonging to Company C., (named Tom Irwin, I believe), was shot in the stomach and mortally wounded. The remaining five not hearing the recall of our men, held the position, keeping up a steady fire until an officer came out through the woods from our lines to see what the firing at the front meant, and advised the five men that they had better get back to the lines or they would be gobbled up. This is good evidence that the Louisiana Tigers and Texas Rangers had enough, when five men could keep them in their breastworks. These men picked up their wounded comrade and under a heavy fire from the Johnnies, carried him into our lines.

For some months the One Hundred and Third was stationed at Frankfort, Ky., and while here a dirty, sunburnt, rough looking lot of young fellows were marched on to the same grounds where we were encamped. They looked at our well dressed, elegant looking boys, with their neat clothing, well policed grounds and general holiday, soldier-like appearance, as if they would just ask nothing better than to run all of us into the river, which meandered along side of the camp grounds. We did not take to these boys any more kindly than they took to us, and there might have resulted a good-sized fight had not the authorities at this time taken a hand in and very wisely formed a brigade consisting of the grand old 24th Kentucky, the 65th Illinois and the One Hundred and Third Ohio, and sent them along towards the front. The description of the 24th Kentucky may be recognized by any of the boys who saw them first when they came to Frankfort. God bless every individual man of those loyal old Kentucky boys; better comrades and soldiers did not and do not exist, and such were also the Illinois representatives in the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 23d Army Corps, a brigade which, during the war, never fell back under fire.

Several times companies were sent out of Frankfort to drive off Confederate raiders who were hovering around on foraging expeditions, taking horses,

wagons, and everything portable. About two miles from one place where we went was a distillery, the owner of which came along to the pickets, and after relating to the boys how the rebels had been to his place, and not only carried off all they could in the wagons and by absorption into their internal economy, but had destroyed and wasted considerable quantities, the old gentleman invited our men to come up and pay him a visit after they were relieved and he would give them all the whiskey they wanted. The invitation was accepted, and the result was that quite a large quantity of the fiery old Kentucky Bourbon was consumed and some of our boys became quite cheerful, ending in the monotony of camp life being broken up. Two of the boys started a fight, around which a ring was formed, one man threatening to knock down any one who interfered. Whilst some were preparing to put a stop to the fighting a gigantic young Kentucky cavalryman, an officer in a company who were encamped near us, came around quietly, and unseen by the majority of the boys, until nearing the man who was swinging his arms and issuing such dire threats, he placed his huge hand on his shoulder and calmly said, "Boys, this must stop." It was most amusing to see the way that man's arms came down; he actually wilted as he turned around and began to look up, and up, and higher, to find the top of the Kentucky chap

who had dared to lay a hand on his shoulder, but the effect was immediate restoration of peace. This officer was the finest and largest man I met during the whole war, and I trust he still lives in the enjoyment of health and all the blessings which resulted from the preservation of the Union.

Shortly after the brigade was formed, the One Hundred and Third Ohio was moved down to the Kentucky river, and after fording were marched along the road leading to Monticello. This was the first time we carried and pitched shelter tents, and I shall not forget that day. After reaching Monticello, as we entered at one side the rebels left at the other, but unfortunately as I thought then, and still think, the greybacks did not all go south together. We pitched our tents, and being very tired, did not dig ditches around, and as a natural consequence, when a heavy rain storm came on during the night, we were all flooded out. On hunting around we found a large barn into which all crowded, some lying on the floor, others sitting, and the writer found a roost on the edge of a feed box. Sitting on the floor in the stall was a young soldier who was evidently enjoying an exquisite dream. He was sound asleep with his eyes wide open and his set teeth showing between his parted lips and the most ferocious aspect I ever saw on a human face. Had we known what would result through our seeking

shelter in a place so recently occupied by Confederate soldiers, nothing would have induced us to enter the place, but as some people say in regard to every evil, it had to come sooner or later. We all left that barn with the largest capture of greybacks we made during the war, and the majority then captured were never paroled until after the war closed. These little quadrupeds seemed to have imbibed the sentiments of their original owners, and as these owners, when captured and fed on Federal rations always became fat and strong, so these little vermin lived and thrived in their new quarters, on Federal bodies, in the seams of clothing furnished by the Federal Government and worn by the One Hundred and Third Ohio. We had new clothing issued immediately upon our return to the northern side of the Kentucky, washed our bodies and burned the old clothes, but it was of no avail, the greybacks had enlisted for "during the war."

In August, 1863, we were drafted into the 23d Army Corps, and under General Burnside marched across the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee. While crossing the mountains we came to a place where about fifty yards back from the road, in the woods, there were three women, tall and gaunt-looking, who, as we passed and they saw once more a regiment wearing the Federal blue uniform, and bearing the Union flag, fell on each others' necks and

wept for joy, looking upon us as their deliverers from the Confederate pillagers and bushwhackers, who under General Forest, C. S., had for two years made life a horror and burden to men, women, and children. But the warmest and most enthusiastic was when we came to Greenville, Tenn. Here the platform was filled with a great crowd of loyal Tennessee women and girls who had gathered from the country all around. Some came long distances to greet the first Union soldiers who had entered this loyal Tennessee town; the home of Andy Johnson, Vice-President of the United States, who afterwards through the lamentable assassination of the great and noble President, Abraham Lincoln, became President. A grand display they made with small stars and stripes, manufactured by their own fair hands, waving on the banks and all around, and as they hugged many of the blue uniforms, and rejoiced at the sight of the men who represented the Union, which our grand old Uncle Abe said "must and shall be preserved." The evidence of their love did not end here, but these noble women and girls, like the widow of Zidon, I believe, brought the last of the meal in many instances, baked into pies, cakes, and corn pones to feed the boys. May they never know a want, is my constant wish.

We went on from here rather slowly, having been warned that the rebels had burned the bridge at

Limestone Creek, on reaching which we got off the cars and formed on the road, marching along towards a rising ground in front. We could see some of the 100th Ohio out in skirmishing order on our right across the fields where they had been engaged with the rebels. As the head of the regiment neared the top of the ridge a man rode over and galloped along to where Colonel Forest was (who by some means outranked our Colonel Jack Casement), and shortly after the regiment was halted and our Colonel rode up slowly alongside of Company G and said, "Boys, I have an order to give that I do not like," and after fully a minute he called out, "About face." Personally I have always thought this was an opportunity for the One Hundred and Third to distinguish itself such as does not often occur. The spirit of every man was aroused to the highest pitch by the reception given at Greenville, and especially by the recitals of the awful suffering which had been inflicted on these innocent citizens, whose only fault lay in their continuing true to that flag under which they were born or to which they owed allegiance. However, the command forced upon our Colonel by military etiquette was reluctantly obeyed, and we slowly marched back to the train and were taken to Knoxville, giving these rebel insulters of defenseless women and children an opportunity to continue their fearful work.

Shortly after reaching Knoxville that city was besieged by General Longstreet. We suffered from shortage of rations during the entire siege, even though our little Chaplain Hubbard managed to pass through the lines and bring in an occasional supply of edibles by foraging. I have even known some of the boys to steal the corn from the mules, whose daily feed was five ears of corn. That stolen corn when hulled in a lye of wood ashes and nicely cooked was a luxury. A piece of corn bread about 2½ inches square is rather light diet for three days' rations, out on a skirmish line or picket post, whilst making twenty-four hours a day and overtime, and that after a fight such as Armstrong's Hill, with short rations for weeks or months before. It has not a tendency to create obesity, but such was the fare I know some of our boys got in their effort to save the Union and the Nation.

After the siege was raised our forces moved eastward and finally reached Dandridge, where the Johnnies made a stand. Considerable fighting was going on during the day, and after dark the One Hundred and Third was ordered to the front, halted and commanded to throw up a fence-rail breastwork. This was soon done, and a good defense it was against small arms but of no use as a protection where artillery is brought into play against it. This work being completed some of the Company G boys

started back with a load of canteens to fill at a spring we had noticed coming up. On returning they missed the end of the breastworks, and were walking over towards a fire around which some men were standing, when a man came up in the dark, from the direction of the fire, and pushing each man on the breast without speaking, induced them to about face and quietly walk back, after reaching a safe distance from the fire he asked them where they were going, informing the three Company G boys that the men at the fire were rebels belonging to a rebel battery. They told him they were looking for their regiment which had built a breastwork; he directed them where to find it, to the left, and upon reaching the place they found the regiment gone, and all their guns and accoutrements with them. Following on the back track they overtook their comrades in the town, got their guns, etc., and after halting and moving on again repeatedly, they decided to go off the road and lie down for a sleep until morning (being worn out with tramping in the rain and mud), and this they did. Seeing a small fire just outside the town, they went over and found three 24th Kentucky boys sound asleep under their blankets, feet towards the fire and soon joined them in the land of nod, sleeping like the Babes in the Wood until day-light. They were roused by the 24th boys moving about, washing at a spring near by, and cooking their mush

for breakfast. Turning out we proceeded to remove the dust and mud by washing, then cooked some mush; during which time the 24th boys went on. Three men dressed in butternut came out from the town, went over to a log house and returned carrying a saddle each. We took no particular notice, but, finishing breakfast, started to follow our Kentucky comrades, but had not gone one hundred yards up the hill leading from the town, when a loud call to halt rang out from the foot of the hill. We turned around and saw three mounted men, and telling them to go to —, walked on. Again the call came "Halt!" to which we gave no heed but quietly tramped on, when the same call was repeated in most stentorian tones, and turning around we found them bringing their guns around to their shoulders, so we just simply skedaddled, not knowing how many more there might be behind them, or how far away our own men might be. They fired and missed, and we ran until reaching the top of the hill, and turning to the left with the intention of making towards the French Broad river, we found by the incessant calls to "halt," and the firing, that the woods on that side were full of rebels. Stooping down so as not to be seen by those following up the hill, we ran into the woods on the right of the road, and had only gone a few yards when we came to two more men sleeping under their blankets which we snatched

off, and there lay two blue-coated boys. We told them to roll up their blankets and come along. Before we had gone two hundred yards further we found ourselves on a slight elevation, with a large open field in front and a line of rebel pickets at the foot of the hill, not over thirty yards from the position we occupied, entirely cutting off our further advance in that direction. We all lay down to consider our next move. Near this place was a large rock standing about four feet high, against which the writer leaned, or rather sat, while the two Eighth Tennesseans, together with George Thorne and William Leggett, my comrades of the One Hundred and Third, Company G, reclined on the ground. These rebels rode up on the opposite side of the rock, which would be about seven or eight feet across the top, and passed within six feet of where I sat, looking out from our direction as they rode around but never turning their heads towards us. I must say had they done so they would have been shot, as the four men on the ground drew a bead on them directly they came in sight and kept them carefully covered until they rode on down the road and out of sight. What might have been the result if our boys had been compelled to fire, surrounded as we were and with their pickets so near, I have often wondered.

Scarcely had the rebels passed out of sight when a young man dressed in butternut, the citizen and

rebel color, came rushing out of the woods from the same direction we had come, and ran right into our midst. We quietly halted him, and he stopped at once, and was told to sit down, which order he obeyed. Turning around he asked, "What regiment do you uns belong to?" We replied, the One Hundred and Third Ohio, the two Tennesseans saying the 8th Tennessee. On hearing the last he turned quickly to them and said, "Which?" and they replied, "Federal Union." On hearing this answer he showed evident signs of relief, beginning to breathe easily, as if he was in sympathy with the company in which he found himself. Whilst moving about we found that the rock, of which I spoke before, was hollow in the shape of a half basin with the open side facing down hill towards the rebel picket posts, the opening partially covered by two trees each about a foot in diameter, which stood in front; the open space or hollow in the rock would be about four or five feet across and about four feet deep. I describe this so fully, as it was the place inside which we spent the whole day. We all six stowed ourselves in this small space, and covering ourselves with one army blanket, lay there until after dark, from about seven or eight a.m. to near eight p.m. The time was passed in relating experiences and smoking, the principal speaker being the last man who joined our party—a grand specimen of

the loyal Tennesseean. He was attached to the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, his regiment being then in Kentucky, but he had stayed around home to look after his wife and family. This man, whose name I do not remember, had been engaged in the risky business of leading parties of loyal Tennessee refugees over the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky. Before coming up to us he had been captured by the rebel cavalry, as he was riding into Dandridge to bring his wife out home. He was given into the charge of a Confederate soldier, to be taken to the rear, and would have to pass through Dandridge, some of the rebel sympathizers of which town had threatened to hang him for a Union spy the first opportunity. Our comrade had a decided objection to placing himself in their power. The rebel who was guarding him took a notion to the saddle on which he rode and asked him to trade. He consented at once, they dismounted, traded saddles, and again mounted, our comrade allowing the Johnny to ride on a pace or two in advance, when he suddenly jumped off his horse and bounded into the woods. The rebel did not fire; whether because he did not have his weapon loaded, or some other motive, it makes no difference. He came to us and was just the best man we could have had sent along under the circumstances in which we were placed. Before night we had all resolved to adopt him as our lead-

er; to follow him wherever he led. After night and darkness came on, we left our hiding-place and moved back to the place where we had entered the woods in the morning, intending to cross the road and work our way down to the left of their pickets. Our advance in this direction was prevented by a column of rebel cavalry who came along from the front, guarding a large number of our boys whom they had taken prisoners during the day, and who were tramping along, many of them barefoot and coatless, their rebel captors having taken their coats, boots, and other articles of clothing. This we gathered from their own words as they rode past, boasting of their wonderful exploits, and how they had "the best pair of boots," or "the best overcoat" that they had owned since the "wah." We stood behind trees right up to the road and some of our poor comrades touched the very trees we were hiding behind as they passed, most of them to die in rebel prisons. We heard with our own ears and saw with our own eyes the things of which we now write. The vaunted spirit of Southern chivalry went down below zero, in our estimation at that time, and has never risen since. After standing for a few minutes in this position our guide moved back silently, we all following as per agreement, and on returning to the spot we had occupied all day, determined after a brief consultation, to go down the hill, climb the

fence at the foot, and pass in single file between the pickets as they stood around their fires. Our guide took the lead and the writer brought up the rear. My comrade, George Thorne, and myself were tent mates and owned everything in common; one cooking utensil we prized most highly was a tin pail that would hold about three quarts; in this we carried two tin cups, one for drinking purposes, and the other at this time contained grease. This we carried alternately, it being in my hands at this time. All passed between the pickets safely and walked on silently until about twenty yards past their lines, when I came to a dry ditch across which the remaining five of our boys had passed safely. I got into the ditch all right, but when raising myself on the further side my foot slipped, the tin pail striking the ground, the cup rattling, making considerable noise, and drawing the attention of the rebels. They ceased talking and began to peer out in the darkness. Our boys in front dropped on their faces and lay still, while I stooped down in the ditch and really believed my heart stopped beating until the Johnnies began to speak again, some of them saying it was only an old mule or horse, and they would find it in the "mawning." I crawled out of that ditch very quietly and moved on after the rest, leaving the pail right where it dropped, and on reaching the far side of the field found the boys waiting for me to

come up. Before we entered the woods George asked, "Where is the pail?" (My reply was not sufficiently edifying to be entered here.) He said, "We cannot do without the pail," and started back to get it. Of course I went with him and securing the blessed pail, we returned to our waiting friends. After following our leader for fully two or three hours silently, no one speaking a word (in fact, all our conversation up to this time throughout the day being carried on in whispers), our guide led us down into what appeared to be a ravine, a fine spring or small stream of water running along its bottom, and here we heard his voice in its natural tones for the first time, as he told us we could now cough or clear our throats. After spending a short time here he said we must again be perfectly quiet, as he was going to lead us over to his own house, where we could procure a meal and rest awhile. We followed on as before for about a couple of hours, when he stopped at a fence and told us that was his house. He told us to stop where we were and be prepared to shoot if he called out, while he climbed the fence and walked over to the house. Soon we heard three knocks on the door, and in a few minutes he called to us to come on, it was all right. These precautions were absolutely necessary, as the house might have been occupied by rebels. On entering we found it to be a log cabin separated into three

rooms by curtains, the one room used as a living room and the other two as bed-rooms. There were only two ladies at home—one his wife and I believe the second her mother. They lighted a fire and cooked some of the meal we had into mush, while we occupied our time shaving down rifle balls to fit a Colt's revolver I had, which after loading we presented to our friend, comrade, and guide. This was the first food we had since a light repast of mush about 5 a.m. the preceding day. We stayed about an hour, then all started again towards our lines. After walking some miles we saw fires in front extending about a mile on each side of the road we were traveling. We were certain they were our lines, but not wishing to take any risks went back to a mill we had passed on our way, and awakened the inmate, of whom we inquired who the fires belonged to. He could not tell, but said there had been fighting all around there, and advised us to be very cautious. We then walked along until a short distance from the line of pickets, when we climbed over into the field on the left and walked silently up to the low ridge they occupied, only to find they were Confederates. We moved back and started on to the left until we had passed the end of their line, then took a cross road which brought us to a fine brick house, and on arousing the inmates they cooked us a splendid breakfast which we enjoyed

immensely. We stayed here until after daylight. The farmer urged us to leave repeatedly, as the rebels had been over the previous night and said they were coming in the morning for breakfast, and he did not want any fuss around his place. At last we left on his account, and taking the French Broad road tramped along until we reached the Strawberry Plains bridge, from which our men were tearing up the planks to prevent the Johnnies crossing. We passed over, and had hardly reached the opposite side before firing commenced, Captain Saunders' battery returning their fire with splendid effect. We found our regiment and received a very kindly welcome from our Captain, H. S. Pickands, and all the boys.

In the month of May, 1864, the One Hundred and Third Ohio formed part of the force which under General Sherman started from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Nothing of great interest occurred until we reached Resaca. We came in sight of the rebel works at this place late in the forenoon. Looking out over a lower ridge in front of our position we could see a beautiful open valley about a mile wide and extending as far as the eye could see to the left. Facing the position in which we lay on the opposite side of the valley there arose high hills, well wooded and very innocent looking; while across near the middle of the valley, two lines of skirmishers faced

each other. The crack of the rifles as they fired at each other was distinctly heard; and we saw one fall, and then another, the remark being frequently heard from some of our boys, "He is down," but frequently the words would scarcely be uttered before the man would be on his feet again, taking a deliberate aim at the enemy, firing, and again dropping down to reload by the old process, muzzle loading and cap. After lying in this position for some time the brigade was ordered to fall in and marched down and halted just before we came to the top of the low ridge in front. We were ordered to lie down, and whilst in this position we had a good opportunity of seeing our General, William Tecumseh Sherman, as he rode along in company with Generals Hooker, Howard, and others, with part of their staffs a few yards in rear of where we lay, and halting at a small fence, dismounted; our Brigadier General Manson also rode over to them. They all walked a few yards to our left and stood looking through an opening in the hill on which we lay, where an unobstructed view of the valley and ridges opposite could be obtained. For a few minutes they stood grouped together conversing, then went back and mounted their horses, our General Manson riding towards his brigade. As they separated they bade each other good-bye and wished success. As Manson drew near to us he turned around on his horse and said to General Sherman, "Could you not

throw a few shells across as we go over, General?" Sherman replied: "No; we might hurt some of our own men." General Manson came along on our left and in a voice full of kindness, and, as I have always felt since, like an old father, gave the command, "Fall in!" Promptly every man arose from the ground, and felt that all his belts, cartridge and cap box, etc., were in proper position, looked to the priming of his Enfield rifle, and as "Attention" rang out, every man fell into position. "Shoulder arms," done; "Right shoulder shift arms, forward march." Over the hill there arose as fine a regiment and brigade as ever trod the southern soil during the war. Moving along in line as if on dress parade, down the hill, for a few minutes all was still, not a sound but the tramp of our boys. Then in a moment all changed from stillness to uproar as the rebel guns sent shell, shot, and shrapnel into, over and around our brigade. Still, steadily forward moved that living mass of men; not a waver in the ranks, every break caused by the enemy's shot being immediately closed up by that beautiful line of men as they steadily marched on and on, while, though with reduced numbers, they shortened the distance between themselves and those who tried so desperately to stop their advance. But the Second Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corp never fell back under fire during the war, so that it was no discredit

to the brave but misguided men in the breastworks and fortifications facing that brigade, that they failed to check its steady advance. About half way across the valley we came to a wide, muddy ditch and halted for a moment to consider how to cross; and at this time the rebel rifles were helping to swell the tumultuous roar of the rebel artillery. Still marched our boys forward. Here our General Manson gave a grand exhibition of the material of which he was made. On his staff was our First Lieutenant, Charley Rhodes, who, on reaching the ditch, could not persuade his horse to jump across. The beast would rush up to the edge of the ditch and balk. Charley drew his sword and used it vigorously, flat side, as a whip, but had finally to dismount and lead him across. In the meantime, amidst all the shower of lead and iron, General Manson sat quietly on his horse waiting for him to come along. When Rhodes came up the old gentleman motioned to him for his flask, and on securing it, calmly lifted it to his mouth, tipped up his elbow and took a hearty drink, then passing it back to Rhodes, motioned for him to do likewise, and he did, but used always to say afterwards that he took care to place himself in such a position so as to have the General between the rebels' firing and himself. It does not seem to me now as though it took long for our brigade to reach the foot of the hill, along the face of which about half

way down extended the first line of rebel intrenchments, and as quickly as the word was given to commence firing, our turn was on, and it gave us infinite pleasure to give the Johnnies a dose of their own medicine, which they had been shovelling out to us so long and liberally. They did not like it, so cleared out of their first line on short order, falling back to their main lines, which occupied a most advantageous position along a high ridge beyond. The 24th Kentucky and 65th Illinois went up over the breastwork evacuated by the rebels, and taking position on top of the hill, opened fire on the enemy in their second line of breastworks and forts; the One Hundred and Third was held in reserve at the foot of the hill, where we could not return the fire which some of the rebel sharp-shooters opened on us, but had to simply hug the hill and take it, for some time. We were occupied for a short time in driving back a few of the boys who wanted to go and see a friend at the rear, but this soon ended, and we were ordered to go up and help our comrades in the advance. On reaching the top of the hill we found that the Johnnies were apparently trying to mow down all the trees and shrubs by the way they made the branches and bark fly with their artillery. Our Captain, H. S. Pickands, now of Pickands, Brown & Co., Chicago, on reaching the top of the hill, drew his sword and dressed our company into line, then

gave the order, "Commence Firing," and Company G did its best to help the rest of the companies and brigade to reduce the firing in our front and succeeded pretty well. During the engagement the rebels brought two pieces of artillery along a road on the side of their ridge which ran about on a level with the hill we occupied, evidently thinking to blow us all off. They changed their minds, however, on reaching the position in front of the brigade. I don't know if any got back where they started from, but the guns were left just where they dropped them in our front, caissons and all. They formed part of the seven cannon captured at the battle of Resaca, May 14th, 1864. Our regiment lost heavily in this engagement, the first on entering upon the Georgia campaign. General Manson was stunned by a shell bursting over his head, and while being carried off, fought and begged to be carried back to his men. We ran out of ammunition during the fight and some of the boys begged more from a brigade of regulars who were sent to relieve us and who lay at the foot of the hill. Then our boys went back and continued the fight until the last shot was gone in the same direction as the first. Roll call that night was a sad one, yet through it all the "here" rang out from those who were left with a vibration in the air which foretold the overthrow of the Rebellion and final victory, with the preservation of the Union, the ef-

facement of the blot of slavery and the redemption of the national honor by the payments of her debts in full and in gold or its equivalent.

ROBERT WOODWARD,
Sergeant Co. G, 103d O. V. I.

REMARKS OF COMPANY I.

In looking back to the time of the Civil War the veterans of the One Hundred and Third will find their memories flooded with fond recollections and some very sad experiences.

Our first marching orders, after we reached Camp Cleveland, were to check General Smith's army, whose plan was to invade Cincinnati. Our army was reinforced by thousands of squirrel hunters carrying shot guns and other arms of various descriptions.

We followed the rapidly retreating army of General Smith south through Kentucky to Frankfort, and there we passed the winter of '62 and '63. In the spring of '63 a squad was detailed from our regiment, mounted and placed on scouting duty until May 1st, when we were called in. The horse given me was an awkward beast, being blessed with exceedingly long extremities and a gait like a pair of

bars. Its bones seemed to have a tendency to make themselves conspicuous, each bone in his body seemingly striving to exceed every other one in prominence.

One day on meeting a chap who was riding a very pretty and apparently easy-riding pony, I bantered him to trade. He didn't seem to be in the trading mood, or possibly he didn't admire my horse, but at any rate we made a change, and I'll tell you I appreciated it, and I also appreciated the fellow's kindness, for when I ordered him to dismount and remove his saddle he did so, though very reluctantly. We marched and countermarched, gradually working south to Somerset, Ky., where we stayed a short time.

I remember very plainly of being paid off. Quite a number of the boys started out for a time and missed two or three roll calls. Of course the stray ones had to be found. A squad was detailed and I happened to be of the luckies. A short time after leaving camp we heard some one singing who seemed to be very happy. As the distance between us lessened we found him to be one of our own boys. His canteen was partly filled with something stronger than water. We halted him and told him he was noisy and had better go to camp. He replied, "I will go when I get ready." He was taken to camp under guard.

Quite a distance from there we could see a house. I left my accoutrements with the boys and went to it alone. As I neared the house two women came out and sat down on the veranda. I asked for a drink of water. One of the women went into the house and I stepped in, too. Seeing a person in bed in one corner of the room I asked if any one was sick. She said, "My sister is sick." The coverlid was over the sick sister's head, and as I stepped to the bed side and drew down the coverlid I beheld the smiling face of one of our own boys. I told the woman he was dangerously ill and would have to go to camp.

Finally we marched over the Cumberland mountains towards Knoxville, Tennessee, where we expected trouble. The enemy being in light force they evacuated the city. We were besieged at Knoxville, the winter of '63 and '64. When the siege commenced our rations were as scarce as hen's teeth. Our company's coffee mill, which was fastened to a stump in the company street, was going night and day. The boys taking turns with their grist of corn the same as at any grist mill.

After the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge we were relieved by part of a force under the immediate command of General Sheridan, and we appreciated the relief.

In the spring of '64 we started after General

Joseph E. Johnston's forces. We soon found them and a lively time we had until after Atlanta was taken, a four-month campaign.

We rested a short time at Decatur six miles from Atlanta. Meanwhile General Hood, commanding the rebel forces, formerly under Gen. Johnston's command, sneaked around to our rear attempting to get possession of our rations. We took after them at a lively gait and chased them around into Alabama. General Sherman divided his forces and leaving the 23d and 24th army corps to take care of General Hood's forces, while Sherman with the rest of his forces marched to the sea.

The battle of Franklin, Tenn., was a hard fought battle, Hood losing heavily. Soon after came the battle of Nashville. Hood lost about eighty pieces of artillery and a great many of his men were captured, discouraging his army completely.

In the winter of '64 and '65 we were transported in rather a circuitous route through Ohio to Washington, D. C., where we stayed four or five weeks. We then took a steamer at Alexandria, Virginia, which landed us at Morehead City, N. C. While marching to Raleigh we received the sad news of Lincoln's assassination. Soon after reaching our destination we received the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomatox, then came the surrender of the entire rebel forces. We were discharged at

Raleigh, June 12, 1865. Our farewell was not simply the farewell of friends.

ARTHUR BRADLEY,
Company I.

THE BATTLE OF ARMSTRONG'S HILL.

On the 14th of November, 1863, the One Hundred and Third O. V. I. had gone into camp on the south side of the Holston river, about half or three-quarters of a mile below the city of Knoxville, Tenn. From the best information obtainable, or from orders issued (I now forget which), it was understood by all that this was to be our home for the winter. Acting under this conviction, every man had gone to work in earnest to build his winter quarters. Trees from four to eight inches in diameter were cut down and into the required lengths, and the erection of small log houses commenced. The location was a very pleasant one, and all the boys seemed happy in anticipation of the comfortable quarters almost completed, and which they expected to enjoy for the winter. But, alas! all these anticipations of comfort and idleness, like most plans made by soldiers at "the front," were blasted before the realization had even commenced.

During the afternoon, while busily engaged at our labors, a report reached us that the Second East Tennessee and Seventh Ohio Cavalry and Phillips' Battery had been captured up above Greenville. At about the same time the boom of a gun was heard in the south or southwest, followed by quite heavy cannonading. The work on "winter quarters" ceased at once, and we were ordered to strike tents and be ready to march at a moment's notice. We remained on the same ground, however, until morning (the 15th) when a part of the regiment was ordered up on the heights to support a battery, and the balance was sent out on the road to the left where it was supposed the enemy would approach. The Rebels put in an appearance about noon; an engagement ensued, in which the 45th Ohio did the most of the fighting, and suffered quite a severe loss.

On the morning of the 17th, General Longstreet's whole army was within three miles of the city. Fighting commenced on the north side of the river at 10 a. m., and continued throughout the day. The falling back of Burnside from Loudon to Knoxville before the advancing army of Longstreet gave rise to a report that our army was to evacuate Knoxville and retreat into Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. To put a stop to these false reports, General Burnside issued a general order stating that "nothing was further from his intention; that we could and in-

tended to hold the city, admitting of no retreat or surrender, and urging the men to promptly and manfully do their duty."

The reading of this order to our brigade was the occasion of deafening and prolonged shouts and cheers from all parts of the line, the command thus giving an exhibition of confidence in their commander and an enthusiastic expression of their willingness to do their duty, which must have been both assuring and pleasing to General Burnside and his subordinate officers.

November 18th, the One Hundred and Third with the rest of the brigade moved up into the first line of works on the heights. This hill, or heights, as it was called, is on the south side of the Holston river, and is part of a ridge running parallel with the river and really forming the south bank. The position assigned to the One Hundred and Third was immediately to the left of the road leading from the city across the pontoon bridge to the country south. This hill is between 300 and 400 feet above the river; we were, therefore, enabled to look over the city and had a plain and unobstructed view of our whole army on the north side. Every move of our troops and occasionally those of the enemy could be seen from our position. At night we looked over 500 or 600 acres of land thickly dotted with camp fires, among which could be dimly seen men, animals, and hun-

dreds of the white covered army wagons, while flashes from the guns and bursting shell, the occasional rattle of musketry and continued boom of the artillery, presented a panoramic exhibition accompanied by the terrible music of war, which seemed so weird and thrilling and so indicative of the carnage of war and the magnitude of armies, as to leave an impression that will be among the last to fade from the memories of those who witnessed these scenes and incidents of the great struggle being made for the preservation of the Union.

The hill was covered with heavy timber, as was also the slope in front. After being assigned this position, our first duty was the erection of a strong line of earthworks. Details of choppers were then made from each regiment in the brigade, and the timber in our front for three or four hundred yards was cut down that we might have a clear range on the enemy, should it make an attack at this point. The trees were felled with the tops towards the bottom of the hill when it was possible to do so. The limbs were then trimmed and sharpened, making an abatis which would have caused the rebels much trouble to climb over even in the absence of the musical Yankee bullets which were waiting their advent.

This work was continued day and night by reliefs until completed. After this preparation for the reception of the southern chivalry, the One Hundred

and Third waited anxiously and somewhat impatiently for an opportunity to show to the commanding officers that they also had in them that same stuff which had honorably distinguished so many other Ohio regiments. Our waiting and watching for the charge at this point, however, was in vain, for the enemy exhibited its good judgment, by contenting itself with a desultory picket fire from the edge of the standing timber in front of the clearing our axmen had made. The firing was continued for a few days, when as I now recall the events, the rebels withdrew from our immediate front. The first or second day that they paid us their compliments at this place we were treated to an exhibition of reckless and foolhardy bravery, such as was seldom witnessed on either side, and which I believe to be worthy of notice at this time. It was soon after sunset one evening, when an elderly man with long grey hair, mounted on a white horse, appeared in front of the standing timber. He galloped his horse along the opening parallel with our line, discharging his revolvers at us as he rode. He was at short range and in plain view of every man in the regiment, but the act was so unexpected and audacious, that no one thought of returning his fire until he had disappeared among the trees. But when he returned a few moments later and repeated the same performance, several shots were fired at him, but without

effect. For the next two or three evenings he gave us a similar exhibition, and although hundreds of shots were fired at him, he apparently escaped without a scratch. He either must have borne a charmed life, or else the marksmanship of the One Hundred and Third at that time was worse than the gunnery of the Spanish navy.

The investment of Knoxville by Longstreet was completed on the north side on the 19th of November, all communications north via Cumberland Gap being cut off on that date. Soon after this we were put on half rations, and later, as a "military necessity," we were invited to try the experiment of eating one day and fasting three. When on the march or when in camp in an open country, an order for issuing quarter rations has no great terrors to the experienced veteran, for no matter what the orders are with reference to foraging, he always has faith that a kind providence will lead him to the roost of some hostile chicken, and to some potato field that he can "dig on shares," but when confined within the narrow limits of a city and surrounded by a watchful and unrelenting foe, and when the order for quarter rations means quarter rations of bread and coffee with most of the other items which constitute the army bill of fare cut off, and with no chance to forage for anything outside the lines, except rebel bullets, the situation

ceases to be a joke and becomes one of the serious realities of cruel war. Add to such a condition the suffering incident to being half clothed, with continual exposure to the rigor of a hard winter, such as our army experienced during and after the siege, including among the many trials of suffering and hardship, the fording of Holston river when in pursuit of Longstreet, where it was up to our arms in depth and half a mile wide, with ice on both sides, and then marching for two days without the opportunity to dry our clothing, and other similar experiences that we had, and then you get some little hint of what the One Hundred and Third endured during the winter of '63 and '64. And yet my memory does not serve me well enough to recall any great complaints made by the men. All these hardships were endured with scarcely a murmur, and when communications with our base of supplies were again restored, and rations and clothing were issued, all were happy and ready for the new campaign which followed.

Referring again to the question of commissary supplies, we were fortunate enough to be fairly well supplied with fresh pork. Just prior to the completion of the investment, a large number of hogs were captured and driven into the city. The pork they made proved a great luxury and a valuable addition to our scant commissary stores before Longstreet

folded his tent and silently stole away on that memorable Sunday night.

The discomfort resulting from the attempt to exist and be happy on quarter rations was very much increased during the last few days of the siege on account of the bread which was issued being full of grit and red brick dust. It was evidently made from the sweepings of the mills. Had we depended alone upon the rations issued during the siege I doubt if any great number of the men could have endured the extra duty they were called upon to perform. As the opportunity for outside foraging was cut off the boys fell back upon the army mule, and, fortunate, indeed, was the mule who succeeded in eating his short rations of corn without losing a part of it by some hungry soldier. Sacks of corn in charge of the commissary also mysteriously disappeared at night. The poor mule was robbed while eating, and grain which had been tramped down in the mud by the animals to which it had been fed, was dug up by the men, washed and then ground in some manner and made into mush or corn bread. Company I had an old fashioned coffee mill. This was nailed to a stump that stood in the center of the company street, and in this mill many bushels of corn were ground. For the last ten days of the siege there was seldom a moment's time, either day or night, except when the company was out of camp,

but what some one could be seen slowly but patiently grinding the corn for his next meal. When a comrade wanted to use the mill he went to the one grinding and found who had spoken to him for it next; he then went to that one and found who came after him, and so on down the line until he found the last one who had made application for its use, and then "he came next." During the night, each man as he finished grinding, wakened up the one who had made application to succeed him. In this way the little mill was kept running without cessation, and not only ground all the corn that the boys of Company I could beg, buy, borrow or steal, but many of the members of the other companies will remember the little coffee mill in which they ground "their grist." That it did not wear out was a great wonder, for there were many bushels of corn ground into meal with it during those twenty-one memorable days.

Company I was the fortunate possessor of three or four of the old fashioned Dutch bake ovens or kettles, and in these the meal was baked into bread. We would place a large piece of fresh pork in the bottom of the bake kettle, then stir up our "Johnnycake" and fill the kettle with it (providing we had been sufficiently successful in our pilfering expedition among the mules); then bury it in a good bed of coals and let it steam and bake through the night. Since the



war, while traveling in Kentucky, I have eaten the very palatable corn bread and hoe cake for which that state is famous, and have enjoyed the good old fashioned Yankee Johnnycake of the North that our mothers made, but I have never been able to find a piece of corn bread that had quite so delicious a flavor or tasted quite as good as that did which we baked in Dutch bake kettles from corn dug out of the mud and ground in a coffee mill during the siege at Knoxville.

This luxury, however, was not long to be enjoyed, for there is an end of all things, and the end of the corn was so nearly in sight, that extra guards were placed over what was left, and the rations of the much-defrauded mule were secured against further vandalism of the camp foragers. I remember that on the Sunday after the charge of Fort Sanders, the only thing in sight for our mess was a very small piece of brickdust bread which it was almost impossible to swallow. The experiment of trying to satisfy a ten-pound appetite with a quarter-pound of brickdust was not pleasant to contemplate or conducive of that Christian resignation and thankfulness for all things material which our good chaplain had labored so assiduously to imbue the One Hundred and Third with. Early the next morning, in company with some comrade (I think it was Kersey J. Seiberling), I went out southeast of camp in

search of something to fill that aching void which had been caused by the extra guard detailed for protecting the mules; half or three-quarters of a mile out we found a large barn which at the commencement of the siege had been partly filled with corn. We tore up the floor and searched underneath and in every crevice to be found, hoping to find a stray ear or two of corn, but our search was of no effect, too many having been there on the same errand before. As we were leaving the barn, we noticed something which looked like corn on one of the beams or plates; we "got there" at once, and although we found it to be nothing but mice chankings we filled our haversacks and returned, believing that if the siege lasted much longer, we would not only be glad to get what the mules had trodden into the ground, but even that part of the corn which the mice had refused to eat might be a luxury. The necessity for this extreme test of the strength of our stomachs happily did not follow, for on our arrival at camp we found everything in great commotion and excitement. Everybody was shouting and happy. Longstreet had withdrawn during the night, and before noon full rations were issued and we were under marching orders to follow the enemy.

To return to the movements of the regiment: On the night of the 23d information was received at

headquarters that the rebels were crossing the river at a point about two miles below our camp. A part of the 24th Kentucky and a part of the 65th Illinois of our brigade were at once despatched to that point. They found the enemy had taken possession of two hills. Our men charged and drove them from the first, Armstrong's Hill, but were unable to dislodge them from the second or lower hill, and fell back to and established a strong picket line on the west side of Armstrong's Hill.

On the morning of the 24th, the One Hundred and Third with the balance of the brigade were sent out and ordered to take the lower hill. On arriving in that vicinity, it was found to be strongly fortified and occupied by a large force, and the order was countermanded. Sharp picket firing continued all day along the whole line. The next day, the 25th, about noon, the One Hundred and Third was ordered to Armstrong's Hill for the purpose of relieving the companies of the 65th Illinois and 24th Kentucky, which had held it since driving the rebels back on the preceding day.

For the better comprehension of the events following, a brief description of Armstrong's Hill and its surroundings seems necessary at this time. The south side of the river from the city down to and below where the enemy's lines were established, is a succession of hills, ravines and ridges. On the day

in question, the Rebels occupied a strongly fortified position on the hill next west and down the river from Armstrong's. Both hills were covered with heavy timber, and between them was an open field containing about ten acres; the field was separated from the river by a strip of thick underbrush, or pine thicket, about sixty yards wide. From the northeast corner of the field a small ravine commenced and extended north to the river. The companies which the One Hundred and Third was to relieve, occupied rifle pits on the west side and at the foot of the hill and along the side of the ravine to the river. Our men were thus facing the open field and the enemy's line on the opposite side. On the east side of the hill was a ravine from sixty-five to one hundred feet deep. This ravine extended north to the river, and south into the wood, beyond the hill. It was crossed from the east to Armstrong's Hill by a narrow ridge just wide enough for a roadway. This ridge or crossing is about four or five hundred yards from the river, and near the southwest side of the hill. The One Hundred and Third approached the hill on this ridge; and marched up to near its top and center where they halted and stacked arms. As I now recall the events of the day, the officers had gone to the front around to the right, to ascertain the best way of conducting their men to the rifle pits and other positions occupied by the companies which

we were to relieve, without being exposed to the enemy's fire more than necessary. The boys were carelessly lounging around speculating upon the probability of a larger force of the enemy crossing to our side of the river; bullets from the picket line were occasionally striking the trees around us, but not enough to attract any particular attention. This was our situation, when all of a sudden a shower of bullets was spattering around us, and jumping to our feet we were greeted with a lusty rebel yell. Looking down the west slope of the hill we saw the charging columns of the Rebels advancing up the hill in numbers which at first seemed impossible for us to check. As there was no commissioned officer present to give orders, every man seized the first gun he could get hold of out of the stacks and commenced operations on his own account. The suddenness of the charge and the confusion in securing arms, with the absence of any commissioned officer to command, for a moment had a demoralizing effect upon our command and they were pushed a short distance to the edge of the deep ravine on the east side of the hill. Had they continued to go down into this ravine a few rods further and permitted the Rebels to gain the crest of the hill above them, there can be no doubt but that a majority would have been either captured or killed before getting out, and the battle of Armstrong's Hill would have been a Confederate

instead of a Union victory. But the men of the One Hundred and Third needed no general to make them aware of the situation, and at the critical moment a private shouted with all the lung power he possessed, "Forward!" "Charge bayonets!" "Forward, boys!" "Forward!" The cry was at once taken up by others, and with a genuine Yankee yell a countercharge was made for the brow of the hill, and the "Johnnies," very much to their surprise, were driven back faster than they had come up. The firing now reached the fury of a regular battle, and although we were fighting twice or three times our numbers, we held our ground and kept them at bay until we were reinforced by the balance of our brigade. The engagement commenced, as near as I can remember, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. The One Hundred and Third, with part of the Sixty-fifth Illinois and Twenty-fourth Kentucky, held the ground until nearly four o'clock when the reinforcements arrived. We then made a charge and drove the enemy completely off from the hill across the open field into their fortifications on the opposite side, away from the rifle pits on the west side which they had occupied for the previous hour or two.

The victory was complete, and the woods rang with the victorious Yankee cheers. It was the hottest fight the One Hundred and Third had ever been in up to that date, and although taken at a disad-

vantage, they had beaten an enemy twice or three times their number. As we brought one rebel lieutenant from the field, who was wounded, he inquired where all of our men were. He was told that the brigade he saw was all that we had engaged. "Great God," says he, "you have whipped three brigades of our men, one of which was never whipped or made to run before."

After making this last charge, we fell back to our former position on the top of the hill. The main rebel force had been driven back across the field, but there remained in the strip of woods between the field and river quite a strong skirmish force which kept up a lively picket fire until dark. A short time after the enemy had gone back to their fortifications, it was discovered that many of the rebels, who undoubtedly thought it safer traveling after dark, had dropped down to the ground in the weeds in the field instead of going back with their command, and occasionally some fellow would jump up and make a break for their lines. An exciting instance of this kind occurred just about sun down. The firing had slackened down to a steady and moderate skirmish firing, when a short but very corpulent "Johnny" arose from the grass but a few rods from our side of the field and started on a perilous run for liberty. About the middle of the field was a gravel or sand knoll over which he passed. To see the fellow duck-

ing his head at every step and the dust and gravel flying on all sides of his path from the showers of bullets fired by our brigade, seemed very amusing to the fellows on our side of the fence, if not to him, and reminded one of a chicken running in out of a hail storm. I think that every man in the regiment, if not in the brigade, got a shot at the old fellow, but still on he went, apparently unharmed by the hundreds of bullets sent after him until he was climbing the fence on the other side, when he was seen to throw up his hands and fall back, either killed or wounded. He had made a gallant and brave run for freedom, and it was with a keen sense of regret that the writer saw him fall after making such a heroic struggle and coming so near to his command.

Our loss in this engagement was killed and wounded as follows :

Killed—Charles M. Caldwell, Edward Strong. Died of wounds—John H. Bowers, David Collor, Wm. Eldridge, Harrison Goding, Wm. Howes, Thomas Irvin, Wm. Kirschner, Wm. W. Lewis, David Robinson, John Smallman, Jacob Spain, Arthur Ward. Wounded and recovered—Jacob Nodine, John Knickerbocker, John Northrop, H. P. Chapman, Stephen Schlabach, Wm. P. Cowhick, W. H. Jaques, Charles Johnston.

The next morning, the 26th, picket firing commenced and continued all day. During the night we

were reënforced by the first brigade and went to work entrenching the hill, as we expected another attack the next morning, but it seems the rebels had got quite enough on the 25th. We were relieved on the 27th and came back to camp, leaving the first brigade in the front, every man feeling that he had reason to be proud of the last two days' work. The battle in which we had been engaged was the hottest of any in which the One Hundred and Third had participated up to that date, and when we take into consideration the fact that our regiment, with the 24th Kentucky and 65th Illinois, defeated double their numbers, it must be conceded by all that they were well entitled to the high commendation they received from their commanding officers.

The generals commanding and officers of the 9th Army Corps, who had been through all the battles of the Army of the Potomac at that time, were loud in their praise of the men of our brigade, and said "that they never saw men stand their ground better."

As the possession of Armstrong's Hill by the rebels would have given them a position from which they could have inflicted on our troops on the north side of the river an artillery fire which would have been very annoying, if not disastrous, to the defense of the city, the victory was of no little importance, and was won under circumstances that, with the display of the cool bravery of those engaged, inspired

in the men a new confidence in themselves and also between officers and men, which contributed materially to the good record made by the One Hundred and Third at Resaca and other fields during the Atlanta campaign.

C. B. WELTON,
Company I.

MEMORIES OF A PLAIN PRIVATE.

Some of the most memorable incidents of my army life occurred when we were crossing the Cumberland Mountains and during the following winter of 1863 and '64. How we suffered for food and were obliged to ford streams on some of those bitter cold days, and when the wagon trains got behind and could not make camp, we were obliged to go out and hunt for something to eat.

One day I well remember we did not go into camp until nearly dark, and the colonel rode through camp saying that our supply train would not be in until midnight, but there was a cornfield near by where we could get all the corn we wanted. So there was a detail of ten men from each company made to go out for the purpose of gathering the corn. But, lo! when we got there, we found the field much the same as

Mother Hubbard's cupboard, for the field was bare. As usual the cavalry had got there first, and there was nothing left for us but the fodder. But we knew the larder must be supplied, and we started out again, not knowing where to go or where to look for anything to eat. A few of us wandered around for sometime, climbing fences, pushing ourselves through brush, etc., when finally we found ourselves in a lane. We started down the lane and soon heard the barking of dogs and we made for that point. We soon heard someone calling, "Get out of there and don't steal all my potatoes." We listened for a moment, and could hear smothered voices in the field to our right, but could not tell whether it came from friends or foes. Yet we did know that we were hungry and so we took the chances and climbed the fence. We soon found that some of our own boys had preceded us, and were making good use of their time gathering in the potatoes. We did not wait for orders, but fell into line and soon had all the potatoes we could carry. The next thing was to find camp. Some thought it lay in one direction and some in another. Just then, to our relief, we heard a bugle and started in that direction, and soon found the regiment. As soon as I reached my company, I found that I had been detailed for picket duty. Consequently I was obliged to leave my potatoes and go without my supper. We (the pickets) were marched out some

two miles or more, and posted in a piece of woods, with the usual instructions not to allow any one to pass in or out without the countersign. We soon heard the barking of dogs in our front, sounding an alarm, and we thought it best to advance our picket post so that we could better learn what was going on in that direction. We soon found the cause of the alarm, our cavalry had got to the house where the dogs were, but it did not avail them anything, as the people claimed to be good Union folks and also had been robbed of everything but their faithful dogs. Under the circumstances the advance pickets fell back to their main line, and rested until about four o'clock the next morning, when we started to join the regiment. It was just about day-break when we reached camp. On our march into camp we passed the quartermaster's supply train. Lying on a box near one of the wagons was a small shoulder of salt pork. When I reached my company I was surprised to find that same shoulder under my blanket. Not long afterwards, the cook for the officers of Company E, reported to the Colonel that some one had stolen the officers' meat, and there was dire vengeance threatened against the culprit if he should be found out. I found that there had not been a general issue of meat to the regiment, only to the officers, but Tommy (the cook) did not find the shoulder, for it only took me a few moments after

reaching camp to divide said shoulder with my mess, and they knew how to care for it. They say "stolen waters are sweet," and I was sure at the time that I never enjoyed anything quite so much as I did that raw meat and hard tack that day on the march.

The next thing of most interest to me, as I remember it, was at Lenore Station, Tennessee. The railroad track had been torn up and it was necessary to have it repaired. It fell to my lot to be on the detail that was made for that purpose. In charge of the Major (Howard) we were making the best of the situation, putting in our time finding out what there was in the surrounding country rather than repairing the railroad. On the evening of the third day we heard a train coming from the east, and aboard the engine was Colonel Casement. He gave us a few lessons on track laying and driving spikes that I have not forgotten. We soon started east on the train and arrived at Greenville, Tenn., in the night. I am sure that no soldiers ever had a kinder greeting than we received at this place. Every one seemed to vie with each other to see who could hand out the most home-cooked food of all kinds. After a short stop we boarded the train again and started east in search of the 100th O. V. I., that had preceded us. Near Limestone Station we came to a stand still. It did not take us long to learn that our comrades of the 100th, or a large portion of them, had been captured

a few hours before our arrival. We beat about this part of the country until about the first of November, when we found ourselves at Knoxville, where Longstreet and his command soon appeared.

I am sure that there was more suffering in the next three months, and especially during the siege, from cold and hunger and want of clothing than any other Federal troops endured during the war. When I look back to that winter that we spent in East Tennessee I wonder how we could have lived through it. Our first move after the siege, was up the country. The temperature was down to about freezing all day. I remember we were obliged to ford the Holston River, which was some seventy-five or eighty yards wide and about chin deep. How suddenly a few of the officers became sick and got into the ambulance to cross the river. For some cause, when about half-way across the stream the ambulance stopped and the officers were obliged to get out (into the wet); and as they stepped off into the water what a shout went up from the boys! For the next two months we marched and counter-marched from Knoxville to Jonesboro and from Jonesboro to Knoxville. But during this time we had one diversion,—the memorable trip to Dandridge. That trip seems quite fresh in my mind now. A few days before we started on that trip I had bought a pair of second-hand boots, for which

I had paid ten dollars, and thought I had struck a bargain. But as I had no stockings and the boots were not a perfect fit, my feet became very sore by the time we went into camp that night. The first thing I did after we stacked arms was to draw off a pair of boots from a pair of very sore feet. Soon after the bugle sounded strike tents and fall in, I found that I could not get the boots on again. We met our wagon just coming into camp and I gave my boots to our teamster and asked him to keep them for me; and I guess he did, for I never saw them again. The One Hundred and Third was rear guard from Dandridge to Strawberry Plains. I tramped all night and all next day barefooted, and it was a cold day and the roads were very muddy. As there was not much energy left in us, Comrade Lon Holcomb and myself thought we would take a much needed rest. So we just laid down in a field and were asleep about as soon as we struck the ground. About this time an officer, with major's straps on, came to us and roused us up, saying that we would be captured very soon if we did not get out of that. We told him that we could not go any further, and to let us alone. Just then we heard that well-known rebel yell, "Surrender, you Yankee ——." We forgot all about being tired, and if ever two Yankees made good time it was two of Company K's boys on that occasion. The bullets were flying all around

us, but we soon distanced the bullets. We were more fortunate than some of our comrades, as they were captured. That night we had to help park the artillery and some of the wagons by hitching ropes to them, helping pull the guns and wagons in this way. The horses and mules were so poor and weak from want of food that they could not move them. We went into camp that night quite late, and without anything to eat. It snowed during the night, and as we had not put up any tents, the next morning found us covered with snow. At this time there were orders for all sick and barefooted to take a tie pass for Knoxville. The best we could do, it took three days to reach Knoxville, and a good many of those ties were stained with Yankee blood. The first troops we fell in with, after we reached Knoxville, were some of General Hovey's. We found that they had charge of some supplies. We made out a requisition and presented it to the officer in charge. In this way we succeeded in getting a good supply,—and got away with it. We soon found wood and then we broke our long fast and took a much-needed rest until the One Hundred and Third arrived. We made one more trip as far east as Jonesboro, and on our return trip we left our stamp of destruction on the railroad by destroying the track as much as possible. I think it was on the return trip from this mission of destruction that we

met the wagons that brought the donation of good things that the ladies of Cleveland, Ohio, had sent to us, and the apple butter to the officers, which caused so much fun on one side and some unpleasant remarks on the other. I think that was the first and only time that I ever saw Colonel Casement lose himself, when he could not stop the boys from yelling "apple butter," and how he left us for the day in charge of the next ranking officer, and what a ringing cheer they gave the colonel when he made his appearance that evening when we went into camp, and he gave us one of those familiar smiles as we passed by him. I never heard anything more about the apple butter.

The above sketch is written entirely from memory. Time has erased many interesting incidents that could have been written years ago.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

JESSE COLLINS,

Late of Co. K, 103d O. V. I.

MR. J. C. VAN OSMAN, Sharon Center, Pa.:

Dear Comrade: Only at your earnest solicitation will I attempt to relate a few of the many incidents that came under my observation while in the service

of my country. I enlisted in the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Company I, August 14, 1862. My mother used every argument to discourage and prevent the step, as she thought I was much too young, but after enlistment, as I was determined to go, I received every encouragement to do my whole duty to my country that a loyal and patriotic mother could bestow. This patriotic enthusiasm received through her was of great moment to me during that trying ordeal. On the advance of the Rebel army, and the threatening of Cincinnati by Kirby Smith, we were rushed down to Covington, Ky., and out into the fortification of Fort Mitchell.

Many of our company officers had obtained some military knowledge, but on the whole they were as green as the rest of us, and had to get their military training by the bitter school of experience. As an example, the first time Company I was detailed for picket duty in front of Fort Mitchell, we were ordered out in light marching order, taking only our guns, canteens and ammunition, expecting to be out only a short time. We marched down the pike about two miles, when we turned into an adjacent field, where we halted under some low trees. A detail was then made to go out on the picket line, I being one of the number. Later in the day we were relieved by another detail from the company.

If it had not been for the forethought of some of

the boys on the reserve, who went back to camp and brought out supplies, we would have had nothing to eat. As it was, those of the boys who had been on the-skirmish line nearly all day, fared pretty badly.

Now, there chanced to be a nice flock of sheep in this same field where we were encamped, and under the circumstances, this fact proved a great temptation, but our Captain had issued very strict orders against all foraging, hence we were almost afraid to look sheepwards while in his presence. However, awaiting our opportunity, while the Captain was taking a short siesta, we slipped off and managed to catch one of the sheep and cripple another. By the way, we took the precaution of placing a guard over our sleeping Captain while we proceeded with our barbacue. Luckily for us, the Captain's peculiar constitution required a vast amount of sleep.

That night, those who had been held on reserve during the day, were sent out on the picket line, and I heard the Captain giving them the following instructions: "Now, boys, if you see any one advancing towards you, call halt three times. Then if they do not stop, shoot them; and then I want the whole picket line to fall back on the reserve." Shortly after dark it began to rain, and thus we were without any protection whatever. Being close to the enemy we dare not make any fire, and as we

were drenched and cold, sleep was out of the question. As we expected, about twelve o'clock, bang! went a gun on the picket line. The Captain, from some quarter, yelled out, "Fall in, men." Owing to our demoralized condition just at that moment, we hardly knew when, or how, or where to fall in. The Captain reiterated the command, but we were at a loss to know just how to accomplish that much-desired feat. To add to the confusion, those on the picket line came tearing back through the brush hunting for the reserve. The Captain fully realizing the great responsibility resting upon him, yelled out from a new quarter, "For heaven's sake, men, fall in on the Orderly Sergeant." Not having a clear notion as to the exact location of the Orderly Sergeant, we were still in much doubt as to the falling-in process. However, by common impulse, we soon began to bunch together, in spite of rain, darkness and confusion. After order had been somewhat restored, the Orderly Sergeant looked very lonely in the front rank, as the rest of the company had filled the rear rank, making a very long line. The Captain shouted, "Orderly, have the men count off in twos." The Orderly replied that "he had the sole honor of occupying the front rank." The Captain ordered the men to fall in and fill up the front rank. By this time, those hunting the reserve were all in, and the Captain began to investigate the cause of the shot

that had caused the stampede. A comrade by the name of Frets stated that he had fired the shot, and continued, "I saw a man coming towards me; I halted him three times and as he did not stop, I let him have it." We were held in line for some time, and as there was no more shooting, the Captain decided that the men should go out and take their places again and stay until relieved. At a later period of service, after passing through the severe school of experience, I have seen this same company charge strongly entrenched works, or break the charge of the enemy's line of battle and not waver or flinch.

We moved from Fort Mitchell to Snow's Pond, from which place we went to Camp Wells, and from there on to Lexington; from Lexington to Frankfort, Ky., where we stayed during the winter of 1862-63. During the fall of 1863 we crossed the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee. In the latter part of April, 1864, we took up the line of march and joined Sherman's army near Ringgold, Ga., where we entered upon the great struggle of the Atlanta campaign.

During this campaign we were often very hungry, and at every opportunity that presented itself we would slip out of the ranks and go foraging. One morning L. B. Laney, one of the drummer boys who at that time was orderly for the colonel, came down to Co. I and asked me to go with



him foraging, stating that he would take his horse, and he thought he might manage to slip off with Dr. Griswold's horse also. We secured the horses, which I led back into the brush, Laney bringing up the rear with the saddles and bridles. We soon mounted and dashed off to the right. We met foragers on the road returning, who warned us not to venture out, as they had been run in by the rebs. We did not fancy the idea of going back to camp empty-handed, and therefore decided to continue on our way. After getting outside of our lines we came to a vacant house, and upon investigation we could discover no forage whatever, the only living thing about the place being a calf about six weeks old. About one-half mile distant was another house, and I suggested that we first try our luck there, and if we could find nothing we would come back and kill the calf. Our search at the next house was fruitless, and our only hope of forage lay in that calf; but the great question now was how to get the animal into camp. You see, we dare not shoot it for fear of bringing the rebs down upon us, and neither of us had a knife. So we finally decided to take our forage into camp alive. At first we tried to get the calf up on one of the horses, but they objected so strongly that we thought we must give up the venture. But later we decided on making a flank movement, as follows: We took Mr. Calf into the

house, and after considerable moral suasion, as well as the other kind, we succeeded in getting him up stairs. Then we tore up some of the floor, making an opening into the room below. I then led the Doctor's horse into this room, and after much difficulty succeeded in getting him under the opening in the floor above. I then mounted him, and Laney lowered the calf down upon the horse in front of me, where we tied it as securely as we could with such material as we had at hand. We then made a dash for camp, where we arrived without further incident, two as happy and victorious boys as could be found. Some time after the calf escapade, Laney came after me again to go foraging, but as I was detailed for skirmish duty I could not go. He was very much disappointed, but was so determined that he went out alone. He never returned, as he was captured by the rebs and died in Andersonville prison.

At Noyes' Creek our skirmish line sent up a cry for ammunition, but it was a question how to get it to them, as they lay in the open. From my position I had easy access to the ammunition stores, of which advantage I availed myself. Filling every available space in my clothing, also a bucket I chanced to have with me, I made my way back to my place and proceeded to divide my stock with such of the boys as chanced to be near me. Calls still came for am-

munition from the boys who were lying out of my reach, and as a desire for an adventure took possession of me, I started on a foolhardy race across the open, exposed to the fire of the enemy, scattering my store of ammunition right and left to the comrades as I ran for the shelter of the wood. On the east of the open, I saw Irvin Fifield, an old school-mate (but a member of another company), lying concealed behind a stump, who called to me for ammunition. Now, heretofore, I had not entertained a very high opinion of his fighting qualities, and therefore I did not propose to share my precious stock with such a one. I made a wide detour in order to avoid him, whereupon he left his shelter, rushed upon me and clinched me and tried to take from me my ammunition. During the scene we were exposed to the fire of the enemy and I wonder that we escaped. Realizing our danger I agreed to share with him, if he would let me go. This being satisfactory to him, we rushed back to his stump for shelter. After we were safe behind the stump I naturally wanted to know why he had so foolishly exposed both our lives, and he replied that he did not care a whit, but he did want it understood that he was just as good a fighter as there was upon the line, and he did not propose that I should pass him without giving him his share of the ammunition. By the way, I will state that our conference, if reported verbatim, would

appear more florid and emphatic. His reply pleased me, and so I willingly gave him a generous supply of my store. On my way back I fell in with the 100th O. V. I. who had witnessed my escapade. They kindly complimented me and congratulated me on my escape.

I will tell you how, on the 8th day of July, 1864, Sherman's army first crossed the Chattahoochee river. The skirmish line had been halted, when Colonel Cameron passed through the line with a detail of men of the brigade and marched towards the river. I followed them. A civilian resident of that locality pointed out to the Colonel an old ford which had been used by horsemen years before, but he now thought the passage was not practicable. The river was wide and running swiftly, but Colonel Cameron ordered his detachment to cross, that he might get a foothold on the south side. The men entered the river with a will, and as they were soon out of their depth they returned to the shore, saying that the river could not be crossed. At this Colonel Casment came up shouting, "Is there any of my regiment here?" I was standing near him and it was not necessary for me to ask, "What do you want, Colonel?" but stepping up to him I said, "Colonel, I can cross that river if I am not shot." He accepted my proffered service and gave me the following instructions: "After you get across, go

up on the ridge, and if you think there is a chance to cross troops, signal to us with your cap; if there is no chance, get back to the river bank for protection." As quickly as possible I entered the stream, holding my gun above my head and with my knapsack unhooked. By this time others of the company had reached the river, and learning who it was struggling to cross, cheered me on. After reaching the south bank I rested a few minutes, then started on a run for the ridge. I soon reached the top of the ridge where I had a good view of the whole field. As everything looked all right I stepped back into view of Colonel Jack and signaled for him to come on. Captain Redway immediately crossed with Company I, followed by Colonel Jack leading the rest of the One Hundred and Third. For this day's work I was promoted to the rank of Corporal, to date from the 8th day of July, 1864.

On the morning of the 28th our brigade marched in line of battle down the railroad track. A heavy battle was in progress on our right and we advanced towards the rebel works, drove in their skirmishers, when we were ordered to fall back. We fell back a short distance when we were ordered forward again, and we thought that this time we were going for the rebel works, sure. We had driven the skirmishers back when we again received orders to halt, and then fall back. At this place our retreat was

made very difficult by a thick growth of underbrush. I was suffering at this time with a lame knee, and of course my progress was slow at best. In attempting to jump over a log I fell and wrenched my lame knee so severely that I found, on making an attempt, that I could not walk. All this time our troops were retreating and the rebels were advancing and firing, while there I lay perfectly helpless. I realized the danger of my position and expected any moment to fall into the hands of the enemy. Bullets were falling thick and fast about me. At this moment I heard some one shout my name, to which call I gladly responded, when Sergeant Bradley came running up to me, anxiously inquiring if I were wounded. I explained my predicament and begged him to leave me and save himself, as he was running a great risk of being captured at any moment. This advice he answered by taking me up in his arms, and through a storm of bullets, carried me back to a safe place of shelter.

I will not follow further the fortunes of the One Hundred and Third, as I have already taken, no doubt, more space than rightfully falls to my share.

What I have noted in these pages has been set down without the aid of my memorandum book, and memory may have played me false in some instances; but as it stands it must remain.

THOMAS BRANAGAN,
Co. I, 103d O. V. I.

ON DETAIL.

I was detailed at Frankfort, Ky., for two days. When we left Versailles for the second time I was detailed to drive mules, which I did until the regiment started over the Cumberland Mountains. We struck the railroad at Lenore in East Tennessee. There we took the train for Knoxville, Tennessee. The train ran so slowly some of the way that we could jump off, pick our hats full of peaches and jump aboard the same train again.

Arriving at Knoxville we started for Greenville. At Greenville we were royally received. They fed us on pie, cake, chickens and turkeys and I don't know what all besides. Then we started up the country from Greenville, eight of us going in advance of the train till we came to Henderson Station, or nearly there. There we saw a firebrand signal and found a rail torn up on the bridge. The Johnnies had set fire to a car on the sidetrack just beyond the bridge with the intention of running it onto the bridge and thus destroy the bridge, but they failed to turn the switch and the car ran off the rails at the end of the switch and burned there instead of on the bridge. The rail was spiked down, the old wheels thrown off the track and we moved forward to where we saw more firebrands and there were told that the bridge had been burned. We soon found this to be true. We were

tired and sleepy but we started down the ravine. We got lost somewhere down in there and all eight of us laid down and went to sleep. Adjutant White hunted around and found us and we started on again and crossed the ravine. After daylight we could see the Johnnies trying to get in around us and cut us off. They were too many for us, so we fell back across the ravine, and shoved the train down a short distance, for the engine had gone for water. When the engine returned we got aboard and went back through Greenville to Lick Creek trestle, where we remained for a few days, when we went back to Greenville.

On the morning of the 12th of September the Orderly Sergeant came to me, (I had come off picket duty at nine o'clock that morning) and said, "Walton, we are short of men. Will you go out as train guard?" I told him "yes." He said, "Get your gun and haversack and report to Lieutenant McWilliams." Twenty of us went over and got on the train and started for Rogersville. We got to Bull's Gap and found the rebels too many at Rogersville, so we didn't go any further than Bull's Gap. We went back to Greenville, and from there to Henderson Station. There we got a lot of salt and sorghum molasses and went back to Greenville and ran our train on the sidetrack. Lieut. McWilliams went to headquarters, returned, and told Sergt. Bradley to detail six men to stay and guard the train that night,

and as the citizens fed us pretty well there at Greenville, pie, cake, and chickens, I volunteered for the second time as train guard. It was a lucky volunteer for me, in the morning the Lieutenant returned and told us we would have to stay on the train again that day. We ran on the train from Greenville to Knoxville back and forth until November. Just before the siege of Knoxville we ran only to Bull's Gap, which is between Greenville and Knoxville, twenty miles west of Greenville. There were seven of us together at this time: Lieut. McWilliams, George W. Shepherd, Wm. Stowell, Tom Kennell, John Stubbs, Dan Seaborn and myself. The Lieutenant and two of the boys went to Knoxville to draw rations and clothing for us. Gen. Wilson, with his brigade of persimmon knockers, was falling back, and all the means of transportation we had for the Lieutenant and these two boys and their accoutrements was a hand car. Gen. Wilson was going to take that from us, but we were fortunate enough to hang onto it for this trip. The troops had all gone ahead of us, and on the morning of the 18th of November we had orders to burn all the bridges behind us, which we did. We burned five railroad bridges that day. We had to work very hard to get the bridges burned. There was not another soldier left at the Gap; we were cut off from the troops at Knoxville, and things looked pretty dubious for us as we were burning the last

bridge which was near Russellville. As we were getting to where we had got to leave the railroad we began to look for a pack horse or mule. We succeeded in finding a mule which we packed to the Cumberland river. When we arrived there they were not going to ferry us across, but we told them we had got to get across, and we finally did, tired and hungry and without any rations. We foraged some corn and parched that for our supper. On the morning of the 19th of November, we started toward Cumberland Gap, and soon overtook Company B of our regiment, which had been detached from the regiment and had been guarding and running a mill at Morristown, but who, as well as we, were making for Cumberland Gap for safety. The boys baked us some pancakes and made us some coffee and we had breakfast.

We then proceeded to Cumberland Gap, lay there a few days, and then returned to Tazwell. There provisions were very scarce. Here we did, however, succeed in finding a pig with a litter of young ones partially grown. We killed the little ones and finally the old mother. There was not blood enough in her to bloody the knife when I cut her throat, and I declared I'd eat none of that hog. But Tom Kennell said, "You'll be dam glad to eat some of that hog before we get away from here." For our Christmas dinner we cut up some of that same old hog

into pieces about the size of loaf sugar, put it into our quart cups, and boiled it. We thickened this with sweepings from the mill floor, cornmeal with which there were mixed pieces of brick varying in size from dust to the size of a kernel of wheat, and we ate this mixture without salt. Such was our Christmas dinner.

The siege of Knoxville having been raised, within a day or two we started for Strawberry Plains. On our way we came to a grist mill. Here we cabbaged what was called a "turn of meal," perhaps a bushel. This was on that cold New Year's.

We got to Strawberry Plains and there joined McWilliams and the rest of our detachment of boys. From there I was sent to Loudon under Captain F. G. Hentig, who, while I was under him, always called me Sergeant. I was ordered to hire fifty negroes to unload boats and load the forage onto wagons and send across the river. I was the means of having cracker-boxes fall and burst occasionally so that the boys could get crackers. I had to account for the boxes but not for the crackers. I was there somewhere in the neighborhood of three months. Was there until the new bridge was built to replace the one which the rebels had burned. Then I again reported to McWilliams at Knoxville and was train guard from that time until September 4, 1864. Then we were ordered to report to the regiment at Atlanta, Ga.

We took a steamboat and started down the Holston River ; got down some distance below Kingston, when the boat ran on a snag and tore a hole in the bottom five or six feet long. We made for shore and patched up the boat somewhat, then ran back to Kingston for repairs. After the boat was mended we again started, landed at Chattanooga, and from there went by rail to Atlanta. We found the regiment at Decatur, eight miles from Atlanta, on the twelfth day of September, just one year to a day from the time we were detailed.

When we got back to the regiment we found that the entire regiment had been detached to General Scofield's headquarters. I was with the regiment for some time through Georgia and Tennessee.

We went to Nashville on the train, then from there to Pulaski, then fell back to Columbia and from Columbia to Spring Hill. From there we went to Franklin and here fifty of us were put on board the train with prisoners, and at four o'clock we started for Nashville just as they began firing the cannon. We arrived safely at our destination, turned over our prisoners, slept in the depot, and in the morning started back for Franklin on foot, and met the regiment coming in with prisoners.

At Nashville I was detailed to guard headquarters cattle. I was guarding cattle and guarding a house, and slept and boarded at the house when not on

duty. Right after the Nashville fight we started back through Franklin to Columbia. The rebs had burned the bridge over the river and we had to cross on pontoons. We herded our cattle in a yard right back of the building (a church, I believe it was, which the rebels used as a hospital). We were quartered in some small buildings around the yard. There was a man living in a big brick house close by us. They had a lot of chickens, ducks, and turkeys. I went up there every morning for milk, and one morning before daylight three of us—by the way, one of the others was Peasley—started up to this brick house for chickens and turkeys. The fence was made of high posts set close together in the ground, and was six or eight feet high. There was one post gone where we crawled through edgewise. One of the boys got a turkey, and one boy got up a tree and handed me down a chicken. He reached and got another, and it squawked. That woke the dogs, and we cut sticks in a hurry. In trying to get away from the dogs in the dark we ran past the hole in the fence and had to make our way back to find the gap to crawl through. We found afterwards that there was a cross-fence, so the dogs could not get to where we were, but we didn't know that.

We dressed our chickens and had them cooked for our dinner. That morning when I went up to the house to get milk as usual, I asked the old dar-

key woman if she would cook a turkey for me for Christmas. I told her that one of the boys had gone out into the country and I expected he would get us a turkey. She told me that they had had a turkey stolen the night before, and that morning she had followed it way off to a camp (pointed where), and that they wanted her to cook the turkey for them, and she had told them no, she wouldn't cook her own turkey for them to eat. Christmas morning we dressed our turkey, and I took it up to the negro quarters and had just laid it on the table when the mistress came in and jokingly said, "I believe that is my turkey, now." Having no idea that it was, I grinned, and said "I guess not;" but it was, all the same. The cook put it in and cooked it in the same dripping pan with one for the mistress. I paid her fifty cents for cooking it and we had it for Christmas dinner. In two or three days we left there, and after we left, one of the boys told her that I was the one who got her turkey, but she wouldn't believe it.

I was afterwards again detailed, this time to drive team. I drew my mules January 2d, 1865, at Columbia, Tenn., and turned them over at Clifton, Tenn., on the 16th. Here took the boat for Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee River, went up the Ohio to Cincinnati. At Cincinnati took the train going by way of Columbus and Bellaire to Washington. We were in Washington perhaps a week or ten

days. There I drew green mules, some of them as wild as deer. I think we drove to Georgetown and loaded our mules on boat there. The mules were each placed in a sling, the straps so fastened around the body as to hold them fast. Then they were raised by means of pulleys worked by horse power, and as they went up in the air, oh, such fun to see 'em kick. As they were being lowered into the hold they would spread their legs and kick in a vain endeavor to gain a footing on the deck, but of course this was fruitless, and on they would go down into the dark hold two decks below. They were unloaded in the same way at Wilmington, N. C. Then we drove through the dismal swamps; some of the way we had to cut brush and make a drive-way. The mules would get tangled and down they would go into the mud, and we couldn't see anything of them but their ears.

We arrived at Goldsboro in time to see Sherman march in with his victorious army. I here turned over my team and rejoined the regiment, and was with it on to Raleigh, where we were mustered out. We then started for home. We took the boat and landed at Baltimore. Here we boarded the train and started onward. Going up the mountains they had three engines on. When we got to the top of the mountains, the car inspector went to a certain wheel three times and examined it, for he knew it was cracked.

We started down the mountains with one engine, ran a short distance, when the engineer began to call for brakes. They ran some distance, and the cars piled up in a promiscuous heap. Four of the cars left the track, several of the boys were hurt, and two or three died from the injuries received there.

Pittsburg people telegraphed, asking at what time we would be there, and when we arrived they had a grand supper prepared for us. Then we resumed our journey. One car jumped the track at Rootstown and the boys began to jump off the cars. We had no further mishaps, and arrived at Cleveland in the afternoon. General Casement met us at the depot, had wash basins and towels ready, and told us to go and wash that North Carolina sand off so that our sweethearts could kiss us. We marched to the Public Square where the tables were spread and we again feasted. Then we were marched to our old camp. Some of us went home and others stayed in camp. I was one of those who went home. Went back in the morning, and got our final discharges on the 23d day of June, 1865.

Yours truly,

J. G. WALTON,

Co. A, 103d O. V. I.

FROM NASHVILLE TO WILMINGTON.

On the 6th of December, 1864, we left Nashville in the morning. Moved out on the "Granny White Pike," had not gone far before we met prisoners, any quantity of them coming, back. There were two pieces of artillery captured on left of pike. I captured a horse with full equipments, including a half "hog" (a razor back) tied to saddle. By the time we had reached Franklin the fight was all over. Marched on to Columbia. I rode my captured horse until we arrived at Clifton on the Tennessee River. There we took a boat down to the Ohio River thence to Cincinnati. From there by rail to Benwood, W. Va. There I was left to gather up all stragglers. We were one day behind the command from there to Baltimore. Next arrived at Washington, D. C. While marching to camp across the Potomac River, I saw one man killed for his arrogant authority, by Ben Cole of the 65th Indiana. From Washington we went to Alexandria. There embarked for Fort Fisher. The boat I was on was a propeller by the name of "Creole." When we arrived at the mouth of Cape Fear River we cast anchor. Soon a storm arose, the cable parted, and we pulled for deep water, and were out two days and two nights. The boys were all very sick, Gen. J. S. Casement, not excepted. Finally we were landed on the point on the right of

river. I saw there the famous Armstrong gun that was presented by Mr. Armstrong of England, to the Confederacy. It was mounted on a mahogany carriage. When it was discharged, it made a revolution, and came into position. It was a very fine piece of ordinance. On our march to Wilmington we crossed a rice field at "Old Town Creek"; saw nothing of note until we arrived at the town of Wilmington. There saw some of our men that had been prisoners. They were very poorly clad, and walking skeletons. I can not describe to you my sympathy for them. What I might say from now on, you would say, "I saw all you did."

JOSEPH H. NICELY,
Co. I, 103d O. V. I.

NOTES FROM AN ARMY BLACKSMITH.

In November, '62, I was detailed as regimental blacksmith, and much of the time during the three years of the war was spent shaking hands with the mules.

We shod them in all positions, except on the wing, some on their backs with feet tied together, and some suspended in slings with all four feet raised from the ground.

If, when we marched into a town, we were able to

take possession of a blacksmith shop, we were fortunate; if not, we shod them without shelter, often standing in snow to our knees.

Much has been written of the sufferings of the men, but there has been little mention made of the great service rendered by the faithful endurance of those same vicious mules.

Often in our marches over the mountains all four of their feet were bleeding, and in each track was a pool of blood, yet each mule was as anxious to keep the wagon line closed up as the boys. At the siege of Knoxville the mules were on shorter rations even than the men, 700 of them being turned out to take care of themselves. Our mules ate the spokes and tongue of our blacksmith wagon, for the meanest thing we did while in the army was to steal the corn from those very same mules.

A REMINISCENCE.

In September, 1864, our post was stationed at Knoxville, Tenn. A detachment about thirty miles above Knoxville, on the French Broad, were floating logs down the river to be sawed up for government purposes. A blacksmith, John Holt, of the 100th Ohio, came to tell us that no more logs could be rafted until the cattle were shod and the log trucks repaired.

I was asked to go. With a good horse I made

my way to the camp, shod the oxen and made new rims for the truck wheels. These trucks were immense carts, with wheels eight feet in diameter fastened to a large axle, underneath which the logs were chained, and with a six- and some times eight-ox team, were hauled to the river where they were made into rafts.

One morning, about a week later, I started for the post along the bank of the beautiful French Broad. On one side the cliffs extended for miles, beautiful beyond description, quite thickly overgrown with underbrush, a fine place for buswhackers. With only a carriage road between, the river ran along its foot, and this path I followed twenty-nine or thirty miles. As I rode along past a little mountain hut the people came out to ask if I had seen anything of the rebs. I answered that I hadn't heard of any around there; but after passing three or four houses and being met with the same question at each one, I became suspicious, and cocking my revolver, I placed it under my knee.

As I rode along toward Bowman's Mill I saw two horsemen in butternut uniforms coming towards me. There was no turning back, and my hair stood on end. If I could dispose of one of them I was equal to the other, but two against one in a narrow pass was anything but inviting. As we came nearer each other my hair began tugging at its roots and the cold

perspiration stood out all over me. My nerves were strained to the highest tension and I was prepared to give them a taste of Yankee grit. They were almost upon me—now we were face to face, when with a salute each of us rode quietly on our way. They seemed to be as glad to be rid of me as I was to see their retreating forms lengthening the distance between us.

The beauty of the remaining four or five miles before I reached the ferry, where I was carried across into the Union lines, escaped me; my mind was intent upon other matters; but we three never met again.

FRANKLIN M. BURDOIN.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD IN EAST TENNESSEE.

MEDINA, O., June, 1899.

After the army occupied East Tennessee, and while we were camped at Bull's Gap, I was detailed to go into the country and pick up what cattle I could find, and bring them in for the use of the army. I took with me a comrade from an Indiana battery and started north from Greenville. We had not gone far before we came to the home of a man

by the name of John Hayes, and a more loyal man did not live in East Tennessee; and, by the way, he had two just as pretty daughters as could be found in the South. I made known my business to him, and he told me to stay with him and get some dinner, and he would take his horse, go with me and pilot me to every rebel's house, and show me just where he kept his cattle. We started, and for three days I followed my guide over hills and valleys, placing implicit confidence in him.

The second day out we were on the top of a high hill that overlooked a beautiful valley, and Mr. Hayes, pointing to a large farm-house, said, "You see that house?" I answered "Yes." He said, "In that house lives — Davis, the worst rebel in this part of the country." I told him I was going to make a call upon him, for perhaps he had something we could use. "Don't you go," said Mr. Hayes. "Those girls of his would just as soon shoot you as a chicken." But go I did. I rapped at the door, and three young and stylish looking ladies responded, and in rather a saucy way asked me what I wanted.

I told them I was picking up cattle for the United States Government, and asked them if they had any they could spare me. They gave me to understand that they did not want any Yankee on their premises. I saw some cattle in the meadows, and I told

the boys to drive them up into the yard and we would take them away with us. When the girls saw that I meant business, they changed their tune and plead with me to leave them.

Now, I never could stand a woman's tears, so I told the boys to turn the cattle back into the lot. It would have done you good to have heard those girls talk. "I was the best Yankee they had met, and I must come in and get a good dinner." Now, if there was anything I enjoyed while in the army it was something good to eat, so in I went, and I must say, of all the meals I got during those years I was in the service, this was the best. And just here I will say that shortly after this, their father came home, and some loyal East Tennesseans found it out and broke into his house at night and shot him.

That night we stopped at a friend's of Mr. Hayes, and about one in the morning I heard a terrible pounding on the door. Mr. Hayes demanded to know what was wanted, and I heard a woman ask if there was not a Yankee soldier in the house. The answer was, "Yes." "Well, you tell him the rebels are coming down, and the Union army is falling back from Greenville toward Knoxville." I got up pretty quickly, when Mr. Hayes said, "You lie right down and I will take care of you." I believed him, and stayed in bed until it was light enough to travel, when we started. During the day we were joined

by a loyal crowd that was fleeing ahead of the rebels. About two in the afternoon I got into Greenville just as the last train was leaving for Knoxville. I put my mule into a box car, jumped aboard myself, and at five was in Knoxville. I did not see anything more of my friend, Mr. Hayes, until the next spring, when we went up to Bull's Gap. I stepped off the train, and the first man I met was this same Mr. Hayes. Of course I was glad to see him, and asked him how his family were. "Family!" said the old man: "I have not seen them since the morning I left with you."

Few people that were not in that part of the South realize how much the loyal Tennessean sacrificed for home and country.

CHARLES H. KIMBALL,
Company I.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1864.

As C. H. Kimball was sitting in his home New Year's Day, 1899, his mind wandered back to the New Year's that he spent with his regiment at Strawberry Plains, Tenn. Turning to the journal of his regiment, he read as follows:

“Here we spent the second New Year's Day of our army life—a day ever to be remembered by the members of the One Hundred and Third. The weather was terribly cold; the ground was frozen hard and covered with snow; the wind blew shrill and piercing—the thermometer standing below zero. No clothing had been drawn since we left Knoxville, and the men were in a very destitute condition—having scarcely enough to cover their nakedness. There were not over a half-dozen overcoats in the regiment. Blankets, also, were scarce, and those we did have were worn so very thin as to afford little protection against the cold. Under these circumstances the men suffered exceedingly. It was impossible to keep anything like comfortable. The nearest approach to comfort they could make, was to keep a large fire going before the tents, in which, even then, they would sit shivering with the cold. Besides all this, every haversack in the regiment was empty, and the commissary had not the wherewith to replenish it. On this cold, blustering, disagreeable day, just when the troops needed a double allowance of provisions, not a mouthful of anything eatable was issued. All that they had to allay their hunger was what they picked up in the country round about—and this was very little, indeed. The country in every direction had been overrun by hungry soldiers of both armies, and everything that

could be found in the eating line, had been "gobbled up." Some of the One Hundred and Third went out, on this New Year's Day, eight or ten miles from camp and returned at night, with nothing in the line of provisions except a few ears of corn.

"And thus suffering from both cold and hunger we spent the day—a day as little like ordinary New Year's Day as night is like day. It was such a New Year's as none of us had ever spent before, and certainly hope never to spend again. How different it was from the New Year's each had been accustomed to spend amid the pleasures and comforts, and luxuries even of home! What a contrast between the dinner of a few grains of parched corn and the sumptuous dinners upon which one and all had feasted in other days! What a change from the brilliantly-lighted and comfortably-warmed parlors of more peaceful times to the little tents so cheerless and cold! What happy visions of days gone by must have flitted before the mind of each, as he sat in his canvas home this day, suffering from both hunger and cold! With what anxious longing did he think over the many home comforts he once enjoyed! What bright recollections of roast turkey, fried oysters, mince pie and scores of other luxuries, must memory have brought before him, as if to make him more sensible of his present destitute situation.

"But the day finally wore away, and another came

—the second day of the New Year. But its coming brought no relief. Both the cold and scanty fare continued, with this slight improvement in regard to provisions, that two ounces of meal and a small bit of lean beef were issued to each man. This was not enough to keep soul and body together, and had it been all that the troops had, they must have suffered terribly. But, fortunately, some of the men, during a foraging expedition, had chanced to come upon a cornfield, which thus far had escaped the notice of our own and the rebel troops. From this we obtained a liberal supply of corn, which lasted us several days and until the commissary was enabled to contribute somewhat to our sustenance."

THE RAW RECRUIT.

The tocsin of war had sounded. The red-throated guns upon Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney had hurled forth their terrible fire and sulphurous smoke, sending solid shot and bursting shell upon the heads of that heroic band of loyal men stationed at Fort Sumter, compelling the evacuation of that stronghold.

In the meantime public excitement ran high;

there was a general uprising all over the North, and ere long it reached a little town in Ohio where lived the subject of our sketch. For the sake of convenience we will introduce this country youth to our indulgent hearers as John Fosmire.

While at the corner grocery getting his weekly supply of sugar and tea, he heard, with bated breath, his friends and neighbors discussing the situation. After remaining until a late hour, he mounted the old gray and started for home, firmly resolved to don the blue and go to the front. Upon reaching home he unburdened his mind to the members of the household. His father acquiesced quite readily. All his mother could say was, "Oh John!" and burst into tears, while his younger brother exclaimed, "Good for you, Jack! I am going too, when I get old enough." When he awoke in the morning his ardor for military fame had not cooled in the least, and soon after breakfast he mounted the old gray and started for the recruiting station.

When John reached the office he found the door ajar, and walking in, his military aspirations began to wane, for he remembered what a chum of his who was home on a furlough had told him about his experience at the front. But fortunately for John, the officer's chair was without an occupant, and our hero had time to collect his thoughts. He made up his mind he was in for it, and would make the best of

the situation. While thus reflecting, the recruiting officer made his appearance and rather gruffly inquired the nature of his visit. John, while shaking with fear, managed to gasp out, "He—wanted—to—go—for—a—soldier," hoping all the time that in some unforeseen way he would be rejected. But he was doomed to disappointment, for he was told to sign the roll and be on hand for muster the next week.

The last two days during which our young recruit remained at home were passed by his mother and sisters in filling the trunk he had concluded to take, with some of the best products of the farm; or, in other words, a good supply of turkeys, chickens, mince pies, canned fruits, etc.

Here let us state that we think these arrangements pardonable in persons so little skilled in the art of soldiering. The unsuspecting John found out before the three years (the period for which he enlisted) had passed, that turkeys didn't roost upon every bush or mince pies muster readily at the mere thought of their delightful qualities.

The auspicious morning when he was to leave home and friends came only too soon. After placing in the wagon the trunk filled to bursting with comforts for the inner man, our hero, grasping an umbrella and a bundle of spearmint his thoughtful mother imagined would be so nice as a protection from

the piercing rays of the Southern sun and a healing balm for stomach aches and colds, started for the railroad station. The horse being old and the roads in bad condition, our friend had but a moment to spare, for soon after arriving the train, with the company of recruits, left the little town amid the music of the band and waving of handkerchiefs, and then John was left to his own reflections.

After reflecting upon the situation, from every standpoint, he came to the conclusion he had acted rightly and determined to astonish his friends at home by his deeds of valor. But before many months had passed our friend found that it was one thing to plan and another to execute.

After riding all night the company reached the city of Cleveland and were marched through its streets to the camp of instruction. There was one fact regarding the march that created no little surprise in John's mind. Before he enlisted, our rural friend thought a soldier would create a good deal of excitement, but now that he had actually become identified with the army he was astonished and pained to find himself obliged to reverse his judgment. People he met upon the street didn't stop to make inquiries about his company or where he was going. But our young friend found many surprises awaiting him before his term of service expired. In fact, one surprise followed another in rapid succes-

sion, for upon reaching camp he learned that his trunk of edibles had been left behind, and in the transfer he had lost the umbrella. When he went to the sergeant for consolation, he was told that "the war didn't call for picnic parties, nor did they fight rebels with umbrellas."

When John seated himself at the mess table, at the noon hour, he was very hungry, and this being the first meal in camp, of course he had a great deal of curiosity to know how Uncle Sam intended to provide for his rapidly increasing family. Each man had set before him a tin plate, knife, fork and spoon and tin cup, while corn beef, potatoes and soft bread composed the meal, and the cook filled each cup with strong black coffee, smoking hot. Somehow John couldn't drink the coffee, and turning to the sergeant, who sat at the head of the table, he inquired for the milk and if it were possible to furnish a little butter also. Our friend was informed he would be obliged to give up those home luxuries, as his Uncle Sam had not gone into the dairy business at that stage of the war. So John was obliged to drink his coffee with the aid of the black sugar the sergeant handed him.

After dinner came drill. The company was divided into squads of eight and exercised in facings, marching and counter-marching. They did very well with the exception of occasionally facing to the

right when the command was left, and with the further exception that John came very near having a skirmish with his file leader, because he couldn't march without striking that leader's heels. After an hour's exercise they were dismissed by the corporal, told to go to their quarters and avoid straying from camp, but our friend could see no cause for the last injunction, for in walking to the entrance he found a heavy line of guards, with fixed bayonets, stationed at short distances upon each side of the enclosure. While standing there and seeing the officers going out and in (after giving the military salute), he made up his mind to try the same method. It looked easy enough, and he could see no reason why it wouldn't work. But to John's amazement, instead of the guard's facing out and bringing his gun to "present arms," as he had done when the Colonel passed a moment before, he found the sharp end of a bayonet thrust into his face and was commanded, in tones both sharp and decisive, to halt. The movement was executed so quickly and the order given with such energy that Fosmire's heart went pit-a-pat, and turning upon his heel he beat a rapid and inglorious retreat to his quarters. Although admitting his defeat, he was encouraged by the thought that when he became accustomed to these surprises and more familiar with army rules he would have no cause to regret a similar occurrence. When our re-

cruit was about to retire at night, he was told to occupy one of the bunks in the top tier. This bunk he found to be six feet long and about four feet wide. Upon one side were a bundle of straw and two blankets. After a little practice our friend found he could spread the blankets without bumping his head against the roof more than two or three times during the operation. But what puzzled John most was the thought of getting along without a pillow. So, calling to the sergeant (who had begun to snore), he inquired for the desired article. The reply came in this wise: "*Take your boots, greeny. If I hear anything more from you to-night, you will go to the guard-house.*" When our friend awoke in the morning, he found the bed didn't compare favorably with the one he had been used to all his life at home, for every bone in his body ached, and this led him to remark to his chum, "He guessed there wasn't any soft side to those boards." Many times after, during his soldier life, while lying on the wet ground or in Virginia mud, he would have considered himself fortunate to be the possessor of boards equally hard.

One morning after Fosmire had been in camp about six weeks, an order was read at roll call, for the regiment to be ready to move upon the following day, and in the meantime, they were to cook five days' rations and have everything ready at a mo-

ment's notice. A number of soldiers were glad to get the news, John among the rest, as he had become tired of the monotony of camp life and its regular routine of duties. He remarked that he was just spoiling for a fight and thought he could whip six rebels before breakfast. But there is one old-time phrase that John had not learned the practical meaning of, viz: "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better." In fact, the whole company seemed to share the same spirit of our young aspirant for military glory, as they each went to the city before the close of day and purchased a revolver and dirk knife, "for close action," they said. The guns would do very well for long range and the bayonets with a little crowding would impale two or more of the enemy, but after all they thought the smaller weapons would be very convenient in a hand-to-hand engagement.

If our friend could have looked ahead a year or two he would have found the principal use he made of his bayonet was in running it through and killing those long, slab-sided southern porkers, which John thought could not be managed on the old farm, unless a knot were tied in their tails to keep them from going through the fences. The bayonet also furnished a handy place for his candle when he was writing home or playing "seven-up" in the evening. During the excitement of getting ready to move, the

boys had not thought much about their destination, but, after a time, their curiosity was aroused and John was detailed as a committee of one to make inquiries. Going to the sergeant, he timidly asked for information. Fosmire only waited long enough to hear the sergeant say: "Soldiers should learn to obey orders and not ask questions." Returning to the group who had sent him for the desired information, he remarked that he guessed he didn't care where they were going, and if they thought they could find out they had better try themselves. But it is not our purpose to follow very closely the movements of our friend during his three years' service as one of Uncle Sam's hard-tack crushers, and we will note but a fact or two more.

You will perhaps be interested to know how John wrestled with his first hard-tack. When the regiment reached Kentucky the bread rations disappeared, and one morning came the order: "Fall in for your hard-tack." Going out of his tent the raw recruit found a crowd around the sergeant. That officer, surrounded with boxes, was removing the cover from one of them with a hatchet. John thought the hard-tack looked nice packed in rows, and when his name was called, placed his allowance in his haversack and started for the tent. They looked so much like the soda crackers he used to get at the corner grocery, that his curiosity was aroused and taking

one from his haversack he took a bite, (or tried to, rather,) for he found they resisted every effort in that direction. Now, there was one quality in which John excelled, and that was perseverance. He didn't like to give up. So placing the cracker upon the ground he began a vigorous application of boot-heel, but, like the other method, that also failed to make an impression. As a last resort he made up his mind to try a hatchet, and rushing into the tent his chum inquired what he was going to do. "I am going to make war on that haversack of crackers," was the reply, and he did, for blow after blow fell in rapid succession until his arm ached. When he came to examine the result he found his labor lost and not a crumb gone. Our friend thought he must give up in despair, but as "fortune favors the brave," he was assisted out of his trouble in a way quite unexpected. During the night there came up a thunder shower and as John and his chum had forgotten to ditch the tent, the crackers became thoroughly soaked and could be eaten with comparatively poor teeth. Now, this little description of John's attack upon the cracker line may be doubted by many, and taken as a whole it may be somewhat colored, but comrades will bear witness that hard-tack was often issued which required protracted soaking in boiling water, and was often filled with skippers or covered with mould.

I will close by alluding to one circumstance which happened to John while upon the Atlanta campaign. Our friend was then assigned to the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, 23d Army Corps. It occurred while the troops were marching from the left wing to the extreme right wing, which was a forced march of about twenty miles. When he started out in the morning he was as fresh as a lark, and remarked to his chum that he was good for fifty miles by sundown, but just before noon he began to show signs of giving out, and didn't feel at all like joking. Jim, his tent-mate, remarked that he looked as though he had lost all his friends, and inquired what made him look so downhearted. He replied (while limping along) that he guessed he would have to fall out, as these "pesky gunboats (as he called his shoes) were taking the bark all off his feet." So he sat down by the roadside to nurse his blisters.

After resting about an hour the rear guard of the division made its appearance, bringing along the lost sheep, and our friend was ordered to fall into the ranks again. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Fosmire caught up with the regiment, which he found in bivouac by the roadside. Soon after, firing was heard a short distance ahead. It was not long before the bugle sounded, and they heard the Colonel give the command to "fall in." After marching about a mile they came to a river twenty rods wide,

but the crossing was not clear, for upon the other side was a company of rebel cavalry with two howitzers commanding the approach to the bridge, from which the planks had been removed, leaving only the stringers to cross upon. The Colonel taking in the situation at a glance, called a halt and sent the adjutant down the line for a detail of five men from each company to effect a crossing.

When John's name was called by the sergeant as one of the five from his company, he wilted at once, and remarked to the captain who was to lead the charge that "they never could cross that bridge on those stringers without all being killed or swept into the stream by the volleys from the rebel cannon."

He was told that he was no better to be killed than any of the company, and his chum, who had heard the dialogue, gave John the wink and asked him, "What do you think now about whipping 'six rebels before breakfast'?" But our friend didn't feel at all like joking over the situation.

After getting the detail together the party started. John called them "the forlorn hope," and it certainly did look as though the little company of fifty would be killed; but when the storming party reached the bridge the rebels were excited and fired so high that the charge passed over the heads of the attacking party, and but one or two were killed. The enemy, seeing they couldn't hold the position,

mounted their horses and left on the run, leaving the howitzers behind. It was almost a bloodless victory, but it was an introduction to hard-fought battles and it gave our friend a slight idea of what was sure to occur later in the campaign.

THEO. F. BROWN.

[Written for the Medina Tribune.]

REMINISCENCES OF ARMY LIFE.

My regiment, the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteers, rendezvoused at Camp Cleveland August 15, 1862. We were exercised in squad, platoon and company drill until September 4, when we started for Cincinnati. There we crossed the Ohio River to Covington, Ky., drew our arms, ammunition and suits of blue, and on the 10th were in the trenches at Fort Mitchell. The Rebel army, under Gen. Kirby Smith, was posted within two miles of our lines. In short, we were seeing active service in less than a month from the time of enlistment, and were called "raw recruits," liable to run at the first fire.

Now to become a good soldier there are two things which the recruit must learn. One is to *obey orders*; no matter if they seem trivial, or even of no

consequence, the soldier is not supposed to ask any questions. Should it become necessary to charge a stronghold of the enemy, when it is known that the object of the assault cannot be taken, "Forward!" is the order, and onward he must go. No time to falter now! Then comes the other requisite, called discipline; that can only be acquired through experience.

All veterans can remember their first experience in battle or on the picket line, and so it might interest some reader of your estimable paper to know how a soldier behaves before he is a veteran. I will describe my first adventure in that branch of service. The first duty I ever performed in that line was near Covington, Ky.

General Smith's pickets, who confronted ours, had a habit of getting behind the Union skirmish line and capturing our boys on post. Such performances brought the troops into line in a surprisingly short time. Movements of this kind usually took place in the night, and we found it quite trying to our ideas of comfort to be roused from sound sleep by the long roll of drums and made to stand in line of battle for two or three hours until the excitement subsided.

Company F being detailed for picket duty, my experience begins. We have no trouble during daylight, but soon after dark imagination begins its

work. Every rustling leaf betokens the footsteps of a savage, bloodthirsty rebel, seeking whom he may devour, and as the picket gazes in the darkness with straining eyes, he is sure that log he has noticed a dozen times during the day is an enemy stealing up. He can even see it move, and the longer he looks the larger it grows and nearer it comes.

In the meantime the woods upon all sides are filled with katydids, crickets and tree toads which indulge in ghostly music. Sometimes two or three owls, in close proximity, hold a midnight concert, and it is not uncommon for one to station himself directly over the sentinel's head. This, of course, doesn't have a tendency to quiet his nerves. In fact, he has borne it as long as he can, when bang goes his gun. The picket on the right may have been watching the same thing, and hearing the shot and seeing the flash of his neighbor's musket, follows suit. Now, here are two or three on the left who, thinking they are attacked, must fire also, and, as three shots constitute the signal to rally upon the reserve, we all rush to the reserve post, a short distance in the rear, with the alarm, "The Rebels are coming." We stand to arms a few minutes awaiting the attack that doesn't come, when the officer in charge of the picket line places us in position once more with the injunction not to get frightened again at our own shadows.

While looking over my diary, written in the year 1862, I found the following paragraph:

"Left Camp A. J. Smith this morning and was obliged to march twenty miles, at the same time so sick could hardly stand."

In connection with this entry I can distinctly remember dropping out of the ranks utterly exhausted when within less than a quarter of a mile of camp at the close of the day. I couldn't proceed until my tent-mate came back and helped me along. When camp was reached I found he had pitched the tent and made the bed, which consisted of freshly cut evergreen boughs. It seemed softer than down to my aching limbs and swollen feet. His invitation to partake of supper, made up of bacon, hardtack and black coffee, was declined (I was going to say) with thanks, but the true version would be, with disgust. I could only retire to our little tent, close my eyes and think, if I were at home now, mother would prepare something I could eat. Then tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, rendered me forgetful of hunger, hard marches and pain. On being suddenly called from the land of nowhere by my tent-mate, who imparted the news that we were ordered to march at daylight the next morning, I replied in a highly amiable manner, and the last thing I remember hearing him say was, "Brownie, you are crosser than an old bear."

Kind reader, do I hear you inquiring respecting the sequel? Well, about midnight there came up a thunder shower, and as my comrade had overlooked a very important duty, we found ourselves thoroughly soaked. He had forgotten to ditch the tent. It was a lesson we never forgot, as we were obliged to stand a long time by the fire after the shower to dry our blankets. We were not the only thoughtless ones, for soon the camp was aroused by other delightfully moist military gentlemen. Smoldering embers were placed together, a blaze started from wet wood (I always found soldiers had a faculty for starting fires with wet wood) and there was no more sleep that night.

There are many thrilling scenes embraced in camp and army life that would furnish material for the canvas of an artist. It is a grand sight to stand upon an eminence at early evening and look down upon an army at rest. The snow-white tents, which were placed in rows with mathematical precision, are outlined with distinctness and seem like children's toys, frail to the touch. Around their bountiful fires some of the soldiers are cooking their bacon and coffee, others cleaning their guns and accoutrements, while other fires are surrounded by troops telling of the day's adventures or singing those songs which are common to the army, while around the whole march with stately tread the vigi-

lant camp guard. Bands are heard discoursing cheering music before headquarter tents, while during the intervals the attention is called to the dulcet strains of that much abused long-eared and astonishingly interesting quadruped, the "Army Mule." As the evening draws to a close, a bugle is heard sounding retreat, and following closely, the stirring notes of fife and drum announce the time for retiring. When the fires burn low the sleeping camp is left in darkness and silence. The only sign of life is the faithful sentry steadily pacing his lonely beat.

As the beholder looks upon this scene it seems to be a memorable picture, designed and painted by an illustrious artist, rather than a stupendous and solemn reality of war.

THEO. F. BROWN.

RETREAT FROM DANDRIDGE.

During the retreat from Dandridge, Tennessee, January 18th, 1864, after leaving this little village about one-half mile, the command had been making very slow progress, taking a few steps and then stopping again. John Connally, George Hurd, John Jarrett, Ruphy Rawson, Richard Knowles, Hiram Van Guilder and myself concluded that we would get out

of the road and lie down and take a rest, and then overtake the command, which we did. We got to sleep, and when we awoke it was daylight and the command had gone. We started, and had not gone a great way when we saw a cavalryman, and on inquiring how far ahead the rear guard was, he replied that he was part of the rear guard. We went along, and in a short time we saw some more cavalrymen and then a line of infantry across the road. After passing them we felt safe and concluded to look out for breakfast. Started for a house near by, where we got our breakfast by furnishing the material for the lady of the house to cook. After eating our breakfast we started, and perhaps went about one mile and came to a school house, when it commenced to rain, and we all went in (not being used to getting wet). After being in there a few minutes some other comrades came in and reported that the rebels were on top of the hill, from the way we had come and had fired on them, when Connally said it was some of our own men; he guessed there was no danger, however. We began to make preparations to move, and when we got out of the house, the rebels began to fire on us and ordered us to halt, when I broke and ran up the hill in an opposite direction from them. At the same time I told my comrades to look out for themselves. I had gone but a short distance, when the lead came pretty thick, so I stepped be-

hind a tree; from there I saw the rebels come up and surround the above comrades, who had come out of the school house and had got into the old log house which was about ten rods from the school house. I went on over the hill, when a man on horseback came up and offered to carry my gun. I told him that he might carry the contents of the gun, but I would keep the gun, and he went on, after which I again went on, until I came to a house, and being lost I went in to inquire the way. I was told to go to the creek, and follow the creek to the forks; then to cross the creek, which I did by wading, the water being about waist deep, after which I arrived at the command without any further trouble, where we camped all night. I took off my boots, which had not been off for a number of days. In the morning my feet were swollen so badly that I could not get my boots on, and the ground was covered with snow. I had to travel with the command in my bare feet for about two or three miles, or until the rebels in the rear began to shoot, when I sat down on a stone and pulled on my boots with ease. I think I could have pulled them on if they had been two sizes smaller. I came to the conclusion that a good thing for tight boots or shoes was a sharp skirmish in the rear.

CHARLES LANAGHAN,
Co. H, 103d O. V. I.

PRISON LIFE OF HENRY TROWBRIDGE
OF SOLON, OHIO.

The ideas and modes of warfare have so changed since the "60's," that it is difficult now to realize the things which took place then. Neither would the same things be tolerated now. This step in progress is proved by the sympathy with and care for the soldiers in our recent war with Spain, under much less aggravated circumstances. Such a thing as men confined, as were the Union prisoners, during the civil war, for more than a year, and under such unspeakable circumstances, when exchange was always one of the possibilities of war, would not for an instant be considered now. So much for the progress of mankind in charity, in less than half a century. The one blot on the "great cause" is the suffering and death of hundreds of brave and willing soldiers for really no purpose. We wanted to be a part of the action, but did not care to do nothing for months, and worse than nothing, and starve while doing it. Nevertheless, the incidents of that time are its history. Rather reluctantly I comply with the request sent me to give some of my personal experiences in the war referred to. The part of my army experience relating to prison life, is that which differs most from the life of the majority of the regiment; hence it is that portion I will try to give some idea of.

I was detailed to the quartermaster's department. McChesney of the Second Ohio Cavalry had charge of a corral, and I was under him, although most of the time in charge. We were in Tennessee on the Clinch River. On the 16th of November, 1863, I was in Knoxville and saw the quartermaster, Hiram Chamberlin. He told me to hustle the horses to Kentucky, as the rebel forces were getting uncomfortably near. Arriving at the corral I found men and horses gone. I rode on after them as fast as I could, overtook them at Clinton, saw that everything was all right, and started back with McChesney for Knoxville. When within six miles of that place, on turning a curve in the road, we met seven Confederates under a railroad bridge, mounted and pointing arms at us. We were unarmed. They searched us, as though we possessed some sort of charm, showing a great deal of curiosity. I managed to place two ten-dollar greenbacks in my watch pocket, which they missed, and which probably saved my life later on. I gave them my pocket-book containing \$2 in change. The man handed it back, saying, "You will probably need that."

We were taken immediately to Longstreet's headquarters and thoroughly examined as to troops, movements, etc. Of course we knew nothing. We did not stop long at the first two or three camps. The Union forces were closing in too rapidly for

that. We could plainly hear the firing of Sherman's men, and were more eager than words can tell to be with them. Ours was scarcely an enthusiastic march. We did not sing "John Brown" nor even "Dixie." I remember a guard felled one prisoner on this march who differed from him on the cause of the war. The first real hardship which I encountered was the taking my shoes from me. They were a new pair, a good pair, well fitting and comfortable. I never appreciated a pair of shoes as much as I did those when I felt them slipping off my feet. I refused to take them off, although they said it was by order of the General that they demanded them. They then took them off and gave me an old, ill-fitting, worn-out pair to march in. It was finally decided that we were to go to Belle Island. On the way to that place the bad treatment began in earnest. Our food was mostly corn stolen from the poor mules and parched. On this march I met A. R. Dixon of Cleveland. We kept together from that time on. My money now began to be worth more to me than money had ever been worth before. Mr. Dixon was a fairly good cook. I bought half a hog, some corn-meal and flour. One night on the way to Bristol we sat up all night and cooked the pork and used the grease to cook cakes made of the meal and flour. These used carefully lasted us a long time. It seemed to me then, and it seems doubly so to me

now, that death was surely his who depended upon the rations furnished him by his captors. Our first stop of any length was Belle Island. Here one must have been hardened indeed to eat his bread without sorrow, seeing so many hungry ones. Here literally man "ate his bread in sorrow," if he ate at all, and he was very fortunate to have bread, sorrow gratis. We used to eat walking around so that we might not attract too much attention, and add suffering to those without food. We helped many, but could not help all. There was a half-breed Indian on the island, who introduced the idea of dogs for food. This is not an uncommon thing among certain Indian tribes. We did not stop to consider the propriety of the diet very long; at least one dog was cooked and eaten here that I can testify to. I saw snakes eaten by the prisoners here also. We were given rations once a day. At one time for seventeen days we were given no meat and only a very little corn-bread, rice or beans each day. This was in retaliation for a false report that reached the south of the bad treatment of their prisoners at Johnson's Island. When these mites were given the prisoners they crowded around the men issuing them like animals, trampling and sometimes killing each other; often the stronger would snatch the bit of food from the weaker. When they got too ravenous the guard would push them back with the point of his bayonet.

Our only exercise was going to the river and back each morning. This was a short distance. The prison contained three acres; the tents were fairly close together and the ground under them was completely covered when the men were lying down. The only shelter was tents; some of them which were intended to accommodate sixteen men, here accommodated thirty. The river was higher the winter of '63-64 than ever before known. This made the island unprecedentedly wet. By digging a very few inches water was reached anywhere on the island. A great many prisoners died there of vaccination, poison being purposely inserted we believed. The vaccination was much more dangerous than the small-pox.

Before I was captured I found a fine six bladed pearl handled knife. This with a blanket and overcoat and a "pup tent" (for one man) and my money, constituted the capital whereon I lived for one year and three days. Or at least this and the investment of it and the proceeds of the investment constituted my living.

We were fifty-two days at Belle Island. We suffered here from the greatest, because the worst, combination of horrors that can come to man, viz: "cold, hunger and filth." Any one of these is bad enough, but the combination is simply the climax of suffering and brings every horror. Fire is preferable because it is sooner ended. It was a pleasure to help

all we could help save one, and he was so complete a sponge that he got more than any one else. His name was Brown. I never saw a man before or since that could so absorb and never give, even an appreciative word. When we were leaving Macon, on our way from Belle Island to Andersonville, I heard him calling "Trowbridge!" "Trowbridge!" But I did not respond this time. I do not know what became of him, only that I am sure that he must have died. We could not carry him any longer.

I had an opportunity at Belle Island to buy a silver ring from a prisoner for a blanket. This was the time when silver jewelry was in vogue. I wanted it as a souvenir. The man from whom I bought it died. His brother, who was a prisoner, wanted to buy the ring from me for the price of the blanket. I did not care to sell it. This brother was removed to Andersonville also. One day as I was passing his tent there, his gang came out, and took the ring off my finger, paying me for it the price of the blanket. It was no use to resist.

I saw at Belle Island that the guards could be bought, and kept up more or less of an understanding with them all the way. This was the only thing to do, and most of them were not inhuman. This understanding with the guard and keeping myself busy, and keeping out of the hospital, no matter what the trouble might be, was my salvation. Finally

it was rumored that a "batch" was to be exchanged. I gave the guard a new blanket to let me out, thinking it meant home, and at any rate any place was preferable to this one. We started with gratitude and joy unspeakable. Our disappointment may possibly be partially imagined when we saw the train was going south. We were on our way to Andersonville. We were the second squad to enter this prison and formed a sort of reception committee of several hundred, to meet those who came later. I do not think we greeted them with true American hospitality sometimes, but we did the best we could under the circumstances. On the trip to Andersonville we were crowded closely in open cars. This was the first time I was personally troubled with vermin. There was one man on this trip who had a large hole eaten in his neck by the gray-backs. The guard gave him a good bath. This was the only really humane thing I saw them do for the prisoners, and this was more as protection to the guard, than to save the man.

My first night at Andersonville is fixed indelibly on my mind. My capital now consisted of a blanket, overcoat, cup and canteen, half a tent and some money, I do not remember just how much. I bought some sweet potatoes from a colored man who sold in the enclosure, and roasted them in the embers of a large log-heap fire. After I had eaten my really

sumptuous supper of sweet potatoes and salt, I took my knapsack for a pillow and slept alone (and lonely), for the first time in prison, by the grateful fire. In the morning after daylight I felt someone pulling at my knapsack. I knew he could not get it, and so did not seem to be awake, but it really affected me a great deal, to think that that was my reception, that I was in a place where the conditions, the need and distress were such, that men should be willing to take from another the very necessities of existence. But such were the conditions, unchecked in Southern prisons at this time. I know of no similar conditions in any other war, either in Europe or America. That there should be crime under such startling conditions of suffering was a natural result of the action of the human mind. Andersonville had been a beautiful place, I should judge, before it had been made a place of suffering. It had been a wooded spot, with a beautiful ravine and delightful spring brook running through it. The trees had been mostly Georgia pine. They were cut to build the stockade, or high fence around the prison ground. Only a few were left standing. I tried sometimes to think of the place as it had been with mocking-birds and other Southern songsters in the trees, greeting the sunrise and the twilight. When we arrived there the enclosure contained 15 acres. It was later enlarged to 30 acres. It became a village, a weird, sad

community of 35,000 unhappy, wretched, homesick men, pining and dying for action. It was laid out regularly, the streets named, and lined with tents and a few barracks. On Main Street was a market, where poor provisions and poor clothing could be bought if one had money or goods to exchange. The merchants consisted of prisoners, and they were in the business for profit, and not through altruistic motives. Men did not even "keep store" on Main Street for their health, any more than the restaurant people in the Mohave desert, where you pay \$1.00 for a cup of coffee.

Catholic priests tried to bring religious service and comfort here, and to some extent succeeded. Some of the prisoners held little meetings by themselves, but this was soon stopped, the guards being ordered to fire into any gathering of men without investigation or delay.

There was some card playing, of course, but the time was very long indeed. We did not hurry about wakening in the morning, but had to be up and answer to roll call at 10 A. M. There was one occupation that never failed us. We not only could put in our time killing the graybacks, but we were obliged to do so. They gathered in the seams of our garments, and we simply had to hunt them each day, or they hunted us. There were no police at first, until stealing and all grades of crime that would nat-

urally come to hungry people, even murder, became too common. Then a regular police was organized, and trial by jury held among the prisoners. They hung six men and brought many others to their senses.

The Andersonville stockade was twenty feet high, the guards standing on the platform on the outside of it, so that the top of the stockade came about to their waists. They did not care what went on inside the stockade only so we stayed there. If the food here was bad, the water was worse. The stream spoken of, which at first had been so beautiful, later became pollution itself. The cook house was above the rest of the enclosure—"up stream"—and all the refuse from the 35,000 men was also carried off by it. When this had reached the absolutely unendurable, a spring broke out on the hillside of the ravine, a little higher than the stream and just beyond the dead line, between it and the stockade. It seemed like the time when Moses smote the rock and water sprang forth, direct from God. It was received gratefully by all, and reverently by some. Although beyond the dead line, we were allowed to get it. They were, in other matters, very peremptory about this line. It was about eighteen feet from the stockade. I saw one man shot dead for reaching for a board just beyond it. At one time when the water was so filthy, I had camp diarrhœa very

badly. At another time in Andersonville I had a very severe and dangerous cough for quite a time. I one day noticed a man, who was coughing, eating the resin from one of the few trees left within the enclosure. Trying it myself I soon cured my cough by eating or chewing it almost constantly. Had I gone to the hospital, as many did under smaller provocation, I should certainly have died. I had not been at Andersonville long when Parker, of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, who was a Mason and who could thus communicate with one of the guards who was also a Mason, introduced me, in a way, to this guard. From this time on, as long as we were in Andersonville, Dixon and I made a living by buying fruit from or through this Mason, cooking it, and Dixon peddling it on the street. Our traffic consisted mostly in beans, bread, gingerbread, sweet potatoes and meal. We made a rope of rags and would throw one end to the guard. He would hold that end while we held the other, and slide our food to us upon it. We had first, however, to throw to him the money for it, tied to a stone or something for weight. We never had any trouble disposing of our wares; there was always some new batch of men with money. The horrible piteousness of the thing was in the condition of those who, like us, had been there for months, had worn out clothing, spent all their money, and become diseased, starved and lunatic.

No pen can ever portray this feature. We would have been in no better condition than the worst of them had we not kept busy and managed most of the time not to get too hungry. At one time our meat was so lively that it would move itself. We had to boil it in the polluted water, skim the maggots, boil and skim again, and so on, until we could manage to eat it and not feel that it was going to crawl when it was down. Potatoes were sold for 25 cents each, and were eaten raw for scurvy. We would buy \$5 worth of gingerbread at a time. I remember we paid \$6 for a common-sized watermelon, and ate it, seeds, rind and all. Our cooking utensils consisted of an old frying pan, a canteen in halves, a cup, knives and forks. I had bought a supply of gingerbread and beans one day. We had cooked and eaten all of the beans we thought best (we always divided carefully the allowance for each meal between us), and turning to get the gingerbread for "dessert," I found the whole \$5 worth gone. It seemed more of a loss to me then than a \$1000 would when very poor but not hungry. There was some very bad talking when I found the man who stole it. I said the worst thing I could think of to say, and all I could say, and then commenced at the beginning and said it all over, again and again. He took it all and said nothing. His stomach was full of our gingerbread. He could afford to stand talk;

therefore he is still alive for all I know. At another time when we had just bought \$5 worth of gingerbread, Dixon, who was about twenty years of age, was on Main street peddling it at the market, when one of the Moseby gang (they were hung there for murder, six of them later) took it from him by force.

We managed to protect ourselves from starvation, but there was still the great extremes of heat and cold which we had to meet. The days were very hot and the nights very cold at certain seasons. Perhaps the most universal discomfort, next to hunger and vermin, was the scurvy. Men thus afflicted used to dig large holes in the ground and bury their feet for relief, and also to aid recovery. From Andersonville, which had been our sad abiding place for eight months, we went to Savannah. We were here one month and then removed to Milan, from which place we were paroled and later exchanged. It was very cold here. We had little or no protection. We were almost worn out and discouraged with the suffering and terrible struggle. I had managed to keep going, and to keep my courage, and keep out of hospitals, as I said; but here I began to give out, and could not have lasted much longer. The odds were too great, and besides our occupation was gone and so our chance for anything like proper food. I here contracted catarrh and neuralgia, from which I have never recovered. These, with some other detrimen-

tal results, I keep as souvenirs unsought of the South and of the war.

There was an old bake-oven at Milan used to prepare food. It was the only warm place to be found. At night the prisoners used to seek it, and pile upon it, and each other, like beasts, crowding and jostling for the best place, sometimes lying many deep. There was a young drummer-boy there, to whom I had become very much attached. One morning he was found at the bottom of the heap, on this old oven, pressed flat and dead. This broke me up more than anything that occurred while I was in prison.

As said, from here we were paroled. I gave the guard an overcoat and blanket to let me out. Of course the guards had it all in their hands, really, who should go. No one could "kick" effectually if one went out on his name and he was left. He had no recourse to justice or humanity. It was a matter of life or death, and no one stopped for the golden rule, or to love his neighbor as himself, if there was an opportunity to get away. The guard told me when the roll was called to answer to the name of Slopker, Company D, 72d New York. I did so and went out. It was often the case that some were sent back for something. I was one of the number this time, and on reëntering the prison, faced Mr. Slopker. He was not peaceably inclined, as may be

imagined, but the guard told him he would not go at all, if he made a fuss, and so he had only to keep still and wait. In a few days the parole roll was called again, and there was another opportunity to get out. Dixon went out on a dead man's name. I, when Dixon's name was called, and a man named Engels on my name, which was called directly after Dixon's, some one else on Engel's name, and so on.

The harrowing tale of sin, sickness, starvation, death, suffering, lunacy, need not be told over again. They are already too vivid. They were perhaps the direct outcome of the then conditions, but were not a necessity. Only he who saw them saw the full horror of war, and felt its full pangs. The thought of separation, and suffering for no purpose (that is, we were doing no good there), the fearfully long days, and time to do nothing but pine, and think, and starve, and die, was something indescribable. We did not know if our families were alive, or if they considered us alive. I had one letter from home during the whole year and three days, although many letters and much provision were sent me. The guards were not so inhuman, but they were helpless. I still insist that the North could have done better, and should have done so. It was not necessary that men endure such suffering in any civilized time or country. When I left Milan I had \$10 left, a vest, one shirt, an old hat, a pair of worn-out shoes, and

one pair of drawers that would absolutely and literally stand alone. When I reached home in the middle of a winter night, walking from Bedford to Solon, I need not say that I was glad, and that my friends were happy. I found my family all alive and well. The next morning we attended church, and the man who was speaking was so surprised at the thought of one almost risen from the dead, that he stopped in his talk to greet me, although I was scarcely recognizable. I had improved much since my arrival at Annapolis (the place where we were taken when paroled), and felt a little like myself again. I wonder our first meal at Annapolis did not kill us, but we all could vomit and that saved us.

It was really a sense of action and of unconscious altruism that saved me during that year and three days. I had some faith also, and read my Testament a good deal. I hardly know to day how I could have come through alive, amidst all the abject horror and misery, and only that to see, hear and feel; but there seemed something to live for, some way to do it, and some power to keep, and I live to tell the tale, only that it can never be told. If it could be told it would be a wretched blot upon the civilization of that period, and upon the government in which it could occur. "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe to him by which the offense cometh." HENRY TROWBRIDGE, Company D.

INCIDENTS FROM FIRST TO LAST.

RILEY, KAN., May 4, '99.

Thirty-seven years ago next August we went into camp at Cleveland, Ohio. Since my return from the army my time has been fully occupied with study and the practice of medicine, so that my army experience has passed, to a great extent, from my mind. My professional work has kept me from attending any of our reunions. We ought to meet at least once a year, if possible, and at our camp fires review our happy times, our hard times, our battles and long marches and pleasant camps.

September 3, 1862, we were ordered to pack our knapsacks and go to Cincinnati, arriving there the next day. Leaving the cars we marched to near the Ohio River, where we received our equipments. We were now soldiers, ready for battle. The night of the 4th we crossed the river to Covington and went into camp in the market house. After being in camp a short time here we received orders to pack up and walk out to Fort Mitchell, about three miles. It was the hardest three miles I ever walked. That night we camped in the trenches in front of the fort and remained there three days and nights watching for the rebels to give us a call. I here received my first lessons in mule driving.

A large detail from the regiment was sent over to

Cincinnati to draw thirteen teams of six mules each. The mules were all wild and in a corral together. We caught them with ropes or any other way we could, and hitched them to large army wagons, chained both hind weels, put a man on a lead mule and one on a wheel mule. One might have thought the rebel army was after us by the noise we made going to camp. As soon as I arrived in camp I resigned my position as mule driver.

A few days after our arrival at Camp Mitchell, Company F was put on the advance picket line. Our picket line was in the timber, and rumor had it that the rebels were in our front. Our orders were, "keep your eyes open." Most of our company was put on the picket line with a small reserve near the center. Our orders were to "rally on the reserve at the firing of three guns in rapid succession." We had two old British soldiers in our company, Bob Penson and Sam Franklin. They saw an opportunity for some fun and they agreed between themselves if one gun was fired they would fire the other two. A man to my left fired the first shot at a hog in the brush, thinking it was a man. Bob Penson being not far from him, fired the second shot, Franklin the last shot, and then came the grand rally on the reserve, which Company F will always remember.

On October 25, while the regiment was in camp at Lexington, I was detailed to go on picket out on

the Frauklin pike. I went on to my post at 9 A. M. in the rain, which continued until evening, when the rain changed to snow, which continued until morning. We had no protection from the storm, and the best we could do was to stand on our feet and take it. I enjoyed my winter camp at Frankfort. The monotony was broken by forced marches after the rebels, and building forts. About the first of February, 1863, I was detailed with three others to go on picket about three miles southwest of Frankfort. We made our camp in a cedar grove, which was a nice place. There were a few hard maple trees about our camp and I proposed to the boys that we make some maple molasses. So we borrowed from a farm hand a brace and bit. I tapped the trees and made some molasses, which was delicious. One of the boys killed some rabbits and made a rabbit stew. We were out here three days and had a fine time. This was a bright page in a soldier's life.

Our winter at Frankfort was as pleasant as a soldier could expect, but nothing very striking occurred. We made several trips to the country in different directions from our camp here. About the first of April, 1863, we broke camp and started south. The small bands of rebels in Kentucky at this time kept us on the move most of the time until the middle of August. We crossed the Cumberland river at Stigall's Ferry, and marched to Monti-

cello and drove out a small force of rebels. We returned to the ferry on the north side of the river. The One Hundred and Third went into camp a mile or two from the river, while Company F went on guard duty along the river. One-half of the company was on duty every other night from dark until daylight. We did duty this way about six weeks. Our posts were on the bank of the river in thick timber. At night it was very dark. We had to keep very quiet so as not to draw the fire of the enemy, as they were located on the opposite bank of the river. Every morning about 4 o'clock we returned to camp, passing a farm house with several cows in the yard. The temptation was too great to pass them without filling my canteen with nice fresh milk, and this I repeated every time I passed that way. We were camped near one of Kentucky's famous caves with a fine spring of cold water at its mouth, and in this cold water we kept our milk nice and cold. The Cumberland river is a beautiful stream of clear, sparkling water from the mountains. The scenery is fine, and we enjoyed ourselves very much while there.

About the middle of August we broke camp once more and bade farewell to Kentucky hills, and with the 23rd Army Corps started for East Tennessee. We thought we had seen hard service before this. No army endured more hardship than we did for the

next six months. Our road had to be built over mountains, through rivers and through a wilderness which white men knew but little about. We were put on short rations from the beginning. The few cornfields in the mountains helped us a great deal when we had time to cook the corn. We arrived at Knoxville about September 1, but the enemy had fled and we took peaceable possession of the place. Soon after our arrival at Knoxville I was detailed with several others of Company F as train guard. We were on every train that ran between Knoxville and the front, and some of us went out every day. Some of us remained on duty here until about the middle of November, the beginning of Longstreet's siege.

During this siege our little squad of train guards was placed in the trenches to the left of the main street which led from the railroad depot up into the city. This was our home for three weeks. There was a portion of the city outside of our main line of intrenchments—railroad, railroad shops, and a large hotel at the depot. All this was between us and Longstreet's advanced line. All this part of the city was ordered burned one evening in order to keep rebel sharpshooters from getting so close to our line. That great fire was a grand sight. Our little squad made a raid into the burning district and brought in a sack of flour and two large fresh hams.

We feasted on fresh ham and doughnuts, cooked and made after the soldier style. Our allowance of rations was very small.

On December 4 the siege was raised, and Longstreet moved up the country, and we went back to the railroad. A few days after this I went up the country to look for something to eat. By spending one-half day in a large cornfield which had been run over a hundred times, I gathered a half bushel of corn. With this I returned to camp and took it to a little mill in the city and had it ground. I made cakes with it with salt and water and baked them in a Dutch oven.

One day while General Hooker's army was passing through the city they passed near our camp and carried off a large cake and Dutch oven. The cake had been in the oven, baking, about one hour. It was so hot I do not see how they managed to carry it, but some hungry soldier had a good warm supper. All I had to do was to make another, and this one I stood guard over. This was a hard winter for us, as we were on short rations and very scant clothing. We were continually moving from place to place the entire winter.

About the last of April we packed our traps and started south, arriving in the neighborhood of Dalton about May 3d. This was the beginning of the great Atlanta campaign. We wandered around

through the timber for several days. On May 13th we came up with the rebel army, which was placed in strong intrenchments in front of Resaca. Here was our first hard-fought battle of the campaign. I went into the fight with my regiment about noon, May 14th. We charged across a rolling field for about one mile under a heavy storm of shot and shell. There were some amusing things happened while on the battle line. One of my company was hit with a minnie ball on the top of the shoulders—a slight wound. He dropped his gun, grabbed his arm, and came to me, saying, "I am shot; help me off." I started to help him from the field, but he outran me, so I went back to the front line. While standing here in line of battle and firing as fast as we could, a comrade standing near me was shot through the eye. In his case there was no excitement. He removed the blood from his eye, by scraping it out with his fingers, and as he did so, said, "There goes a peeper." Soon after this I received a ball through my knee, but I retired from the field in good order. I was placed in Cumberland Hospital, Nashville, where I remained four months, and returned to the regiment soon after the fall of Atlanta.

About the first of September the One Hundred and Third was detailed for guard duty at headquarters, which put an end to our fighting. About Oc-

tober 1st Hood headed his army north, but Sherman was close after him, and for nearly a month we followed him closely. At Chattanooga we took the cars for Nashville and from there to Pulaski. Here we met Hood's army, and from here on to Nashville was a running fight for about ten days. One of our corporals, with a detail of four men, drove our fresh beef on foot. The night we went into Columbia he coralled his cattle in a yard belonging to a widow. After dark he found a lone turkey which belonged to this poor lone widow. As Thanksgiving was near at hand the turkey was killed and dressed in good New England style. The very innocent Corporal called on the widow to roast the turkey for them. She very thankfully did it for the poor soldier. We had a little skirmish at Spring Hill where our supply train was attacked. At Franklin our army had a hard fight, and our regiment took about seven hundred prisoners into Nashville, November 30. Here we went into camp for two or three weeks. The last of December we turned our faces south in pursuit of Hood and his great army. Thomas was too much for him. After two days' fighting Hood's army was broken up and scattered. We followed him to the Tennessee river, but could not find him. Here we received orders to go to Fort Fisher, N. C., which we obeyed as soon as possible, arriving there about February 10. After a few days' stay here we

moved on to Wilmington, arriving there February 22. Here we received ten thousand of our boys from Andersonville. They were a hard looking set of soldiers. We hardly knew them. They were nearly starved and almost naked. It is hard to believe that any human beings would treat prisoners of war as those men were treated at the hands of the rebels. The first of March we turned our faces north and after days of marching through woods, brush, water, mud and swamp and river, we arrived at Goldsboro and joined Sherman's army. All the troops then marched on to Raleigh where we went into camp and remained about six weeks. On the 12th of June we left the Southland for home, arriving in Cleveland at our old camp of three years before, and those left of us were here mustered out.

F. B. SHERBURNE,

Company F.

BATTLE OF RESACA.

With the name Resaca there are, to the veterans of the One Hundred and Third O. V. I., connected memories of one of the bloodiest battles ever fought on Georgia's soil, and as we look back over thirty

years of peace and prosperity, we recall to mind the price paid for the preservation of our national honor by the sacrifice of thousands of human lives during those dark years of '61 to '65.

One of the severest conflicts in which our regiment was ever engaged was the battle of Resaca, on May 14, 1864. It was here that the rebels had concentrated their main forces, determined to prevent our further advance. Their lines were in the form of an irregular semi-circle, several miles in length, the right resting on the river above and the left on the river below Resaca. The rebels commanded by Johnston had spared no pains in strengthening their fortifications and preparing to give us a warm reception. The order was given us to "sleep on our arms and be in readiness should occasion require our service," and when early in the morning we heard the heavy picket firing we knew that work was before us. During the morning we were started off in the direction of Dalton, but the order was soon countermanded and after several changes in our position we found ourselves about noon in front of the rebel works. A large open field lay between them and us nearly a mile wide, with a small creek running through it. Their artillery had been massed on a little spur running out from the bank and was supported on either side by no less than three lines of works for infantry. As we gazed on these fortifications they seemed al-

most impregnable, yet an order was given about noon to the second and third divisions of our corps to charge them. Commanded by Captain Hutchinson, we marched over that open field with nothing to shield us from the fury of the blazing sun and with the batteries of the enemy belching forth a constant stream of iron hail, scattering death and destruction on every side. Our regiment being in the third line of battle, we could see the dead and wounded being carried to the rear, and it sent a thrill of horror to us as we realized that this might be the fate awaiting us. When we arrived at the foot of the hill upon which the enemy was entrenched we were ordered to lie down. Here we remained for nearly half an hour, with the leaden hail of death falling thick and fast, and shells bursting every instant with their awful noise in the air above us. At length came the order, "Fall in One Hundred and Third," "Fix bayonets," "Charge," and springing quickly to our feet, with a shout that sounded above the roar of cannon and rattling of musketry, our whole line started swiftly forward. The enemy, thinking to drive back or check our movement, double-loaded their cannon with grape and canister and poured into our ranks a rapid and wasting fire. On every side brave soldiers fell victims of the enemy's bullets and shells. But we were not repulsed. On and on we swept, with forms bent and guns tightly grasped, resolved "to

be faithful to our duty even unto death." Soon we saw our brave Captain Philpot fall, killed by a shell while gallantly leading forward his company. As if to avenge his death we fought even harder, and the next moment, Captain Hutchinson, who was in command of our regiment, was struck by a musket ball. His only words were, "Boys, we are driving them." In that last moment of mortal agony he thought not of himself, but the welfare of his country. The command then fell upon Captain Hayes. The first line of the enemy's work was reached and taken, the second was soon ours, and with cheer after cheer we sprang over the works, driving the enemy to take refuge behind the guns of the fort. But in spite of our determination to conquer, it was now seen that it was impossible to advance further in the face of that deadly fire.

The second division had come unexpectedly upon a swamp on the flats bordering on the creek and had been forced to retreat with a terrible loss of life. This left our brigade alone, a living target for the enemy. Their fire now became so fierce and destructive that certain death to the whole line would result if we advanced, and it seemed folly to sacrifice human lives in a vain attempt to drive the enemy from his strongly fortified position. However, we determined to hold what we had conquered, and we continued giving ball for ball. Under

these circumstances I found myself out of ammunition, and in reply to my query, "What I should do," Captain Hayes answered, "Roll that dead man over and take his ammunition." Acting as directed, I found four cartridges. At that instant the comrade at my side, John Welch, of Company C, fell pierced by a deadly musket ball.

Thus we stood; limbs were cut from the trees by cannon balls and fell upon and around us. The sight was one which can never be blotted from the memory of those who witnessed it. The ground covered with dead and wounded, groans of anguish, the awful noise of musketry, bullets whizzing about our heads and a regiment of soldiers fighting for life, presented a scene which we hope no one of us shall ever again behold. Thus we kept our position until nearly night, when we were relieved and ordered to fall back.

During our day's work we were ever cheered and helped by the inspiring words and fearlessness of our brave Captain Hayes, whose bravery won for him the love and esteem of all his soldiers, and gained for himself in the hearts of us blue-coated boys, a place and affection which time shall never efface.

During this battle our color sergeant, Martin Striebler, of Company E, with all the color-guard, were killed or wounded, their life-blood mingling with the stars and stripes of Old Glory, making our

flag sacred to their memory as well as to the cause for which their lives were sacrificed. When our day's work was completed we found that death had claimed about one-fourth of our number, and among the victims were numbered some of our bravest and truest soldier boys.

In the battle of Resaca we met with the hardest fighting and greatest loss of our whole army career, and the work of that day will ever stand written in letters of immortality in our life's book of memory.

T. METZGER,

Co. C, 103 O. V. I.

Wellington, Lorain Co., Ohio.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE LATE JOSHUA S. MASON, CO. F.

Joshua Seymour Mason was born May 30, 1844, in Oneida county, New York, and came with his parents to Ohio in 1850. August 17, 1862, at the age of eighteen, he enlisted as a Union soldier under Captain P. C. Hayes of Company F, One Hundred and Third Regiment, in which he remained until July, 1864, when he was disabled by a shot from a rebel sharpshooter, which destroyed his right shoulder

joint. The following extracts taken from letters written during his army life, to his friends at home, we are painfully conscious are not what he would have offered for this reminiscent history, in which he was much interested. But his sudden death, May 14, 1898, left us, much to our unceasing but unavailing regret, with no written records except a few of his army letters which trace the movements of the One Hundred and Third Regiment from Frankfort, Ky., southward across Kentucky and Tennessee and well into Georgia.

FRANKFORT, KY., Nov. 17, 1862.

On arriving here we found new arms for the regiment—Enfield rifles instead of Belgian pieces. Our new guns are warranted to carry nine hundred yards. We have tried them and they give good satisfaction. Each man has a hundred cartridges to try his gun with. We are under the command of Major Howard. He is one of the finest of men, and right here let me say, the reports you have heard in regard to the cruelty and unkindness of the regimental officers is wholly false. The officers are exceedingly kind and very careful of us, both on the march and in camp. They have the entire confidence of the men, and I believe the men would follow our Colonel into the very jaws of death, and he is just the man to lead them there if the occasion requires it. General Car-



ter, is a Christian gentleman, exceptionally so; he is liked and respected by all.

Later.—Sunday we got marching orders. We struck our tents about dark and fell into line. We were obliged to remain in camp, however, until midnight, waiting for the train. We were driven into freight cars like sheep, thirty-five in a car. We arrived in Louisville about eight o'clock in the morning and went into camp. Did not have time to pitch our tents before we got marching orders for Shepardsville, near where there had been a battle the day before. We took the train and arrived just before dark. Took a position and remained until the next day about noon. Then returned to Louisville, pitched our tents in the rain, had no more than got it done, when the bugle sounded to strike tents again, with orders to return to Frankfort, but before we got loaded the order was countermanded. We repitched and had just got settled when we were turned out into line. The news had come that Shepardsville was attacked and General Gilbert had sent for reinforcements, and so like the One Hundred and Third, off we went to the train again. We arrived in the night and found it to be a false alarm. We remained there until noon, then returned to Louisville, where we now are, but expect to go to Frankfort in the morning. This is one part of a soldier's life.

Frankfort.—I am feeling well. I wish father would come down and see how we live here. You would have a much better idea of our life by seeing for yourselves. Colonel Casement allowed us to go up to the city to church. I tell you it seemed a little more human and homelike. I attended the Episcopal church with Captain Hayes and Lieut. Windecker.

November 22, 1862.

Received the box you sent in good shape, except the can of sauce had burst open and spoiled the newspapers and wet some things. I was very glad to get it. Thanks. The onions are just the thing. Nothing could have been better than the butter, and it came just in time, as we had commenced drawing rations of bread. The tea is so much nicer than the black coffee made in the old iron kettle. When I can get a dish to stew the dried fruit in we shall live well for soldiers. The boys in my mess all drank (of the tea I made) to the health of those that sent the box, and send their thanks. These are the names of those that shared in the things: Wm. W. Watkins, Theodore F. Brown, John J. Shafer, and Allie Fitch. They too have each received boxes at different times and have shared liberally with me. Those gloves take the shine off from all the rest in camp. The pins come in handy, but the needles are so rusty they are worthless. The pens I will try soon. The little housewife is a handy article.

DANVILLE, Aug. 18, '63.

One year ago yesterday I signed Captain Hayes' enlistment roll and was sworn into service, since which time I have been constantly with the company; have never missed a single march or scout; have not been sick so as to be off duty but a few days, and then it was in camp, not in the hospital, and never was put on duty for neglect or any misdemeanor. There are many things hard to bear, but no more so for me than the rest, and I can't complain.

On the 25th, 1863, we left Stanford. The second day we performed one of the longest marches we ever did and completely whipped out the 27th New Jersey regiment, who had boasted that they could out-march us. They got seventy-eight men into camp as a regiment, the rest had fallen out by the way.

The next day, after drawing rations, we started for the river sixteen miles below Stagall's Ferry. The roads were very bad. It took nearly two days to accomplish the march, and when we got there we found the river too high to ford. It has rained every night and nearly every day for almost two weeks and we had nothing for shelter. The 29th we started back to Somerset, marching back in one day. On the next day we started for the river and crossed at Stagall's Ferry, we found a few of the advance cav-

alry that had crossed the night before. About twelve miles ahead they established a camp. Before night their pickets were driven in and they had quite a skirmish, without any loss on our side. The next day we got an early start, had not gone far when the cavalry were attacked and they skirmished all the way to town, driving and killing and capturing the rebels, but the infantry did not get a chance to fire again, though we were ordered up on quick time, and for six miles we almost ran without halting once. I enclose a map to show the plan the rebels had laid to capture our whole force, but they could not draw us into their net. Our loss during it all was only one man, a bugler.

On the morning of the 5th of May we were nicely established when our shelter tents came and an order to get ready to march in an hour, and at 12 o'clock we were on the way. The next day we arrived at the river, and here one of the saddest things occurred that has happened since we were in the service. Our regiment crossed safely, I am glad to say, but a sad fate awaited the 27th New Jersey. The last boat was crowded a little too heavy and the boat began to dip water when the men became frightened and let go the rope, and the boat went rapidly down stream and was capsized. About 60 were in the boat and 36 were drowned; 19 men and one captain were lost from one company.

Poor boys! they were feeling so happy, their time of service was nearly out. They were nine months men. The next day we reached Somerset.

DANVILLE, July, 1863.

We are enjoying camp life just now, camping in a fine little grove and not much to do. We have a nice high swing, hung in the trees, which affords us sport. A very sad affair happened here last night. A Mr. Bemis of our company was cooking for the hospital tent and died in a fit. Apparently he was a strong, healthy man, and little expected his fate. He leaves a wife and one child. The company raised over eighty dollars, bought a nice casket and sent the remainder of the money to his wife.

You write of celebrating the Fourth of July by a picnic. I must tell you how we spent the Fourth. The regiment had some kind of doings which we did not happen to attend. Some boys came down from Somerset and spent the day with us swimming in the river, sitting in the shade, swinging, etc. In the evening we opened our celebration with the Declaration of Independence, read by J. S. Mason. Then we had an address by Capt. Hayes and speeches from others of our company, and closed by giving three cheers for the President, General Grant, and Captain Hayes.

GREENVILLE, September, 1863.

To write the half that I would like to, would take

more time and paper than I have, but I will try to give some idea of the march we have taken which was extremely tedious and hard. We left Danville, Ky., on the 17th of August; pitched our first regular camp at Lanoire Station, nineteen miles below Knoxville on the fifth day of September, having marched 192 miles and laid over only four days in the time. I stood the march remarkably well; fell out one day only, but brought up in good time all right. During the last few days of the march it was no uncommon thing to pass on the road ten or twelve horses and as many mules which lay dead or ready to die, and often men were lying beside the road as the ambulances were too full to take in any more. One day's march from Montgomery we were put on half rations and obliged to carry twelve days' rations in our haversacks and our knapsacks, but we stood it through and have been on half rations ever since. When we reached Lanoire we hoped we might stay long enough to get rested, but the next day orders came to take the cars and reinforce the 100th Regiment. We were to be at Limestone Station at 2 o'clock the next day, but our engine broke down at Knoxville, and we were obliged to lay over until 10 o'clock the next day. The 100th Regiment was attacked by about four times their number, but they won the day and lost only three men, and by 12 o'clock they had driven off the enemy; but at 2

o'clock, the time we were to have been there, they were again attacked. They fought all the afternoon, expecting us every moment. Poor fellows! They were obliged to surrender. When we had got within five miles of the battlefield we found a bridge burned and we were obliged to march the rest of the way. We did not know until noon that the regiment had been defeated and captured. Then we went back to Lick Creek bridge to wait for reinforcements which came up that night, and about noon we took the train for Greenville. Cumberland Gap fell into our hands and with it 260 prisoners and some artillery.

Nowhere since we have been in the service have we found such Union sentiment as we find here. The citizens turned out when we came through and such cheering and shouting I never heard. They brought out everything they had for us to eat, and you may believe we enjoyed it, as we were all out of provisions and were terribly *hungry*. I never saw people more pleased. I saw two old ladies just shout as loud as they could, "Glory, Glory to God! the Yankees have come to save us," and the tears were streaming from their eyes. I might mention many similar instances if time would permit. Hundreds of men are coming out of the mountains and enlisting. We are getting into the rich part of a soldier's life.

KNOXVILLE, Jan., 1864.

Gen. Grant came here last Thursday and went immediately to the front. What is to be done I do not know. Some move is on foot, as he generally sets things in motion where he goes. We have been running up and down the country after the rebs, not knowing one morning where the next would find us. The enemy is superior to us in numbers in this part of Tennessee. Every man is needed. If he cannot take a gun and go into the field he must take a place in the hospital and care for the sick if he is able. I received the package you sent by Lew Redway. I needed the stockings badly, as well as the other articles. The maple sugar was a treat and reminded me of old times in the sugar camp at home.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

"In the field, June 20th, 1864. It has rained nearly every day and I have been drenched to the skin time and again. It is still raining, with no more prospect of stopping than there was ten days ago. We have driven the enemy every day. They are now only five miles out and we are waiting for a bridge to be built to follow on. Frank Lindley was shot in the skirmish day before yesterday. Has lost his left leg just above the knee. It will be very hard for him. He has good grit, stood it well, and did not complain or utter one word of reproach. I

helped carry him off the field. George Bagley also received a flesh wound in the leg, but I think not a serious one. One man from our company is reported mortally wounded. Icenhower is his name. Co. D had two men killed on picket yesterday. This country is destitute of everything and of course the army can get nothing."

A letter dated July, 1864, written by T. F. Brown, tent-mate of J. S. Mason, states that the latter was shot in the right shoulder on the Chattahoochee river, and that the surgeons say it is a bad wound, and he will lose the use of his arm. Mr Brown says, "Although his is a painful wound he does not grumble one bit. He was a good boy and well liked by all the company."

[A modest request of an eighteen-year-old soldier of Company F, 103d O. V. I., copied from a letter written to his parents in Medina, Ohio.]

Camp Gilmore, near Frankfort.)
FRANKFORT, Ky., Nov. 22, 1862. }

My Dear Parents :

I received your letter last night, and was very glad to get it. . . . I do not like to ask too many favors or to make too many requests at a time ; but you

said in your letter that you would send me another box afterwhile, and wanted me to tell you what to send. So I thought I would tell you in this letter, and you can send it when you get a good chance. We would like to have a Christmas dinner out of the box, but you need not be to the trouble to go to the station (16 or 18 miles away) on purpose to express it, and if you think I am too extravagant you must cut me off. Now what to put in :

Butter and strained honey, all that you can spare; some of that nice sausage E— spoke of in her letter would taste as good as anything; a chicken or two well stuffed and roasted; two or three mince pies well packed would come through safely, and all the cake you can send would be very acceptable; sponge and jelly cake would come through just as well as fruit cake: I assure you none of it will be obliged to keep very long after it gets here. Dried and canned fruit, of such as you have and can spare, and in such quantities as your supply will admit. But if you send dried fruit I would like some sugar to sweeten it with, for our rations of sugar are too small to use much for such purposes. A little tea, and if you can get such a tincup as I want, I would like it very much—one that will hold about a pint and a half, with a cover and a nose that I can make tea in and use for other cooking purposes over the camp-fire, and could carry in my haversack. If you could

put in a little cheese and some apples I think the box would be complete. . . . One thing more. Some of the boys say, tell them to put in some fried cakes, as many as you are a mind to. Now if you think I am too extravagant in my requests I will say again, cut me down. . . . I must close, for my candle is nearly out. By the way, a few candles put in the box would be a good thing—yes, and another pair of stockings. Give my love to all, and please write soon and often.

Your affectionate son,

J. S. MASON.

CAMP CARTER(?) DANVILLE,)
July 26, 1863. }

Dear Parents:

Last night our Colonel received a dispatch giving us the news of the surrender of John Morgan and all his force near Zanesville, and although it was Sunday night, the little grove where we were encamped, rang with cheer after cheer from the boys, who turned out of their bunks as the news passed along the regiment and we could hear the bands playing and the cheering, and were a most happy set of men over the good news.

J. S. MASON.

SHOOTING A REBEL SCOUT.

Some time in June, 1864, when the One Hundred and Third was on the right of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga., and a goodly number of the regiment were on vedette duty, John Strangue, of Company H, was posted on a bridle path in a thickly wooded field about 4 o'clock in the morning. In a short time a noise was heard in front as of something running around here and there, and seemed to be a large animal of some kind. It finally showed up in the shape of a large black dog. The movements of the dog made Strangue feel very suspicious, and he put his bayonet on and attempted to get Mr. Dog on the end of it, but it was no go. Soon there was another noise more heavy. Vedette Strangue was standing in the rain and behind a tree in a listening attitude, when this noise came nearer, and of a sudden came into sight not more than four or five rods away in the shape of a cavalryman with gun at a trail. Strangue halted him. As he did so, the rebel and his horse, as it proved to be, turned to escape, but John's Enfield rifle was too quick for him. Crack! went the gun. The horse with his rider leaped into the thick brush and disappeared. Examination was made and a pair of saddle bags was found with a piece of bone torn from the man's breast. The saddle bags were smeared with blood, and the inside

contained quite a number of letters and a memorandum book of much value to the Union army, as was stated at the time. Neither the man nor the horse was ever found, although that bullet from Strangue's gun was undoubtedly his death knell.

AS TOLD BY STRANGUE TO H. P. CHAPMAN.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD AT RESACA.

A letter from Chaplain Hubbard, of the One Hundred and Third Regiment, to the Herald, giving much information as to its losses in the recent fighting in Georgia, will be read with interest by many. The regiment was raised in the counties of Cuyahoga, Lorain and Medina. It was commanded, in the absence of Colonel Casement, by Captain W. W. Hutchinson, of this city, who was killed in the action:

CHATTANOOGA, May 20, 1864.

Editors Herald:—I send to you for publication the following list of killed and wounded from the One Hundred and Third Regiment O. V. I. Our loss was met with in the battle near Resaca, Ga., on the 14th inst. Our regiment was on the left of the brig-

ade (General Manson's), and went into the fight four hundred strong, under the command of Captain W. W. Hutchinson. Our brigade charged the enemy's works, and of course our loss was heavy. Captain J. T. Philpot was killed while gallantly leading his men into the works of the enemy. He was struck by a solid shot, and his body nearly severed. As he sank to the earth, to rise no more, he exclaimed, "We are driving the enemy," and so he died. A more faithful and braver soldier never gave his life for his country's good. There was a calm look of satisfaction upon his brow even in death, which seemed to say, "I have done what I could for my dear native land." In that charge fell many of our brave boys, and just as the foe, beaten and panic-stricken, fled from the works, Captain Hutchinson was struck and killed by a musket ball. Bravely had he led the regiment into the thickest of the fight, over the outer line of rifle pits and close up to the main position of the enemy. He fell in advance of his men, and even in death waved his hand to the boys to cheer them on.

We have the proud satisfaction of having carried our flag farthest to the front of any regiment that fought on that day. Our brave Color Sergeant, Martin Striebler, Company E, was killed, and falling upon the flag he had borne so bravely, stained it with his blood. Brave boy! we buried him where he

fell, and the battle-scarred trees that stand as sentinels over his grave will tell to all visitors how fiercely the battle raged around him. But I must haste to give you our long list of fallen, and let it suffice to say that all did their duty, fought bravely and successfully.

KILLED.

Captain W. W. Hutchinson, commanding regiment; Captain J. T. Philpot, Company D; Color Sergeant Robert Schuyler, Company D; Color Sergeant Martin Striebler, Company E; John Bacon, Company H; Andrew Clingman, Company E; Harry Kennard, Company B.

WOUNDED.

COMPANY A.

Corporal Charles Cole, face, badly; Franklin Gould, left hand; Homer Jerome, finger, wrist and shoulder; James Canfield, foot; Harris P. Losey, arm, amputated; Ezra A. Brewster, hip, flesh.

COMPANY B.

Charles Brown, thigh, badly; Sergeant Lewis Prindle, hand, slight; Corporal C. M. Warner, leg, fracture; C. H. Miller, right arm, slight; Matthew Hoeflinger, left thigh, fracture; Corporal Elisha A. Osborn, cheek, slight.

COMPANY C.

Patrick Riley, leg, flesh; James Welsch, eye, very

severe; Corporal A. M. Young, left side, severe; John W. Welsch, thorax, died, May 18.

COMPANY D.

Earl Kennedy, knee and wrist, very severe; F. G. Parr, great toe, very slight; Wm. M. Bosworth, hip, shell, slight; Otis Button, knee, shell, bad; Sergeant Geo. D. Goodsell, left thigh, amputated, probably mortal; Thomas Martin, right cheek, slight, by shell; M. L. Bull, very slight, returned to duty; Patrick McGuire, arm, shell, amputated at shoulder joint, it is feared fatal.

COMPANY E.

Corporal Geo. W. Simonds, legs, flesh; James Cobb, arm, slight; Corporal Jabez G. Puffer, right lung, probably mortal.

COMPANY F.

Frank Nolan, fingers, amputated; Robt. Penson, right thigh, fractured, bad; Frank Oberly, finger, slight; Selden Hall, left shoulder, severe; Frank Sherburn, leg, flesh; Sergeant Wm. H. Ayers, left thigh, bad; Edward Hackett, leg, flesh.

COMPANY G.

Albert Dunham, hip, severe; — Shrier, very slightly.

COMPANY H.

Chapin M. Bannister, hip, severe; Harrison McCloy, shoulder and breast, severe; Charles Lowman,

thigh, severe; Thomas Harrison, shoulder, severe, ball lodged; Emery N. Chapman, right hand, ball lodged; John S. Warnock, thigh, severe; Wm. G. Taylor, thigh, severe; Orderly James Allen, concussion of shell, slight; Byron McNeal, left great toe, slight; Loren Bement, finger amputated; Cephas Castle, abdomen, probably mortal; Thomas O. Fretter, right arm, amputated, not dangerous; Color Corporal Solomon Alcott, thigh, flesh, severe; O. Whittaker, thigh, flesh, severe; Sergeant Francis Freeman, by concussion of shell, very slight; Ira Griswold, concussion of shell; Paul Dumas, concussion of shell; Augustus Towner, flesh, severe.

COMPANY I.

James Houghland, finger, amputated; Harmon Hipensteal, thigh, severe; Edwin Wise, head, skull fractured, severe; Corporal Stephen Schlabac, not severely; Henry Acker, wounded in hip, and while being carried from the field received another shot through the body, which will doubtless prove fatal; Wm. F. Welling, hip, flesh, severe. Had three other wounds which were slight; Edwin Bishop, supposed to have been slightly wounded, but having been taken to the hospital of another corps, his exact condition is not yet known.

COMPANY K.

Alonzo N. Holcomb, thigh severe; David Hohl, arm and eye, severe; Gottlieb Otterbach; Sergeant

Augustus Stevens, thigh, severe; Corporal John J. Forbes, died of wounds, May 16. The wounded are being removed to Chattanooga as fast as possible.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD OHIO AT RESACA.

The following article was taken from the Cleveland Leader, June 2, 1864, by Mrs. O. M. Gates, Fulton, Mich., and is treasured with great care:

Surgeon L. D. Griswold, of the One Hundred and Third Ohio, has written a letter to his wife, describing the part taken by that regiment in the fight at Resaca. The letter is published in the Elmira Democrat, and from it we make the following extracts describing some incidents of the day. Dr. Griswold says:

"Our regiment advanced amidst a perfect hail storm of shot and shell. Soon Captain Philpot, of Company D, fell while gallantly leading forward his company. He was killed instantly by a shell. In a moment after Captain Hutchinson, who was in command of the regiment, was stricken down by a musket ball through his body. His only words were, 'Boys, we are driving them.' In that mo-

ment of mortal agony he had no thought for himself. The command then devolved upon Captain Hayes, of Company F, and he led them gallantly forward, passing up the hill and driving the rebels from their first line of entrenchments. Our regiment went into battle with 350 bayonets. Of that number, as near as I can ascertain, eight were killed, besides the two Captains, and seventy-two wounded. More than one-fifth of the brave boys fell upon that fatal field.

"I am informed that the clothing of nearly every man in the company was perforated. I am sure I shall be pardoned if I refer particularly to Corp. Ira Griswold. He has displayed his bravery on two occasions, so as to attract particular notice. At Armstrong's Hill, near Knoxville, last fall, he not only used his own gun with effect upon the enemy, but whenever a wounded comrade fell he would pick up his gun, discharge it, and then throw it away. In the late battle he was knocked down by the concussion of a shell and stunned for a moment. He soon rallied and pitched in again with renewed fury. Sergeant Freeman was so much injured by the concussion of a shell that he has been in the hospital since, unfit for duty. Our color sergeant, Martin Striebler, of Company E, was killed while bearing the colors in front of the regiment. He fell upon the flag and stained it with his blood. Another soldier also fell upon it and left blood stains upon it. It was so

near the enemy's second line of works that it was not recovered until dark.

"I should have stated that General Manson, commanding our brigade, was so injured by the concussion of a shell, which exploded near him, that he was carried from the field senseless. One of General Schofield's aids was killed by the same shell. Some of the wounds are of a frightful character. A number are shot through the face, neck and eyes. A number of dead bodies have been brought from the field and buried near the hospital, which, with the dead belonging to the hospital, number already over twenty. Captains Philpot and Hutchinson lie side by side. We cannot make boxes for our dead. We lay them gently and tenderly in their graves in their uniforms, cover them with green boughs, and fill up the graves after appropriate services.

"On the 16th I rode with our excellent chaplain over the battlefield. I can never describe the sight I saw. I first went to the place where our regiment made their charge. How it is possible that a single man escaped with life is more than I can understand. Trees as large as my arm were cut down by the hundred by musket balls, and made into brush brooms. Others that were standing had, in many instances, twenty perforations within a distance of the foot, and there our brave boys stood in that hail-storm of death, without fear or excitement, returning shot for

shot. A new recruit of Company H lay behind a rotten log, which was completely riddled, taking as deliberate aim as if he was at a shooting match. I saw the log. He informs me that Corporal Mills Blain was standing up fully exposed, and delivered his fire with great deliberation. If he drew a bead on a rebel and the rebel stepped aside, he would lower his gun and wait another opportunity. Pools of blood, broken guns, perforated canteens, bloody knapsacks and haversacks nearly covered the ground, and lying scattered about were letters from the loved ones at home, as if the wounded and dying soldier in his hour of agony took his final look upon these tokens of affection, and his thoughts turned involuntarily towards home and friends."

[Cleveland Daily Herald, June, 1865.]

RETURN OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD.

The Medina Gazette spoke in the following complimentary terms of the reception of the One Hundred and Third Regiment in this city:

On the afternoon of Monday, the 19th inst., the One Hundred and Third Ohio entered Cleveland, by

the C. & P. R. R. The train was greeted by demonstrations of welcome from every house and yard, and the space around the depot was thronged by anxious friends. After enjoying a good wash, the men fell in, and the regiment marched in column of companies, headed by brass and martial bands, to the public square, where they stacked arms and were welcomed by a short and appropriate speech by Mr. Pickands. By this time they were quite ready for the handsome dinner which had been prepared under the pavilion on the square, and tried to do ample justice to it. They agreed that it was the best thing of the kind they had seen since leaving Ohio.

The Medina county boys thought it only surpassed in their soldier experience by the dinner prepared for them by the good people of Brunswick, while on their way to Camp Cleveland, almost three years ago. Brunswick may rest assured that none of I and K companies will ever forget that generous repast.

After dinner the regiment again marched in column of companies through the streets toward the old quarters, which they found almost as they had left them in 1862. The march at each step was attended by an immense throng of citizens, by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs and flags from the windows and balconies.

The splendid military appearance of the regiment evincing the best qualities of the soldier, and thorough acquaintance with his arduous duties, was particularly marked by military men. Singularly enough, this point, so much cared for by the good soldier, was not mentioned in the flattering accounts of the reception by the Cleveland papers. The music to which the regiment marched so handsomely was their fine brigade brass band, headed by Jack Leland and Sim Hennessay, alternately with the regimental martial band led by Major Robinson, the best fifer in the world.

Altogether, the reception was very creditable, pleasant and satisfactory to all. Medina county, with her two sisters, Lorain and Cuyahoga, had reason to be proud of her share in the One Hundred and Third.

Only the sad accident on the railroad, by which two noble soldiers lost their lives and one or two more their limbs, together with the memory of the gallant men who fell in battle and skirmish among the mountains and forests of Tennessee and Georgia, detracted from the joy of the return and the welcome.

The inestimable services of the living and dead will be forever gratefully remembered by a land once more restored to liberty and peace through the bravery and endurance of her noble defenders.

The regiment was paid and finally discharged on Friday, and each man took his way homeward, to enjoy in quiet the welcome and society of bosom companions and friends, feeling the assurance that their work had been so well done that the country would not again need their services in the field.

REUNIONS.

The records of the reunions are incomplete from the fact that in the earlier years less was thought of the permanency of the organization than of the present enjoyment of each happy occasion. The writer therefore has labored under difficulties which, but for the kind assistance of comrades and the members of their families, would have been too great to overcome. Greater success might have been attained but for the lack of time to correspond after the call for the records was made. Our thanks are due to those who so promptly responded for their valuable contributions of facts. Without further explanations or apology we give a brief epitome of the facts in hand.

In the Elyria Independent Democrat, editor's column, date of December 11, 1867, occur the following remarks:

The Social Reunion of surviving members of the One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry was held in Cleveland. Surgeon L. D. Griswold of Elyria was called to the chair. A permanent organization was affected, called the Veteran Union of the One Hundred and Third Volunteer Infantry. L. D. Griswold was chosen president. A banquet was held in the evening, and the organization adjourned to meet in Elyria, on the 25th day of November, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M.

In the above named paper, date of December 2d, 1868, is given a two-column account of the Reunion of that year, held on Wednesday, November 25th, 1868, at Town Hall in Elyria, the anniversary of Armstrong's Hill. Meeting called to order by President L. D. Griswold of Elyria, who in his welcome address said, "Comrades of the One Hundred and Third Regiment, I am happy to greet you on this our Second Reunion, and welcome you to our pleasant town. More than three years have passed since you laid aside your muskets, your knapsacks and haversacks, and returned to the peaceful avocations of life."

An able address was then delivered by Colonel Hayes, editor of the Circleville Union.

Officers elected for ensuing year: L. D. Griswold re-elected president; Major Harry Pickands, vice president; Captain Scofield, secretary; and Albert

E. Fitch, treasurer. Captain Lewis S. Dilley was reported as died since last reunion, and suitable resolutions were passed.

Captain Booth, who, since last meeting, had been captured by one of Lorain county's fair daughters, was called on to relate his experience, which he did to the great enjoyment of his comrades. Major Pickands, who was suspected of being one of the obdurate few who still held out, was called on to define his position. He said he was still on the defensive, but promised to surrender at the next attack, and introduce Mrs. Major Pickands at the next reunion. Captain Rhodes also responded to the call. Captain Scofield confessed that he had become a benedict since last reunion. Colonel N. B. Gates, of Elyria, made a short speech. Editor Geo. G. Washburn said he was proud of the One Hundred and Third's officers and men; they had nobly done their duty. Captain Kennedy suggested that Colonel Hayes be requested to prepare a memorial of the services of the lamented Ex-Governor Tod, also the following sentiment, "The ladies of Elyria and the boys of Lorain County." Major Bullock of the 124th O. V. I. made a short speech. Also Major Steele of the 41st O. V. I., who said the only relation he bore to the One Hundred and Third Regiment, was that at Spring Hill he was sent out to determine whether the rebels in their front were infantry or cavalry, he

went almost within their lines, when they charged upon him, and he in turn charged back upon the One Hundred and Third, the nearest Yankee regiment he could find. He also offered the following sentiment, "General Jack Casement, the man who is trying to lay down as much railroad as the One Hundred and Third tore up." Private Paul Dumas was called on. Expressed himself briefly and eloquently. Lieutenant James Allen, Company H, said he was somewhat like General Grant—he could not make a speech. Sergeant Charles O. Roberts, Company A, said he was much pleased to be present on this occasion.

These newspaper accounts of the One Hundred and Third Reunions—first at Cleveland in 1867, and second at Elyria—with the fact that Surgeon Griswold, in his welcoming address at the latter place, spoke of the occasion as being the Regiment's second reunion, establish beyond a doubt the question of when and where the first two meetings were held.

1869.—The reunion was held in Cleveland, November 25, 1869, in the G. A. R. Hall. The first meeting was held at 10 A. M., at which officers were elected as follows: President, Dr. Griswold; Vice-President, Sergeant N. L. Cotton; Secretary, Captain Quirk; Treasurer, Captain J. F. Kennedy. A committee was appointed on constitution and by-laws. At 2 P. M. a paper was read by Col. P. C.

Hayes. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the meeting adjourned to meet in Cleveland on November 25, 1870.

1870.—No record of the meeting held in Cleveland this year can be obtained.

1871.—One hundred comrades met in Cleveland in 1871. Colonel J. S. Casement was elected President; Major Harry Pickands, Captain Stockwell, and Sergeant Sewell were chosen Vice-Presidents; Captain Quirk, Secretary; and Captain Kennedy, Treasurer. This meeting adjourned to meet in Medina, O., September 10, 1872.

1872.—The reunion was held in Medina, September 10, at the Phenix Hall. The citizens gave the attendants a grand dinner, and a most enjoyable time was had, but no record of the meeting was handed down.

1873.—On September 17 the reunion met in Wellington, O. Colonel Hayes presided. A good number of the comrades were present. The forenoon was given to handshaking. At noon a fine dinner was served at the hotel. After dinner the comrades marched to the public square and listened to an eloquent address by General R. B. Hayes, who was followed with shorter addresses by S. S. Warner and C. W. Horr. At this meeting Colonel Hayes introduced his history of the regiment and put it on sale, which met with a warm welcome and a liberal purchase.

1874.—This year the reunion was held July 3d and 4th at the home of Colonel J. S. Casement, in Painesville, O. In speaking of it one comrade said, "We had a big time." On the evening of July 3d the Colonel spread a splendid banquet, and this was followed by a dance in his front yard. July 4th the comrades took part in the celebration of the day and listened to a fine address by General James A. Garfield, marching to and from the place of speaking. As Colonel Casement could not furnish beds for all present, the comrades slept on the floors, in the house, on the porches, in the barns, and on the lawn in tents.

1875.—The reunion was held in the town hall in Chagrin Falls, O., September 10. At the forenoon meeting, speeches and songs were enjoyed. At noon a bountiful dinner was served, the wives of the soldiers having charge.

1876.—Met in Cleveland, July 3d and 4th. No records.

1877.—Met in Solon, O., Sept. 10. No records.

1878.—The reunion was held at Chippewa Lake, September 9th and 10th, and a good social time was had. During the meeting, Major Lewis of the 124th O. V. I. delivered an address which was much enjoyed.

1879.—The reunion was held at Lagrange, O., early in September, and continued two days. A

large number of the comrades and their wives and families were present, among whom was Colonel Casement. At this meeting our present plan of encampment was first discussed. The first few reunions the comrades alone attended; afterward the wives and families were invited and began to attend, and the meetings lengthened from one to two days. At this meeting the plan of going into camp began to be discussed. Colonel Casement offered to give one hundred dollars to start a fund to purchase tents. No decision was reached, and the matter was left over to the next meeting.

1880.—The regiment met at Ridgeville, O., August 17 and 18. The first day was given to greetings and social enjoyment. On the 18th, at 10 a. m., a meeting was held in the town hall for organization. Thence, escorted by the Ridgeville Cornet Band, the company marched to the grove. A welcome address by D. J. Nye was responded to by L. D. Griswold. After dinner an address was delivered by Colonel P. C. Hayes.

1881.—This year the reunion was held at Olmsted Falls, O., August 10 and 11, and proved to be a very large and enthusiastic gathering. At this meeting Comrade J. S. Hendrickson entertained on a most generous scale.

1882.—Reunion held at Bedford, O., August 16 and 17, Dr. L. D. Griswold presiding. C. H. Kim-

ball was secretary. The regiment was entertained by the citizens and a bountiful dinner was served. The tents were all pitched and in readiness for the comrades upon their arrival. The principal attractions at this meeting were the old regimental flags and Comrade Bramley's old army horse "Chub."

1883.—The reunion was held at Berea, O., August 22 and 23. The tents were all up and in readiness, but the citizens generously entertained all those in attendance. Dr. Griswold presided at the business meeting. On the second day a sumptuous dinner was served. At the close of the meeting the boys declared that this had been one of the most enjoyable occasions they had attended.

1884.—Dr. Griswold presided at the reunion held this year, August 20 and 21, in Nottingham, O., and a very pleasant time was had. From this time the records have been preserved by the comrades, and from these minutes the following items are taken:

1885.—Vermillion, O., August 18, 19, 20 and 21. Prior to this meeting a vote had been taken to hold all reunions in August and to continue four days. The comrades' minutes record the election of the following officers: Dr. Griswold, President; Dr. Brinkerhoff, Colonel J. S. Casement, C. M. Mead, Vice-Presidents; Sergeant Cotton, Treasurer; C. H. Kimball, Secretary. The committee on program

recommended that the first day be a social day; that the musicians come prepared with patriotic songs. The president delivered an address, and responses to calls brought out short addresses by comrades. At the business meeting it was ordered that the third day be the business day, and that on this day the roll be called and that the annual dues be paid. The Quartermaster was instructed to have everything in readiness each year on the first day of the meeting. Preparation to include water supply, straw for tents and stoves for cooking. On the third day an oration was delivered at 2 P. M. by W. B. Higbee, of Bedford.

1886.—At Brooklyn, O., August 18, 19 and 20. Officers were elected as follows: Dr. Griswold, President; Brinkerhoff, Mason, G. A. Hubbard, Vice-Presidents; C. H. Kimball, Secretary; Sergeant Cotton, Treasurer; J. S. Mason, Quartermaster.

1887.—Chippewa Lake, August 16, 17, 18 and 19. The first two days were devoted to a general "go-as-you-please" time. On the 18th the meeting was called to order by the 2d Vice-President. After the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer the following officers were elected: President, G. A. Hubbard, of Berea, O.; Vice-Presidents, H. A. Mills, S. M. Armour, W. B. Higbee; Secretary, James Warrnock; Treasurer, T. J. Poole; Quartermaster, D. W. Hyland. Comrade Kimball stated that he had

served the association as Secretary for seventeen years. A vote of thanks was tendered him and all the retiring officers. The office of Honorary President was created and conferred upon our esteemed comrade, L. D. Griswold. At the close of the business meeting the President called Comrades Daniel Collier and D. A. Wells to the stand, and in a brief little speech Comrade Wells presented to Comrade Collier a fork and spoon. The facts are these: David and Daniel Collier, brothers, and members of Company K, One Hundred and Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, served faithfully until November 25, 1863, when David was mortally wounded. He was taken from the battle-field of Armstrong Hill to the Bell House hospital in Knoxville, where he died a few days thereafter. Just before his death he gave to his brother Daniel a fork and spoon, which Daniel carried until the close of the war. On the way home Daniel was injured in a railway accident near Altoona, Pa. Fearing his injuries might prove fatal he gave the fork and spoon to Comrade Wells, with instructions to keep them until they should meet again. This being their first meeting, the fork and spoon were restored to their rightful owner.

1888.—Regiment met at Randall's Grove. The first two days were spent in the usual hand-shaking and greetings of comrades and their families. The business meeting was called to order by President



G. A. Hubbard at 1:30 P. M., August 23. After the reading of the reports of the secretary and treasurer, letters from absent comrades were read, and resolutions on the death of comrades who had answered to their last roll call were passed.

The officers elected were—President, G. A. Hubbard; Vice-Presidents, H. A. Mills, Jas. Allen, N. L. Cotton; Secretary and Treasurer, Jas. Warnock; Quartermaster, D. W. Hyland.

The annual campfire was held on Thursday evening, the twenty-third. This campfire was enlivened by the recitation by Comrade T. H. Williams of the famous rabbit story, which caused side-splitting laughter by old and young. It will be remembered while life lasts.

1889.—Ninety-one members met in reunion at Randall's Grove, August 20–28. The regular business meeting was held, President G. A. Hubbard in the chair, and the following officers were elected—President, David H. Brinkerhoff; Vice-Presidents, J. S. Mason, Ira Henderson, John Silborn; Secretary and Treasurer, James Warnock; Quartermaster, D. W. Hyland. Color Sergeant John Silborn being called upon gave his version of the time, place and circumstances of the presentation of a flag to the regiment by ladies of Cleveland. Comrade C. W. Mead gave a different statement, and President Hubbard read another version from the journal history

of Colonel Hayes. The unanimous conclusion was that the regiment received the flag and that the rebels never got it.

1890.—The twenty-fourth annual reunion was held at Randall's Grove, August 19–25. Eighty-six members answered to the roll call. The business meeting was called to order by President Brinkerhoff. The secretary and treasurer reported, and resolutions in memory of the soldiers who had died during the year, were passed.

J. G. Walton was elected President; T. H. Williams, James Allen and N. L. Cotton were chosen Vice-Presidents; James Warnock was chosen Secretary and Treasurer; and D. W. Hyland, Quartermaster.

1891.—The twenty-fifth annual reunion was held at Randall's Grove, August 18–25. President Walton called the business meeting to order at 1:30 P. M., the 20th, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read. Letters from absent members were read and memorial resolutions were passed. Officers were elected as follows: President, N. L. Cotton; Vice-Presidents, A. F. Parsons and C. W. Mead; Secretary and Treasurer, Jas. Warnock; Quartermaster, H. P. Chapman.

The question of more tents was raised and the quartermaster was instructed to secure them with money secured by contribution. The silver began

to rattle on the secretary's table and \$22.50 was soon raised. At this point the ladies' society, as usual, came to the assistance of the comrades. They said that as this was the twenty-fifth or silver reunion they wished to contribute five dollars in that metal to be added to the tent fund. This gift was accepted with thanks and the usual "God bless the ladies."

This meeting will long be remembered by the comrades present. So far as numbers were concerned it was not as much of a success as some others, but when we remember the amount of money raised and the endless fun enjoyed, all were constrained to say that it was a great success, and that it was good to be there. Comrades will not forget the entertainment given by the ladies at their campfire. And when the smoke of both campfires had been blown into the lake or into the eyes of the comrades they were surprised to see the fires rekindled and burn brighter than ever the next evening. This it will be remembered was the first of our young people's campfires. The beautiful songs they sang, the fine orations and the eloquent speeches, and the jolly fun they made will not soon be forgotten. Nor can anything dim the memory of the ice cream they served after the campfire nor the kind words of their spokesman, when he presented their contribution of \$5 to the tent fund. God bless the young people of the association!

1892—The twenty-sixth annual reunion was held at Randall's Grove, August 16-22. The meeting was called to order August 18th at 10 A. M. by President N. L. Cotton. Reports were read and approved. Letters from absent members were read expressing regrets at not being able to be present. Ten deaths were reported as having occurred since the last meeting. Resolutions were passed relative to the departed. These beautiful thoughts were expressed: "We feel sure that no man's life is a failure, but a grand success, who fulfilled his obligation as a soldier and helped to put down the Rebellion. Such a life was a privilege accorded to many men, but only once along the ages. These dead heroes fulfilled that mission, and their memory is a rich heritage to the widow and the orphan and the nation.

Over the blue of the lake and the sky,
And the flag for which we once dared to die,
Over the flame of its blood-red bars,
Over the gleam of its glistening stars.

At the final reunion one and all
We shall meet to answer the roster call,
And leave our boys and girls the fame
Of a soldier's sacred untarnished name."

Mrs. C. Y. Durand presented the association with a beautiful flag and delivered a patriotic speech. President Cotton responded on behalf of the association, and speeches were made by Colonel J. S. Casement, G. A. Hubbard and G. S. Judd. The following

officers were elected:—President, A. F. Parsons; Vice Presidents, Ira Henderson, W. H. Weeden, C. H. Kimball; Secretary and Treasurer, James Warnock, Q. M., H. P. Chapman.

1893—The twenty-seventh annual reunion was held at Randall's Grove, August 15–22. President A. F. Parsons called the meeting to order Thursday, August 17th, at 10 A. M. Before proceeding with the usual business, Comrade Williams, of Company A, presented the association with a handsome gavel made of wood from that never-to-be-forgotten Armstrong Hill, where many of the brave boys of the regiment fell. Comrade N. L. Cotton responded, and a vote of thanks was tendered Comrade Williams. Reports were read and approved. Four comrades were reported as having passed from earth the past year, and suitable resolutions were passed. The following were elected officers:—J. S. Mason, President; L. B. Wells, C. O. Roberts and S. M. Armour, Vice Presidents; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Van Orman; Q. M., H. P. Chapman. Thursday evening a campfire was held, speeches were made by J. S. Mason, J. Warnock, Rev. Early, S. H. Williams and others. Fine music was rendered by the Cotton quartet, which was enjoyed by all.

1894—The twenty-eighth reunion was held at Randall's Grove, August 21–28. This meeting was largely attended. President J. S. Mason presided.

A comrade writing of the meeting says: "As Colonel J. S. Casement was with us, it was more interesting than usual, for the Colonel always has something of interest to propose. This time he was called on for a speech, and as near as I can remember, it was something like this. 'Boys, you all know I am not a speech maker, but I have something to say this time. This is a nice place to hold your meetings, and I like everything but your method of boarding. I think these gals have too much work to do, cooking and washing dishes. Now, I have a proposition to make you, which is this: If you will appoint a quartermaster and have him buy all the provisions for the crowd, and hire cooks to cook and wait upon you, I will give you a large cooking range, also dishes, knives, forks and spoons enough to run the whole shebang, and guarantee that it will not cost you to exceed ten cents a meal for adults and five cents a meal for children under twelve years of age.' Some of the comrades shook their heads, and they thought that it could not be done. Comrade T. H. Williams said that if we fell short we might call on him for twenty-five dollars to pay the shortage. The Colonel's proposition was accepted and D. W. Hyland was appointed quartermaster to have charge, and the following ladies were appointed a committee to assist him in carrying out the plan of mess boarding, viz: Mrs. W. J. Lawrence, Mrs. James Redfern

and Mrs. Solly Stevens. The Colonel further offered to furnish a lot of tents, mattresses and blankets for the use of the comrades." Seven comrades were reported as having passed from this life during the year. The usual resolutions were adopted.

James Warnock was elected President; Joseph Nicely, W. J. Lawrence and James Horton, Vice Presidents; J. C. Van Orman, Secretary and Treasurer. At this meeting a minie ball, picked up on the battlefield of Resaca, was presented to the association by a comrade—name unknown—and it was decided to attach it to the gavel presented by T. H. Williams. A very pleasant campfire with excellent music was highly enjoyed by all.

1895.—Twenty-ninth annual reunion, Randall's Grove, August 21–28, President Joseph VanOrman presiding. Letters from absent comrades who desired to be remembered were read. Seven deaths reported. Usual reports and resolutions.

At this meeting it became apparent that a building would be needed in which to store the gifts of Colonel Casement and other property during the interim of meetings. A subscription taken for the erection of such a building resulted in raising \$49 by the comrades, \$11.50 by the ladies and \$5.00 by the sons and daughters, total \$65.50. With this encouragement a building committee was appointed, an agreement was entered into with Mr. Randall,

and the building was erected and finished by the comrades before the encampment broke up. Some planed, some used the saw, some the hammer, and each did cheerfully what his hand found to do. This building is used during the encampment for a kitchen. A large tent, pitched in front, serves as a dining room. During this first year the new plan of mess boarding proved a financial success and gave the ladies more time for rest and recreation.

The subject of a history for the regiment was brought forward by Comrade J. S. Mason, and it was discussed, resulting in the appointment of a committee on regimental history, consisting of J. S. Mason, N. L. Cotton, Henry Mills, G. A. Hubbard and J. C. VanOrman. The committee was requested to report at the next reunion. Election of officers resulted in the election of J. C. VanOrman, President; Jos. Nicely, Chas. Lanagan and E. P. French, Vice-Presidents. The campfire as usual passed off very enjoyably to all.

1896.—Randall's Grove, August 20-27, thirtieth annual reunion. President, J. C. VanOrman. Reports, letters from absentees, and resolutions as usual. Eleven deaths had occurred during the year. Officers elected—President, Wm. J. Lawrence; Vice-Presidents, H. P. Chapman, J. M. Horton and Chas. Lanagan; Secretary and Treasurer, N. L. Cotton; Quartermaster, Job Alexander.

The interest in the proposed regimental history proved unabated, and further time was given the committee.

The campfire at this meeting was greatly increased in interest by the giving of glowing accounts of recent visits to some of the old battle-fields and camp grounds in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, by Comrade Williams and Mrs. Mason, bringing fresh to the memory of the boys the struggles of 1861-65. A communication was received from the ladies of the One Hundred and Third Regiment, requesting the appointment of a chaplain to conduct religious services during the encampment. In response to this request, Comrade James Warnock was elected to this office. Altogether this was a very pleasant encampment.

1897—Thirty-first reunion, Randall's Grove, August 20-27. Meeting presided over by President Wm. J. Lawrence. The usual routine business was transacted. Reports were read, resolutions passed, letters from absent comrades listened to and the following officers were elected. President, H. P. Chapman; Vice Presidents, Lyman Knowles and Thomas Allen, Secretary and Treasurer, N. L. Cotton, Q.M., Job Alexander, Chaplain, Dr. D. Brinkerhoff.

At this meeting the President pitched his tent near the entrance gate, so that he might be the first to meet and welcome every old comrade and family

to this reunion in the grove by the lake. At this reunion the young people, who are always thinking up something new and interesting during the night, while the older ones were resting on their hard mattresses, engaged in naming the tents and many spots about the camp, after the places and battle grounds and camps that they had heard mentioned. Such as Buzzards' Roost, Armstrong's Hill, Rookery, Rectory, Plymouth Rock, Lovers' Lane, Orphan Pups, Female Hens and Headquarters. The president's place had the honor of being named the White House. The campfires were of unusual interest, Thomas Allen of Company H, sang "That Faded Coat of Blue," and Dr. Brinkerhoff told the boys how they became headquarter guards to General Schofield. Comrade T. H. Williams read a vivid description of the retreat from Pulaski to Nashville prepared by Lieutenant Levi Scofield, who was called away before the campfire. The music furnished by the Cotton family was very fine. Mrs. Hart had charge.

, 1898.—August 16 to 24, at Randall's Grove. Thirty-second reunion. This meeting was presided over by President H. P. Chapman and was called to order at 10 A. M. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the Secretary and Treasurer's report read and accepted. Balance on hand in the bank, ninety-five and twenty-three one

hundredth dollars. Letters from absent comrades were read and resolutions of respect passed in honor of comrades who had passed to the unknown shore in the last year. Committee's report on the One Hundred and Third history was favorable and farther time was given to prosecute the work. On the 20th a business meeting was called for the purpose of electing trustees for the One Hundred and Third Association, one for three years, one for two years, and the Quartermaster to be the third one for the one year. The following were elected: H. P. Chapman, three years; N. L. Cotton, two years; Lyman Knowles, Quartermaster, for one year. It was also moved and supported that the trustees proceed to insure the camp equipage of the One Hundred and Third Association to the amount of \$500, and finally it was resolved that no person is entitled to wear a One Hundred and Third badge except honorably discharged soldiers, members of the regiment and their wives and widows.

Our camp fire this year, as usual, was very entertaining, and closed by Thomas Allen, of Company H, and wife singing a beautiful song composed by himself. Officers elected for the coming year were: President, T. H. Williams; Vice-Presidents, O. A. Gleason, D. W. Hyland, T. J. Pool; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Van Orman; Quartermaster, Lyman Knowles; Chaplain, N. L. Cotton.



1899.—The thirty-third and last reunion was held in the beautiful and delightful camping grounds at Randall's Grove, Lorain County, O., August 15 to 22 of this year. The meeting was presided over by President Thomas H. Williams. The reports were read and adopted, letters from absent comrades were listened to with deep interest, a number of deaths reported, and all felt as the century was drawing towards its close that the now greatly depleted ranks were rapidly growing thinner. The events of the year had impressed this fact, however, deeply on the loyal hearts of the old heroes and their wives, that their sons had inherited all the patriotism of their fathers, and their daughters were proving worthy descendants of their mothers, and that the old flag would never lack for victorious defenders, nor the downtrodden of earth want for heroic liberators. Chaplain Hubbard made a short address to the sons and daughters, saying: "You sons and daughters of the One Hundred and Third will soon have to assume the labors, responsibilities and patriotic efforts of your fathers and mothers, who will have passed away. You must be armed and equipped for the conflict of life. Be honest. Be patriotic, and do good one to another, and you will feel at the end that the world is better for your having been in it." Truly, the Chaplain was the originator of the young people's association.

This gathering was the largest of any ever held by the association. The weather was perfect during the entire week. The camp fires, as usual, were very fine. Music furnished by the Jubilee Singers (colored) of the Young People's Association. Officers elected: President, J. Nicely; Vice-Presidents, Ira Henderson, T. J. Poole, James Redfern; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Van Orman; Quartermaster, Job Alexander; Chaplain, N. L. Cotton.

DEATHS REPORTED.

In 1887, the 21st reunion of the One Hundred and Third, held at Chippewa Lake, is the first time we have any record, and that is very incomplete. The following-named have been reported :

Cyrus Y. Durand, Company H, August 5, 1887.
Captain Norris P. Stockwell, Company A.
Wesley B. Smith, Company K.

22D REUNION, 1888.

Joseph M. Snyder, Company A, January, 5, 1888.
Augustus Towner, Company H, October 10, 1887.

23D REUNION, 1889.

Capt. J. F. Kennedy, Company C, May 20, 1889.
Thos. Worthey, Company E, September 5, 1888.



Thos. Falkner, Company C, April 7, 1889.

Charles Yetter, Company K.

Sherman Johnson, Company I.

Charles Averill, Company D, July, 1889,

24TH REUNION, 1890.

Hugh F. Goudy, Company A.

James DeLong, Company E.

Sergeant Marvin Z. Bruce, Company H, January
27, 1890.

Lucius Abbey, Company K.

George Thorn, Company G.

25TH REUNION, 1891.

Lieutenant James Allen, Company H, December
22, 1890.

Cornelius Courtier, Company D.

Capt. Chas. D. Rhodes, Company G, 1895.

26TH REUNION, 1892.

Orcemus Howe, Company K.

James Mote, Company A, January 18, 1892.

Sergeant E. L. Bradley, Company A.

A. E. Esty, Company A, December 18, 1891.

John Holfman, Company A, December 27, 1891.

W. H. Caley, Company D, February, 1892.

Chas. Sumner, Company A, July 14, 1892.

Francis Reynolds, Company K, July, 1891.

Joseph D. Goodrich, Company F, Aug. 25, 1891.

James Cunningham, Company C, May 1, 1892.

27TH REUNION, 1893.

John Mountain, Company H, August 11, 1893.

Jonas Bitner, Company I.

Lieut. E. P. Reynolds, Company C, March 27,
1893.

Joseph A. Horning, Company C.

28TH REUNION, 1894.

Lieut. M. S. Root, Company K.

Sergeant Frank Bushman, Company G.

Steven Whitney, Company C.

Quartermaster Clark W. Quirk, Company H, No-
vember 17, 1893.

George W. Sheffield, Company D.

Capt. Lyman B. Wilcox, Company I.

Francis E. Pelton, Company H.

29TH REUNION, 1895.

Lieut. David Smock, Company K.

G. R. Cannon, Company I.

W. B. Higbee, Company D.

James Erwin, Company B.

Sergeant Theodore Kirner, Company G.

Henry Hisler, Company K.

Drum Major W. F. Robinson.

30TH REUNION, 1896.

Daniel McColley, Company K, April 25, 1895.

Robert Crawford, Company A, March 17, 1894.

James Watkins, Company A, June 2, 1896.

Henry Whitney, Company F, June 1, 1896.



Chas. E. Wallace, Company E, March 7, 1896.
Henry Schuler, Company K, September 8, 1895.
Hiram B. Ferris, Company B, June 28, 1896.
Louis Rolling, Company C, February 10, 1896.
Patterson Fauver, Company H, June 23, 1896.
Edward C. Kelley, Company E, 1896.

31ST REUNION, 1897.

Otis Eddy, Company A.
George B. Fenn, Company F, July, 1897.
Thomas Fell, Company D, March, 1897.
Martin Frisbee, Company D, June 19, 1897.
J. E. Freer, Company E, October, 1897.
Seeley Urias, Company H, January 9, 1897.
James Collins, Company H, July 25, 1897.
Jeremiah Brannan, Company H, April 5, 1885.
Corporal Wm. Stowell, Company A, August, 1897.
Sergeant Jas. Lyons, Company H, July 1, 1898.
Adjutant J. S. White, March 31, 1897.
Surgeon L. D. Griswold, July 9, 1897.

32D REUNION, 1898.

Sergeant J. S. Mason, Company F, May 14, 1898.
Edward Hackett, Company F, September, 1897.
Edward Linder, Company F, May 24.
Lieut. P. B. Parsons, Company H, April 25, 1898.
L. B. Page, Company B, 1897.
Sergeant T. R. Babb, Company G, 1898.
Corporal Robert Nevill, Company E.
Dr. George Butler.

Caleb H. Cook, Company B.

H. R. Ferris, Company E.

G. W. Reed, Company I.

William Sutton, Company K.

33D REUNION, 1899.

Capt. John Booth, Company H, Feb. 24, 1899.

George Gifford, Company D.

Turney B. Wheeler, Company H. Feb. 20, 1899.

Sergeant William Wheelock, Company G.

Morris O. Connell, Company H, August 31, 1898.

James Bailey, Company H, March 18, 1899.

Geo. Blain, Company H, June 6, 1899.

Lorenzo B. Wells, Company K, Nov. 13, 1898.

George J. Cotton, Company F.

Chas. C. Spaulding, Company H, May 16, 1899.

NOT NOTED IN MINUTES OF 1899.

Colonel James T. Sterling.

Dr. David H. Brinkerhoff.

Edwin Smith, Company D.

Albert K. Quayle, Company B, April 12, 1900.

William Leggett, Company G, 1897.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The first reunion of the One Hundred and Third Regiment held at Randall's Grove, was in August, 1888, this being the first time that the regiment

went into camp for a week. During this reunion one very pleasant feature will be remembered by all who were present, that of the surprise given to the members of the regiment by the ladies, who served a supper of bean soup, corn bread and bacon, and coffee in tin cups. The following evening the comrades returned the surprise with ice cream and cake for the ladies and their daughters, foraging in the different tents for the cake. (A habit formed while in the service.)

At the next annual reunion held in the same place, the ladies conceived the idea of an organization, and on August 24, 1889, the organization known as the "Ladies' Society," auxiliary to the One Hundred and Third Regiment, was effected, Mrs. J. S. Mason acting as chairman. A constitution was drawn up and a fee of ten cents fixed as annual dues, with the following officers: President, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and chaplain, Wednesday of the week of the reunion being established as the day for the business meeting, and the evening of the same day to hold our campfire. During this meeting ways and means for the good of the association were discussed, and Mrs. G. A. Hubbard elected to preside over the meetings of the association for the next year.

August 23, 1890, the ladies met in the tent of J. S. Mason for their regular business meeting, Mrs. S.

E. Booth being elected president. At this meeting arrangements were made for their campfire, and in the evening they assembled on the beach for their first campfire, inviting all members of the camp to be present, this proving to be a most enjoyable occasion.

At the same place, Randall's Grove, Lorain, O., in August, 1891, the regular business meeting of the Ladies' Society was called to order by the president, Mts. Booth. At the election of officers, Mrs. James Warnock was chosen president for the following year. This being the twenty-fifth reunion the ladies presented the regiment with \$5.00 in silver, and the program for the campfire in the evening was carried out by the ladies. The following day, Thursday, being the roll-call and business meeting of the One Hundred and Third, the ladies served a picnic dinner to the regiment.

A small sized cyclone passed over the camp during this week, blowing over one or two tents and spoiling the pleasure of camp life for a few of us, but a fire soon dried things out and we were all on hand next year, when, after the business had been disposed of, the ladies bought, and presented with much ceremony to the regiment, a flag to be used during the reunions, and the campfire was carried out in the dancing hall. This reunion was one of the largest in attendance and much hard visiting was noticeable.

Mrs. A. F. Parsons was president of the Society in 1893, and at the election of officers Mrs. H. P. Chapman was chosen president for the following year. The program for the campfire was carried out with some assistance from the sons and daughters, a few of the comrades also taking part. The usual surprises of the week were indulged in.

The third week in August, 1894, found the One Hundred and Third in camp at the same place. At the business meeting Mrs. Margaret Lawrence was elected the next president. At this reunion there was much talk concerning a mess for all the camp, and arrangements were made to start it the next year, \$11.50 being contributed by the ladies towards a kitchen, storeroom, or for the purpose of the mess.

In 1895 Mrs. G. B. Bagley was elected president for the ensuing year. During this reunion the mess was served for the first time in the hall. Also at this reunion the idea of a history of the One Hundred and Third was considered and an earnest conference was held by both the ladies and the comrades. A committee, composed of Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Bagley, was chosen to write up the different reunions. Later, on the resignation of Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. VanOrman and Mrs. Parsons were appointed. The usual interesting campfire was held.

At the meeting in 1896 Mrs. M. E. Stevens was

made president, and a resolution was read recommending the election of a chaplain (one of the comrades), whose duty it should be to conduct a brief devotional service immediately after breakfast each morning. The same resolution was presented at the business meeting of the One Hundred and Third the next day, and Mr. James Warnock was chosen chaplain.

The campfire called the people together on the usual evening. The new kitchen was completed this year, and a very large tent for the mess, including many furnishings and utensils, was donated to the regiment by Colonel Casement.

On the following year, at the usual time, Mrs. J. S. Mason was elected president. The business meeting and camp fires were carried out in the usual way. At this reunion the mess received large additions of towels, knives, forks, spoons, etc.

In 1898 Mrs. A. E. Biggs was elected president, and a committee of three of the ladies was appointed to take charge of the tables and bill of fare at the mess, the usual camp fire taking place on Wednesday evening.

With the reunion in 1899 the One Hundred and Third have met at Randall's Grove eleven times, this year having the largest attendance we have so far enrolled, the weather being perfect during the entire week. A uniform or dress of blue was agreed

upon by the ladies to be worn during the week of the reunion, thereby saving the burden of baggage while traveling or in camp.

While at the tables on Saturday night toasts were responded to by different ones, music being furnished by the sons and daughters. A fine uniform of manilla paper was presented to one of the comrades who claimed to be in very straightened circumstance. (?)

At the business meeting the ladies chose Mrs. Redfern president to preside during 1900. On Sunday of each reunion week preaching services have been held. No evening of the entire encampment passes without some entertainment. Marching, races and ball games have all had their place. New ideas for amusement have developed year by year. May every lady of this society live to distinguish herself by being chosen president of the ladies' auxiliary to the One Hundred and Third Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 2d Brigade, 3rd Division, 23rd Army Corps, U. S. A.

OFFICERS LADIES' AUXILIARY.

Officers of the Ladies' Society, Auxiliary to the One Hundred and Third O. V. I. Association for the

year 1899. President, Mrs. G. A. Hubbar; Vice-Presidents, 1st Mrs. J. S. Mason, 2d Mrs. H. A. Mills; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. D. W. Hyland.

1890—President, Mrs. S. E. Booth; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. James Warnock, 2d Mrs. N. L. Cotton; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. D. W. Hyland; Chaplain, Mrs. J. S. Mason.

1891—President, Mrs. James Warnock; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. Chas. Chandler, 2d Mrs. Geo. Thorn; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Nellie Parsons; Chaplain, Mrs. H. A. Mills.

1892—President, Mrs. Nellie Parsons; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. J. Van Orman, 2d Mrs. J. S. Hendrickson; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. G. B. Bagley; Chaplain, Mrs. Cyrus Durand.

1893—President, Mrs. H. P. Chapman; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. Joseph Nicely, 2d Mrs. M. E. Stevens; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. G. B. Bagley; Chaplain, Mrs. Cyrus Durand.

1894—President, Mrs. W. J. Lawrence; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. O. Gleason, 2d Mrs. James Redfern; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. G. B. Bagley; Chaplain, Mrs. Nellie Parsons; Table Committee, Mrs. W. J. Lawrence, Mrs. James Redfern, Mrs. Solly Stevens.

1895—President, Mrs. G. B. Bagley; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. M. E. Stevens, 2d Mrs. G. A. Hubbard; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. O. Gleason;

Chaplain, Mrs. Geo. Thorn; Table Committee, Mrs. G. B. Bagley, Mrs. H. P. Chapman, Mrs. G. Thorn.

1896—President, Mrs. M. E. Stevens; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. J. S. Mason, 2d Mrs. E. P. French; Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Durand; Treasurer, Mrs. S. K. Ford; Chaplain, Mrs. C. N. Cotton; Table Committee, Mrs. J. E. Biggs, Mrs. O. M. Jackson, Mrs. E. P. French.

1897—President, Mrs. J. S. Mason; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. J. E. Biggs, 2d Mrs. J. S. Hendrickson; Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Durand; Treasurer, Mrs. Ruth Treman; Chaplain, Mrs. C. N. Cotton; Table Committee, Mrs. C. S. Hubbard, Mrs. Nellie Parsons, Mrs. S. E. Booth.

1898—President, Mrs. J. E. Biggs; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. M. D. Redfern, 2d Mrs. L. B. Wells; Secretary, Mrs. S. E. Booth; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Chapman; Chaplain, Mrs. E. P. French; Table Committee, Mrs. L. B. Wells, Mrs. A. O. Gage, Mrs. J. S. Hendrickson.

1899—President, Mrs. M. D. Redfern; Vice Presidents, 1st Mrs. A. Sutton, 2d Mrs. Jos. Nicely; Secretary, Mrs. C. Chandler; Treasurer, Mrs. H. P. Chapman; Chaplain, Mrs. Jos. Van Orman; Table Committee, Mrs. M. Bruce, Mrs. H. P. Chapman, Mrs. Geo. Thorn.

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD O. V. I.

On the first page of the minute book of the Sons and Daughters of the One Hundred and Third, appears this paragraph:

RANDALL'S GROVE, LORAIN, O.)
August 25, 1888. }

A company of sons and daughters of the One Hundred and Third met to organize an association to be auxiliary to the regiment.

This states the beginning of the present organization, known as "The Sons and Daughters of the One Hundred and Third O. V. I."

On this same day committees were appointed to draw up plans for the complete organization of the children of the Members of the One Hundred and Third.

Their purpose was "To perpetuate the memory of the noble and heroic deeds of our fathers during the Rebellion, and to create a spirit of loyalty and patriotism."

Every year since its beginning this organization has held its regular meetings and attempted to do all that lay in its power to promote the pleasure and interest of the regiment. Each year the young people have held a campfire on some evening of the week of the reunion.



From its first mailing list of 28 names and addresses we have now 350 of the children of members of the One Hundred and Third, and many more might receive the annual notices of the reunions, if their names could only be handed to the secretary.

Early in its history the organization adopted a badge and fixed upon some small yearly dues. The records show ever so many little entertainments and surprises that have been undertaken for the pleasure of the camp. The young people have attempted to secure music each year for the reunion, several years borrowing an organ from some near neighbor, but for the last two years there has been a piano in the camp. Six times the accounts show that \$5 has been given to the regiment, besides some other little sums that all went toward defraying the expenses of the reunion.

For several years the One Hundred and Third Quartermaster has chosen an assistant from the young people. For the last two years a lookout or reception committee has done what it could in attempting to make all acquainted early in the week. And as a last item we might add that two sons of the One Hundred and Third have seen active service in the Spanish-American War.

MRS. W. E. HART, President.

J. E. MASON, Secretary.



103rd Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

THREE YEARS' SERVICE.

THIS Regiment was organized in the State of Ohio at large, in August and September, 1862, to serve for three years. It was mustered out of service June 12, 1865, in accordance with orders from the War Department.

The official list of battles in which this Regiment bore an honorable part is not yet published by the War Department, but the following list has been compiled after careful research during the preparation of this work :

BLUE SPRINGS, TENN., OCTOBER, 5, 1863.
KNOXVILLE, TENN. (Siege of), NOVEMBER 17 to
DECEMBER 4, 1863.
DANDRIDGE, TENN., JANUARY 16-18, 1864.
RESACA, GA, MAY 13-16, 1864.
KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., JUNE 9-30, 1864.
ATLANTA, GA. (Siege of), JULY 28 to SEPTEMBER
2, 1864.
SPRING HILL, TENN., NOVEMBER 29, 1864.

103RD REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Mustered in Sept. 18, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by A. S. Burt, 1st Lieutenant 18th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by F. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John S. Casement.....	Colonel.	31	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Brevet Brig. General Jan. 25, 1865; resigned April 30, 1865
James T. Sterling.....	Lt. Col.	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 1, 1862; resigned Oct. 10, 1864.
Philip C. Hayes.....	"	29	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Captain C. F. Nov. 18, 1864; to Colonel June 6, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
DeWitt C. Howard	Major.	26	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 15, 1865, by order of War Department.
Henry S. Pickands.....	"	30	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Captain C. O. G. May 18, 1865; to Lieut. Colonel June 6, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
Luther D. Guswold.....	Surgeon.	53	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Aug. 1, 1864.
David H. Brukelhoff..	"	42	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Asst. Surgeon Aug. 11, 1864; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
David H. Brooks.....	As. Surg.	40	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	On muster-in roll. No further record found.
George Butler.....	"	30	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned May 28, 1864.
Robert L. Stansbury...	"	32	Aug. 4, 1863	3 yrs.	Resigned Jan. 24, 1864.
Frank M. Andrews.....	"	29	Aug. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 8, 1864.
Jacob B. Caselbeer.....	"	26	Feb. 25, 1865	3 yrs.	Mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
John S. White.....	Adj'tut.	36	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Oct. 1, 1864. Enrolled Dec. 1, 1864. Promoted from first Sergeant Batt. G, O. V. L. A., August 15, 1862.

Gilbert S. Judd.....	Adj't	20	Aug. 5,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Sergt. Major from Sergeant Co. F Jan. 9, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant Co. B Feb. 20, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant Jan. 5, 1865; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
George R. Munson.....	R. Q. M.	30	Aug. 18,	1862	3 yrs.	Resigned July 21, 1863.
Clark W. Quirk.....	"	21	Aug. 5,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Q. M. Sergeant from Corporal Co. H Sept. 8, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant and Regt. Quartermaster July 21, 1863; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
George A. Hulbard.....	Chap'n	30	Aug. 15,	1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 16, 1862; resigned Oct. 1, 1864.
Joseph P. Card.....	Ser. Maj.	25	Aug. 15,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. A Sept. 8, 1862; to 2d Lieutenant Co. C Jan. 9, 1863.
Robert L. Flemy.....	"	28	Aug. 18,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. G Feb. 23, 1864; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
William A. Gashine.....	Q. M. S.	24	Aug. 8,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. B July 21, 1863; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
Benjamin L. Bullard...	Com. Ser.	38	Aug. 2,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. K Sept. 8, 1862; reduced to ranks in Co. K March 1, 1863.
Conelius G. Barnes....	"	30	Aug. 11,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Corporal Co. I June 30, 1863; reduced to ranks in Co. I Oct. 31, 1863.
Barnabas Brown.....	"	38	Aug. 6,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergeant Co. D Oct. 31, 1863; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
Cyrus V. Durand.....	Hos. S'g't	20	Aug. 9,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from private Co. H Sept. 8, 1862; mustered out with regiment June 12, 1865.
John Mountain.....	Fife Maj.	28	Aug. 6,	1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Musician Co. H Sept. 8, 1862; discharged May 20, 1864.

COMPANY A.

Mustered in Sept. 8, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by A. S. Burt, 1st Lieutenant 18th Infantry, U.S.A. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N.C., by E.A. Polson, Captain and A.C.M.

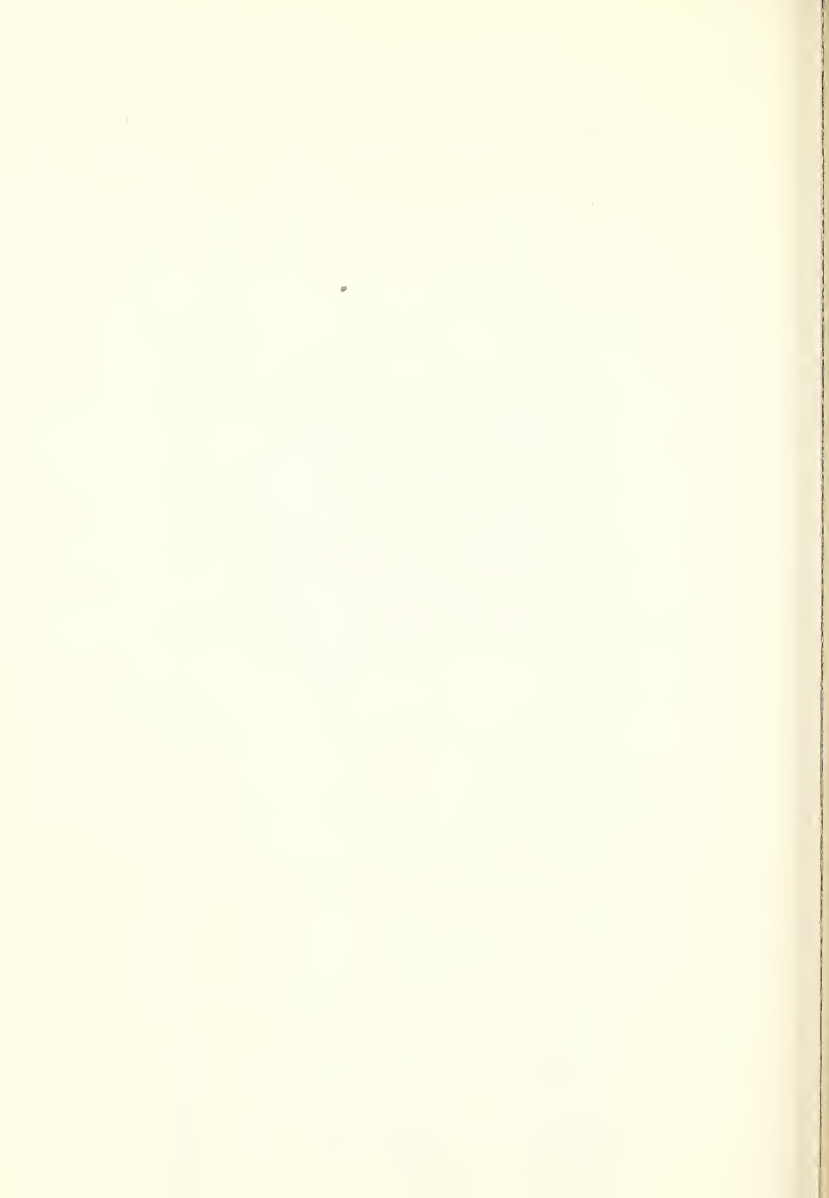
Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Isaac C. Vail.....	Captain.	30	July 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 8, 1862; died Aug. 16, 1863, at Danville, Ky.
Norris P. Stockwell.....	"	19	July 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant from 2d Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1862; to Captain Aug. 15, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dudley A. Kimball.....	1st Lieut.	26	July 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 2, 1862.
Franklin B. Smith.....	"	21	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant, Co. D Aug. 15, 1863; to Captain Co. B Nov. 18, 1864.
James Allen.....	"	36	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. I Nov. 18, 1864, mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
DeWitt C. Hotchkiss....	2d Lieut.	23	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Nov. 24, 1862, to 1st Lieutenant Co. H July 2, 1863.
James M. McWilliams...	"	22	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Nov. 24, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant July 2, 1863; resigned March 18, 1864.
Michael Dumeau.....	1st Sergt.	25	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant July 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. H May 18, 1865.
James D. Markell.....	"	27	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant May 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles Sumner.....	Sergeant.	23	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	
Elias L. Bradley.....	"	35	July 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Nov. 24, 1862; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Charles O. Roberts.....	"	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal May 11, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William Ross.....	"	23	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal July 28, 1863; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daniel Lange.....	"	21	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal July 1, 1863.

B. Ira Henderson.....	Sergeant.	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal May 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Solomon S. Drake.....	Corporal.	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Edmund J. Nicholson..	"	24	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 8, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William Stowell.....	"	34	Aug. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 5, 1863; mustered out to date June 12, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Joseph Perry.....	"	18	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 24, 1863, mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John McKee.....	"	29	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; captured Oct. 5, 1863, in action at Blue Springs, Tenn.; mustered out June 22, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Wilson H. Burrell.....	"	24	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Michael Collins.....	"	18	July 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 1, 1863; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; died Dec. 25, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
James Rush.....	"	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Feb. 20, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Ezra Brewster.....	"	18	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles Cole.....	"	19	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hugh F. Goudy.....	"	30	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Stubbs.....	"	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John B. Abraham.....	"	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 3, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Adair, Alfred.....	Private.	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as George Arhelger; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Arhelger, George.....	"	30	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Oct. 5, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn.; paroled —; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Beat, William.....	"	18	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 8, 1862, at Walton, Ky.
Pendick, William C.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached in Quartermaster's Department at Camp Burnside, Ky., Feb. 20, 1864. No further record found.
Boyd, David.....	"	27	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Brennan, John.....	"	19	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	

Brunley, Francis.....	Private.	26	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cattwell, Charles M.....	"	18	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Cammel, Thomas M.....	"	30	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal May 11, 1863; reduced July 1, 1863; mustered out May 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Canfield, James.....	"	22	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 23, 1865, at hospital, Covington, Ky., for wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Card, Joseph P.....	"	25	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Sergt. Major Sept. 8, 1862.
Carson, Joseph.....	"	42	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	No further record found.
Conland, Peter.....	"	39	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 19, 1865, at hospital, Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Crane, John F.....	"	23	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Crawford, Robert.....	"	35	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Herr, John W.....	"	29	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Doyle, Robert.....	"	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Oct. 5, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn., died Dec. 26, 1863, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Dyckey, Henry.....	"	21	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Eddy, Otis.....	"	26	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Eldridge, William.....	"	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 27, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Estey, Albert.....	"	37	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 13, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Furniss, Adam.....	"	17	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Aug. 23, 1864, in siege of Atlanta, Ga.; exchanged —; returned to company Sept. 23, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gee, Martin C.....	"	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 74th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps —; mustered out Aug. 28, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
Gooby, Matthew.....	"	30	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Goudy, John.....	"	35	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 2, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Gould, Franklin.....	"	20	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged June 7, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Haunum, Lucas.....	"	24	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 20, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Hartzell, Oliver.....	"	26	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Detained in Engineer Corps July 21, 1865; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.

Harrigan, Charles.....	Private.	43	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 30, 1864.
Hoffman, John.....	"	40	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 4, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Howard, Edward.....	"	35	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jetom, Horace.....	"	17	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Johnson, Charles S.....	"	23	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 22, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Kuschner, William.....	"	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 2, 1863, of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Lawrence, Albert.....	"	21	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Lees, Alexander.....	"	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Loscy, Harris P.....	"	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Sept. 30, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lush, Henry.....	"	25	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 14, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
McAnley, Daniel.....	"	27	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Oct. 31, 1864, from which discharged July 31, 1865, by order of War Department.
McKenzie, John D.....	"	45	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 12, 1863, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McMannis, William.....	"	43	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
McMillen, Andrew.....	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 31, 1864.
Martin, Elisha.....	"	44	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Nov. 24, 1862; captured Oct. 5, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn.; mustered out June 13, 1865 at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Mills, George.....	"	20	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached as Wagoner; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Mote, James.....	"	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, by order of War Department.
Muchler, William.....	"	27	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
O'Brien, Daniel.....	"	37	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Park's, Sherwood.....	"	23	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Phillips, Thomas.....	"	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Rembaur, Jerry.....	"	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I June 20, 1864.
Rodgers, Amarius P.....	"	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. K June 20, 1864.
Rout, Jesse H.....	"	18	Jan. 5, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Seaburn, Daniel.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	

Selberling, Lloyd.....	18	Dec. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I June 29, 1864.
Selberling, Charles.....	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I June 29, 1864.
Shepherd, George W....	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out with company June 12, 1865.
Shepherd, John.....	22	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Silver, William.....	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 3, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Snyder, Joseph.....	20	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Oct. 5, 1861, in action at Blue Springs, Tenn.; discharged Sept. 13, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Thompson, Benjamin F.	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out July 15, 1865, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., by order of War Department.
Viers, Bazle E.....	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out with company June 12, 1865.
Viers, Dorsey W.....	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out with company June 12, 1865.
Walton, Jesse G.....	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ward, Hiram B.....	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Oct. 5, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn.; died Jan. 7, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Richmond, Va.
Watkins, Asa B.....	27	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 26, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Watkins, James.....	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered in as Corporal; reduced April 24, 1863; discharged April 15, 1865 at Camp Nelson, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Weaver, Caleb.....	32	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Weigel, Josiah.....	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 24th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Williams, Thomas H....	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wolfe, Rudolph.....	18	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mastered out with company June 12, 1865.



COMPANY B.

Mustered in August 8, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by A. S. Burt, 1st Lieutenant 18th Infantry, U.S.A. Mustered out June 12, 1865 at Raleigh, N.C., by F. A. Folsom, Captain and A.C.M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
William W. Hutchinson.	Captain.	30	July 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Franklin B. Smith.....	"	21	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. A Nov. 18, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hermes Burt.....	1st Lieut.	34	July 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 4, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Corwin M. Holt.....	"	22	July 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Dec. 4, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Albert H. Spencer.....	2d Lieut.	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Dec. 4; 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Co. H Feb. 17, 1864.
Gilbert S. Judd.....	"	20	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergt. Major Feb. 29, 1864, to 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant Jan. 5, 1865.
Joseph C. Merrill.....	1st Sergt.	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant —; discharged Jan. 1, 1864, to accept promotion as 1st Lieutenant 1st Tennessee Artillery.
George J. Sheldon.....	"	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Aldus Cody.....	Sergeant.	20	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Dec. 4, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William A. Gasline.....	"	23	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Dec. 5, 1862; promoted to Q. M. Sergeant July 21, 1863.
James W. Stewart.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1862; Sergeant Aug. 11, 1863; discharged May 20, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Dwight M. Cobb.....	"	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Oct. 9, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lewis Prindle.....	"	35	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Aug. 11, 1863; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; appointed Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Franklin H. Sinead.....	Corporal.	20	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Charles Burt.....	Corporal.	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Reuben W. Stockwell...	"	23	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 18, 1864, at Rochester, N. Y.
Arto Dwindell.....	"	34	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William A. Sutton.....	"	21	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 7, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles F. Chapman...	"	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 16, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James A. Edmunds.....	"	23	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 30, 1864, mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Kidiker.....	"	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 2, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James F. Scan.....	Musician.	16	July 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as James F. Scarr; died March 19, 1865, at Kingston, N. C.
James Erwin.....	"	18	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George W. Smith.....	Wagoner.	42	July 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Adams, Myron.....	Private.	22	July 36, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Baker, George.....	"	28	July 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barnard, Edwin A.....	"	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barum, Mib H.....	"	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barth, Louis.....	"	20	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Beck, Alfred.....	"	23	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Beloud, Thomas.....	"	17	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 120th Co. 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out June 29, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., by order of War Department.
Bonney, Charles L.....	"	29	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 4, 1864, at Tazewell, Tenn.
Boyer, Nicholas.....	"	21	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bradford, Hiram.....	"	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Buchanan, George W...	"	32	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced July 7, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bunkhoff, Benjamin F...	"	26	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; mustered out with company June 12, 1865, as private.
Brown, Charles.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 17, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brooker, Lewis.....	"	20	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 4, 1863, at Warburg, Tenn.
Barton, Stephen.....	"	37	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 17, 1863, to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant 1st Tennessee Artillery.
Carpenter, James B....	"	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	

Cook, Caleb H.....	Private.	43	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cook, William B.....	"	33	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 10th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 2, 1864; mustered out June 29, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., by order of War Department.
Cook, Andrew J.....	"	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Act. Hospital Steward, at Camp Nelson, Ky., mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dewey, Edward J.....	"	30	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dyer, George W.....	"	19	July 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered June 14, 1865, at Providence, R. I., with Co. F, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, to which attached.
Edmond, Edward.....	"	22	Feb. 19, 1863	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Ferris, Hiram R.....	"	17	July 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hayes, Burton S.....	"	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out July 13, 1865, at Clinton, Iowa, by order of War Department.
Hendrickson, James S..	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 29, 1864, in action at Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; mustered out May 19, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Hill, Albert.....	"	32	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged May 18, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hitz, Joseph L.....	"	23	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hoeftinger, Matthew...	"	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hollowell, Jacob.....	"	18	Aug. 27, 1864	1 yr.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hurlburt, William.....	"	21	Sept. 26, 1864	1 yr.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hulet, Marshall F.....	"	17	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 24th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 15, 1865; mustered out July 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Johnson, William.....	"	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jones, William J.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jones, Heman L.....	"	31	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 2, 1865, at Cincinnati, O., by order of War Department.
Jones, Charles H.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Keete, Daniel O.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1864, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Kennard, Henry.....	"	30	July 17, 1862	3 yrs.	
Knapf, Charles H.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	

Knapp, Albert D.....	Private.		Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Laue, Royal W.....	"		Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 20, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Laue, Warren.....	"	55	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 2, 1863, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lawrence, William J...	"	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 11, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Locke, Robert.....	"	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Locke, William.....	"	10	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
Lussenden, William....	"	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Lynch, Dennis R.....	"	31	July 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 23, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Mc Vay, John.....	"	22	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Oct. 9, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Meena, John.....	"	22	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Nov. 1, 1863.
					Mustered as Corporal; reduced —, 1862; appointed Corporal —, 1864; reduced Aug. 11, 1863; discharged April 30, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Miller, Charles F.....	"	10	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Mill's, Artemus T.....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Morris, William L. S....	"	34	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Nichols, Julius.....	"	44	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Nouthrop, Henry B.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Jan. 22, 1864, in action at Strawberry Plains, Tenn.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Osborne, Elsha A.....	"	30	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Nov. 12, 1862; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Kesada, Ga.; reduced Jan. 2, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Parden, David A.....	"	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 12, 1864, at Danville, Ky.
Page, Lucius B.....	"	30	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Nov. 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Piper, Edgar W.....	"	24	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Dec. 2, 1862; discharged July 14, 1864, to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant and Regt. Quartermaster 114th U. S. Colored Troops, from which mustered out April 2, 1867.
Pieter, John.....	"	30	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Poole, Thomas J.....	"	25	July 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Quayle, Albert K.....	"	21	July 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Ray, William D.....	"	19	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Rediker, Theodore.....	Private.	18	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Temporarily detached to Battery D, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, Aug. 15, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Romp, William E.....	"	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Rowan, Frederick.....	"	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as Frederick Romann; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged May 4, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Sabin, Rodolphus N.....	"	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Segaur, James D.....	"	17	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 8, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Schroeder, Frederick...	"	40	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Schneider, Theodore...	"	19	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 26, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Slater, John H.....	"	23	Feb. 4, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. H, 133d O. V., June 12, 1865.
Sullivan, Sherwood H...	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 18, 1865, to accept promotion as Captain and Asst. Adj. General.
Stokes, Thomas.....	"	18	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Warner, Cassius M.....	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; reduced Aug. 14, 1864; killed Aug. 16, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Wentz, Charles.....	"	18	Aug. 27, 1864	1 yr.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wilson, Samuel.....	"	25	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	
Woodworth, Elton G....	"	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	

COMPANY C.

Mustered in Sept. 15, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by F. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Name.	Rank.	d to	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John L. Semple.....	Captain.	32	July 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Jan. 9, 1863.
Francis M. Thomas....	"	26	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Jan. 9, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John F. Kennedy.....	1st Lieut.	32	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Jan. 9, 1863; resigned July 1, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Joseph P. Card.....	"	25	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from Sergt. Major Jan. 9, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Feb. 17, 1864; resigned Dec. 23, 1864.
Edward B. Reynolds...	"	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Jan. 13, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. H Feb. 29, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 5, 1865; commanded Co. G since Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Richard S. Blossom.....	1st Sergt.	30	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 2, 1862, at Covington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Thomas J. Scovell.....	"	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant Jan. 13, 1863; 1st Sergeant March 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Wildson.....	Sergeant.	31	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal July 1, 1863; transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Henry B. Lockwood....	"	32	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 13, 1863; Sergeant March 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Silas Dean.....	"	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 13, 1863; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; appointed Sergeant June 24, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Archibald M. Young....	"	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 9, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles Hammon.....	"	21	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Timothy Metzger.....	Sergeant.	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 13, 1863; Sergeant March 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles Smith.....	Corporal.	44	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Orlando W. Wilson.....	"	25	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 27, 1862, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Richard Cattell.....	"	35	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 13, 1863; transferred to Co. F, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 14, 1863.
Jacob Nodine.....	"	26	July 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 13, 1863; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; captured Aug. 30, 1864, in siege of Atlanta, Ga.; paroled Dec. 10, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Leuiger.....	"	31	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed ———.
Thomas Cassidy.....	"	32	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 15, 1863; transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Arthur Ward.....	"	38	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; died Dec. 4, 1863, of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Thomas Fell, 1st.....	"	45	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 26, 1864; mustered out same day by order of War Department.
Henry Knowles.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 5, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Felix Click.....	"	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles A. Morrison.....	"	18	April 5, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865; mustered out July 12, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C., by order of War Department.
John Williams.....	Musician.	21	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jesse Flayer.....	"	30	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Joseph Jovey.....	"	18	March 6, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed ———; transferred to 183d O.V.I., June 12, 1865.
Richard Morgan.....	Wagoner.	33	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Allen, Sylvester.....	Private.	24	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Bates, Robert.....	"	34	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy, June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Beckwith, Charles R.....	"	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bennett, James.....	"	22	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 13, 1863; reduced to ranks April 14, 1864.
Beynon, Charles.....	"	32	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
					Discharged June 19, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Blatherick, Wilfred F.	Private.	18	April 5, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Brinaud, Enoch.....	"	27	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brown, Alfred T.....	"	38	Mich. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Brown, Henry.....	"	41	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 11, 1863, at Gallipolis, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brown, John.....	"	17	Mich. 14, 1865	1 yr.	Discharged March 11, 1863, at Gallipolis, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Bullock, Charles.....	"	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 11, 1863, at Gallipolis, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Burt, James.....	"	23	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865, as private.
Byron, William.....	"	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Chandler, Charles.....	"	Transferred to 74th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out Aug. 28, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
Clifford, Joseph.....	"	25	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Cottrell, Thomas J.....	"	37	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 13, 1863; reduced to ranks Sept. 1, 1864; discharged March 27, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Cummincham, James.....	"	18	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Davis, Absalom C.....	"	27	Sept. 13, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Dean, Henry J.....	"	39	Jan. 1, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Dennison, Edmund F.....	"	42	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 27, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Department.
Dobaly, Abraham.....	"	23	July 35, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Elbert, George F.....	"	30	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 21, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Evans, George.....	"	56	Feb. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged May 21, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Falkner, Thomas.....	"	33	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Fell, Thomas, 2d.....	"	29	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. D.....
Fitzpatrick, John P.....	"	27	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	No further record found.
Franklin, Benjamin S.....	"	16	July 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Fretter, Henry.....	"	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 8, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Gordon, John.....	"	39	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 3d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 13, 1865; mustered out July 8, 1865, at Hartford, Conn., by order of War Department.
Gribbin, Thomas.....	"	37	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Hart, James B.....	"	32	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 21, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Haskins, William.....	Private.	31	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Oct. 23, 1862; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hazen, Francis M.....	"	29	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hearns, James.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 24, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Hodson, John.....	"	32	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Honning, Joseph A.....	"	33	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	
Howe, Nicholas.....	"	38	Sept. 30, 1863	3 yrs.	
Hughes, David.....	"	19	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Irvine, Thomas.....	"	30	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 26, 1863, of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Kelley, Patrick.....	"	21	Mch. 17, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Koliker, Henry.....	"	23	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	No further record found.
Logan, Henry.....	"	18	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
McLaughlin, John.....	"	38	Mch. 8, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy April 6, 1864, by order of War Department.
McNeil, Duncan.....	"	34	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	
Majo, Joseph.....	"	43	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out to date June 12, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Miller, Cephus H.....	"	27	Mch. 14, 1864	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Feb. 13, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Moore, Isaac S.....	"	37	July 27, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company June 12, 1865, as private.
Montague, John.....	"	30	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 5, 1863, at Lexington, Ky.
Morrison, Charles.....	"	49	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out Jan. 15, 1865, by order of War Department.
Nagle, William C.....	"	26	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; reduced to ranks July 1, 1864; discharged Aug. 17, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Neggli, Kaydon.....	"	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1864, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Oswald, John.....	"	29	Jan. 4, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Peasnell, James.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded July 28, 1864, in siege of Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Phillips, William J.....	"	18	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	
Pryor, John H.....	"	25	Sept. 13, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Riley, Patrick.....	"	48	Oct. 12, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.



Rolling, Louis.....	Private.	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 22, 1862, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Sanders, Francis.....	"	33	Mch. 2, 1863	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant —; reduced to ranks Jan. 8, 1863; appointed Sergeant July 1, 1863; reduced to ranks Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Scovell, John.....	"	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	
Scovell, Benjamin F.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	
Smith, Charles.....	"	32	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	
Smith, Frederick.....	"	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out Dec. 29, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Southern, William P.....	"	36	July 31, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 7, 1864.
Stotzer, John.....	"	42	Mch. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	Died April 9, 1865, at Martinsburg, W. Va.
Strong, Edward.....	"	19	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Sullivan, John.....	"	18	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 30, 1865 at New Albany, Ind.
Sweet, Benjamin.....	"	42	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 10, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Vannos, Jacob.....	"	45	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Waller, Webber.....	"	20	Feb. 29, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 26, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Wager, Andrew.....	"	25	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —.
Webster, David.....	"	34	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Weinget, Frederick.....	"	30	Mch. 1, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 26, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Welch, John.....	"	19	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 15, 1864, of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Welch, James.....	"	26	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Whitney, Stephen.....	"	44	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wright, Alexander.....	"	23	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	No further record found.



COMPANY D.

Mustered in Sept. 17, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U.S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N.C., by F.A. Polson, Captain and A.C.M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
John T. Philpot.....	Captain.	30	July 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864 in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Charles E. Morgan.....	"	30	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant from 2d Lieutenant Co. F, Feb. 9, 1863; to Captain Nov. 18, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hamilton D. Dekey.....	1st Lieut.	30	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 2, 1862.
Henry C. Bacon.....	"	25	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Co. F, Aug. 29, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 18, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Luty J. Nevill.....	2d Lieut.	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 2, 1862, but not mustered; resigned Feb. 9, 1863.
Franklin B. Smith.....	"	21	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Dec. 2, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Co. A Aug. 15, 1863.
Willour M. Sturtevant...	"	21	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant —; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Aug. 15, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 19, 1864, but not mustered; resigned Aug. 14, 1864.
Abner C. King.....	1st Sergt.	29	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Feb. 1, 1863; Sergeant April 22, 1863; 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barnabas Brown.....	Sergeant.	38	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Com. Sergeant Oct. 31, 1863.
Lucius O. Harris.....	"	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Feb. 1, 1863; Sergeant April 22, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George B. Goodsell.....	"	21	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Feb. 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; died May 20, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Arthur O. Ford.....	"	20	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant May 21, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George D. Upham.....	"	19	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.



Almon H. Griswold.....	Sergeant.	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Constantine Eddy.....	Corporal.	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. F Sept 1, 1863.
William R. Higby.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Alanson R. Dixon.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Feb. 6, 1863; reduced to ranks April 22, 1863; captured Nov. 19, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out May 25, 1865, at Beaufort, N. C., by order of War Department.
Ira London, Jr.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed April 22, '63; died June 15, '63, at Somerset, Ky.
Ferdinand G. Parr.....	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Porter Wells.....	"	29	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1864; killed June 20, 1864, in action at Nox's Creek, Ga.
Reinzi C. Gleason.....	"	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed June 20, 1864, mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry B. Nash.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry M. Frissell.....	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out May 25, 1865, at Beaufort, N. C., by order of War Department.
Berk E. Ward.....	"	28	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Martin V. Deady.....	"	23	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Alvin Baker.....	"	18	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865, mustered out May 31, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor, by order of War Department.
Charles B. Neice.....	Musician.	19	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 7, 1863, of wounds received Oct. 5, 1863, in action at Blue Springs, Tenn.
Charles Averill.....	Wagoner.	27	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 8, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Anthony, John C.....	Private.	19	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Sept. 1, 1864; transferred to 245th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 10, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Armour, Samuel M.....	"	22	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Averill, Josiah.....	"	22	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged —; date and place not known
Baker, Daniel W.....	"	27	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	



Baldwin, Wallace.....	Private.	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, '63, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Bancroft, Charles H.....	"	21	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barker, Morris.....	"	18	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by order of War Department.
Barber, John.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bosworth, William M.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bosworth, Fenner.....	"	37	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergt. from Corp. Feb. 6, '63; reduced to ranks April 22, '63; appointed Corp. May 22, '63; Sergt. Jan. 1, '64; reduced to ranks Jan. 1, '65; mustered out May 30, '65, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Boyce, Alphens.....	"	35	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Oct. 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Budd, Thomas.....	"	22	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Budd, William.....	"	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Feb. 1, 1863; reduced Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out May 15, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Bull, Worth.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bull, McNeill N.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 30, '63, on Surg. certificate of disability.
Burton, Julius.....	"	20	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured June 21, 1863, in action; exchanged Dec. 1, 1864; transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Burn, Edward.....	"	26	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga., mustered out June 19, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Burton, Otis.....	"	22	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Caley, William H.....	"	29	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Carpenter, Edwin M.....	"	24	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 20, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Carpenter, Miles M.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Feb. 6, 1863; appointed Sergeant April 22, 1863; 1st Sergeant Aug. 15, 1863; reduced to ranks Sept. 4, 1864; absent, sick in hospital. No further record found.
Cates, Moses C.....	"	33	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Conway, John.....	"	18	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cooper, David.....	"	29	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 26, 1865, at Washington, D. C., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Cotapes, John.....	"	21	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Counter, Cornelius.....	"	31	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 87th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 31, 1863; mustered out Sept. 8, 1865, at Camp Decatur, O., by order of War Department.
Devoe, Henry L.....	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	



	Private.	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 5, 1862, at Snow's Pond, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability. Mustered out with company June 12, 1865. Transferred to Co. C.
Dewey, Almon.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	
Dillon, Andrew.....	"	29	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fell, Thomas, 2d.....	"	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 28, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Fisher, Earl.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Ford, George B.....	"	33	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Frisby, Martin.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured May 1, 1864, in action; exchanged March 1, 1865; died March 15, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.
Gifford, George.....	"	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 2, 1864, in action; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Glasier, Hiram M.....	"	26	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gleason, Digilton R....	"	20	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 7, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Gleason, Orion A.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Oct. 1, 1862; reduced Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gore, Page M.....	"	22	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Feb. 6, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Graham, James E.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hannaford, Lyman B....	"	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Aug. 1, 1864, in action; exchanged Feb. 20, 1865; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Hannaford, William H..	"	20	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Feb. 1, 1863; reduced to ranks April 22, 1863; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Harvey, James M.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., by order of War Department.
Horn, Frederick.....	"	32	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Horton, Hilton H. R....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hubbell, Charles H....	"	18	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hunt, John D.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 28, 1864, of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Kellogg, Augustus.....	"	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	
Kennedy, Earl.....	"	45	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kilby, Jason.....	"	18	Mich. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Killed June 21, 1864, in action at Nose's Creek, Ga.
King, Charles.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 7, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Lewis, Franklin.....	"	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. C, 14th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Lowery, George H.....	"				



McGuire, Patrick.....	Private.	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 14, 1865, for wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Mapes, Perry.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Martin, Thomas.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Martin, Daniel.....	"	18	Feb. 9, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, April 21, 1865.
Matthews, Elijah C....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Ossum, Daniel.....	"	34	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as Daniel Ozum; discharged Jan. 6, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Richmond, James.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Rodgers, Augustus H....	"	24	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 24, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Department.
Rodlan, William.....	"	30	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C.
Russch, Henry.....	"	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 24, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Department.
Sampson, Franklin.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 30, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Schnyer, Robert.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Schnyer, John.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 18 d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Schnyer, Henry.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Seely, Marrell E.....	"	20	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F —.
Shepherd, Henry.....	"	18	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Shemmel, George W....	"	34	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 20, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Sibley, Rufus.....	"	44	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Sickles, James.....	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Smith, Edwin.....	"	40	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 18, 1863, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Trowbridge, Wesley....	"	27	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Trowbridge, Henry.....	"	30	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Nov. 13, 1863, in action; exchanged Nov. 24, 1864; mustered out June 5, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor, by order of War Department.
Valkenburgh, Edwin...	"	24	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wheeler, Tuncy B.....	"	19	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H —.
White, Alanzo.....	"	33	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered in as Musician; mustered out June 1, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., by order of War Department, as private.
Willey, Seth A.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	



COMPANY E.

Mustered in Sept. 16, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by E. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
George W. Tibbetts.....	Captain.	32	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Feb. 9, 1863.
Charles E. Sargent.....	"	23	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Feb. 9, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Levi T. Scofield.....	1st Lieut.	21	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Feb. 9, 1863; to Captain Co. F, Nov. 18, 1864.
Lewis S. Dilley.....	"	29	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant; Feb. 9, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant March 21, 1864; Captain Co. G May 18, 1865.
John E. Vaught.....	"	31	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Feb. 9, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Chauncey W. Mead.....	1st Sergt.	21	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant May 29, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William C. Perkins.....	Sergeant.	35	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 7, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 21, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Martin Streiller.....	"	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Feb. 9, 1863; killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Orrin M. Gates.....	"	23	Aug. 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Dec. 23, 1862; Sergeant May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Abraham H. Stafford...	"	21	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Aug. 5, 1863; Sergeant May 29, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Silburn.....	"	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 7, 1863; Sergeant July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lucius D. Whaley.....	Corporal.	26	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 5, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Enos J. Hoyt.....	"	32	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Nov. 22, 1862; appointed Corporal Jan. 7, 1863.

Jabez G. Puffer.....	Corporal.	27	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 29, 1862; died June 11, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Walter S. Meeker.....	"	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; discharged Dec. 25, 1863, at Camp Nelson, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
James G. Watson.....	"	17	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 16, 1864.
Alexander B. Allen.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; transferred to U. S. Navy April 2, 1864, by order of War Department.
James Cobb.....	"	32	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Robert Nevill.....	"	30	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry Puffer.....	"	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Dec. 1, 1864; mustered out June 12, 1865, at Kallagin, N. C., by order of War Department.
James M. Maple.....	"	19	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bingley Russell.....	"	19	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George H. Weeks.....	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nicholas G. Lundeberry	"	43	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; discharged May 18, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Isaac Carpenter.....	"	20	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 29, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry Slater.....	"	23	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 29, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lucius B. Laney.....	Musician.	19	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Aug. 29, 1864, in action near Atlanta, Ga. No further record found.
And. Perkins.....	"	18	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Abel M. Wilder.....	Wagoner.	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Albion James J. N.....	Private.	25	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 25, 1863, at Stanton, Ky.
Andrews, John.....	"	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 7, 1863, at Lexington, Ky.
Bauley, Andrew J.....	"	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barnett, Thomas H.....	"	20	July 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn., enlisted in 10th Tennessee Rebel Regiment while prisoner at War; recaptured by U. S. Troops Dec. 28, 1864; reenlisted March 16, 1865, in 5th U. S. Volunteers.



Bigler, Frederick.....	Private.	18	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Bower, Jacob.....	"	23	Aug.	11, 1862	3 yrs.	Detained with 19th Ohio Battery Aug. 15, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Brennan, Thomas.....	"	27	Aug.	5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Brett, George.....	"	24	July	31, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 5, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brown, William S.....	"	21	Aug.	24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Butler, David.....	"	18	Aug.	20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Camp, James.....	"	10	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Campbell, Patrick.....	"	39	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 15, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Chapman, John F.....	"	25	Aug.	13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles, William S.....	"	21	Aug.	7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 27, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Clingman, Andrew R.....	"	18	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers July 22, 1863; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Cobb, Charles M.....	"	21	Aug.	12, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; exchanged —; died May 15, 1864, at his home in Ohio, from effects of imprisonment by Rebel authorities.
Cobb, Andrew J.....	"	19	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 8, 1864, at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Colbert, Joseph.....	"	20	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached in Quartermaster's Department, at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 7, 1864. No further record found.
Cooper, Archibald T.....	"	31	Aug.	14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cottrell, Addison B.....	"	18	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cross, Samuel.....	"	43	July	28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; discharged Sept. 14, 1863, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability, as private.
Dawson, John P.....	"	19	July	17, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
DeLong, James.....	"	33	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 21, 1863, reduced Aug. 5, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dismond, Peter.....	"	19	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Ely, Stephens B.....	"	30	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; discharged Sept. 14, 1863, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability, as private.
Farr, Edward L.....	"	37	July	31, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Ferguson, John B.....	"	23	Aug.	15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Aug. 5, 1863; detailed for duty in Subsistence Department April 30, 1865. No further record found.
Freer, James.....	"	21	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Freer, John A.....	"	20	Aug.	4, 1862	3 yrs.	
Galemine, Jay F.....	"	18	Aug.	5, 1862	3 yrs.	

Gibson, George A.....	Private.	34	July 17, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Dec. 29, 1862.
Goldwood, Daniel T.....	"	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. B, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 1, 1863; mustered out July 13, 1865, at Clinton, Iowa, by order of War Department.
Hendershot, Dan S.....	"	27	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hinckley, Frederick.....	"	18	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged May 27, 1864, to accept promotion as Asst. Surgeon in 40th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
Holloway, Oscar E.....	"	24	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Johnston, William C.....	"	36	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jordan, Allen T.....	"	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kelley, Edward C.....	"	39	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Nov. 23, 1862; reduced Jan. 7, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kieley, James.....	"	19	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Levis, Hosea J.....	"	38	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
McIlrath, Albert.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 29, 1864, in action; discharged Feb. 11, 1865, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Manchester, Darius.....	"	24	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Delivered with U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineer Corps July 22, 1863. No further record found.
Mapes, Seth.....	"	22	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Mott, Henry.....	"	33	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died Nov. 16, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
O'Connor, Thomas.....	"	26	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 23, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Percival, Jerome.....	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged to date July 15, 1863, by order of War Department.
Puttignill, Cadron S.....	"	31	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks May 1, 1864; transferred to 17th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out July 7, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Quayle, John.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died May 25, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Ransom, George F.....	"	19	July 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Reed, Harmon.....	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	



Ruby, Augustus.....	30	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 26, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Searles, William A.....	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged to date April 11, 1863, by order of War Department.
Shaw, Delos.....	19	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, near Memphis, Tenn., April 27, 1865.
Simmons, George W.....	22	Sept. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal —; assassinated March 1, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.
Smith, William.....	18	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died May 10, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Smith, Daniel.....	25	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 21, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Stevens, Lewis W.....	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged to date Jan. 16, 1863, by order of War Department.
Thames, Augustus.....	20	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 17, 1863, at Danville, Ky.
Thomas, William.....	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Torrence, Stiles C.....	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Towey, Frederick.....	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as Frederick Towsey; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Tucker, Joseph P.....	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wallace, Charles E.....	26	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; transferred to Co. B, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 1, 1863; mustered out July 13, 1865, at Clinton, Iowa, by order of War Department, as private.
Wallace, Peter.....	28	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 11, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Walker, Charles.....	26	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wedman, George.....	37	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Detained with Engineers' Battalion April 8, 1864. No further record found.
Wells, Eli T.....	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Westum, Freeman W.....	41	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 12, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Wetherbee, Albert J.....	25	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Whalen, James.....	30	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered in as Corporal; absent, sick in hospital at Lexington, Ky., no record since March 8, 1863.
White, Joseph.....	28	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Worthy, Thomas.....	19	Aug. 15, 1865	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

COMPANY F.

Mustered in Sept. 8, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by A. S. Burt, 1st Lieutenant 18th Infantry, U. S. A. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by E. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Philip C. Hayes.....	Captain.	29	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Detailed Sept. 14, 1864, as Provost Marshal General Army of Ohio; promoted to Lieut. Colonel Nov. 18, 1864.
Levi T. Scofield.....	"	21	July 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. E, Nov. 18, 1864; on detached service Nov. 30, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Simeon Windecker.....	1st Lieut.	30	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Detailed as Quartermaster on General Schofield's Staff Feb. 25, 1864; promoted to Captain Co. K March 21, 1864.
Constantine Eddy.....	"	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from Corporal Co. D, Sept. 1, 1863; 1st Lieutenant May 25, 1864, mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles E. Morgan.....	2d Lieut.	30	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Co. D Feb. 9, 1863.
Miles E. Wattles.....	"	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Feb. 9, 1863; resigned Oct. 22, 1863.
Henry C. Bacon.....	1st Sergt.	25	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant Feb. 9, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. D Aug. 20, 1864.
Newton L. Cotton.....	"	32	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Feb. 9, 1863; 1st Sergeant Sept. 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William H. Ayres.....	Sergeant.	21	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 16, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to 4th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 27, 1865; mustered out July 14, 1865, at Rock Island, Ill., by order of War Department.
Gilbert S. Judd.....	"	20	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Oct. 23, 1862; promoted to Sergt. Major Jan. 9, 1863.
Charles F. Blair.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.



William W. Watkins.....	Sergeant.	18	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Sept. 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George B. Fenn.....	"	18	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William Hutton.....	"	20	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Oct. 1, 1863; Sergeant March 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Edward West.....	Corporal.	20	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Hospital Steward in Regular Army Feb. 5, '63.
Edward Linder.....	"	26	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 23, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 16, 1863.
James H. Redfern.....	"	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 9, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Alfred O. Briggs.....	"	23	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Selden S. Hall.....	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James M. Jones.....	"	28	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John H. Crandall.....	"	17	July 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; died March 3, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.
John J. Shafer.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 14, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Frank B. Sherburne.....	"	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daniel W. Highland.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 4, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Robert Penson.....	"	33	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; appointed Corporal March 28, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Richard M. Tiffany.....	Musician.	24	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 7, 1864.
Edwin D. Shattue.....	Wagoner.	19	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 24, 1865, at Philadelphia, Pa., by order of War Department.
Bates, Orlando W.....	Private.	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Oct. 23, 1862; transferred to U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers July 1, 1863.
Bemis, Luther.....	"	26	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 17, 1863, at Danville, Ky.
Bowers, John H.....	"	27	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 26, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.



Bradley, Charles.....	Private.	36	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 28, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Breckinridge, Justin A.,	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 23, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brown, Theodore F.....	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bulson, Thomas.....	"	18	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 27, 1864, at Adairsville, Ga.
Burnham, Thomas.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 29, 1865, for wounds received May 31, 1864, in action.
Carver, Lewis.....	"	39	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 3, 1863, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
Cook, Francis.....	"	18	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cooper, Charles.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Cotten, George J.....	"	29	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Covenhoven, James.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 2, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Covenhoven, George W.	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Eisenhower, William H.	"	24	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 18, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received June 19, 1864, in action near Marietta, Ga.
Fisher, William M.....	"	22	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Fitch, Albert B.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 27, 1865, at Cleveland, O., to date June 12, 1865, by order of War Department.
Fitch, John G.....	"	22	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Franklin, Milton H.....	"	22	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Franklin, Sampson B.	"	22	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 21, 1862, at Lexington, Ky.
Gillett, Dyer B.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Goodrich, Joseph D.....	"	39	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hackett, Edward.....	"	30	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 1, 1865.
Hale, George W.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hawes, John H.....	"	18	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hier, Wesley P.....	"	34	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced April 26, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Horton, James M.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Horton, Sylvester T.....	"	31	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Aug. 31, 1864; paroled Feb. 28, 1865; perished by burning of steamer General Lyon, March 31, 1865, off coast of Cape Hatteras, N. C.
Houghton, Rhesa C.....	"	20	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Humphrey, William O.....	Private.	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Jones, Ezekiel	"	21	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 25, 1863, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Johnston, Charles.....	"	18	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Feb. 9, 1863; reduced to ranks Oct. 29, 1864, on account of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jordan, William	"	20	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kennyon, James E.....	"	18	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kingsbury, George C....	"	17	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kingley, Silas.....	"	45	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died July 12, 1863, at Camp Denton, O.
Kinney, Edward C.....	"	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Knickerbocker, John R....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lauphler, Jerome.....	"	26	July 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Mason, Joshua S	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 30, 1864, in action; discharged Oct. 12, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Mason, Stephen C.....	"	38	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Mulls, Edwin.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Myres, Emanuel C.....	"	35	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nason, Solomon.....	"	18	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Notaw, Frank.....	"	29	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Kesaca, Ga.; discharged March 17, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Northrop, Albert.....	"	30	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; reduced May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Northrop, John.....	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; discharged March 17, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Northrop, Madison.....	"	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 24th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 24, 1865; discharged July 12, 1865, by order of War Department.
Oberlin, Joseph.....	"	18	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Oberlin, Frank L.....	"	22	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Kesaca, Ga.; transferred to Co. H, 15th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps ---; mustered out July 15, 1865, at Cairo, Ill., by order of War Department.

Pendley, George M.....	Private.	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Penson, Thomas.....	"	27	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; reduced Oct. 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Platt, Merrit W.....	"	19	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Reynolds, Robert W.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Robinson, Joseph.....	"	21	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Dec. 28, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky., by Patrol Guard.
Robinson, David.....	"	23	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 28, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Roze, Charles H.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Sage, Sylvester F. R.....	"	28	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Sullivan, Daniel.....	"	13	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Salsberry, Henry M.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged July 24, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Secley, Morrell E.....	"	20	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. D —; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; discharged April 18, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Shaffer, Theodore.....	"	18	July 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Shapton, William.....	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Trickett, Michael.....	"	31	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Vannoy, Wellington.....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Waterson, Richard.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Whitney, Henry.....	"	29	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wood, Edwin.....	"	27	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wright, John S.....	"	49	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Oct. 31, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant 11th Regiment U. S. Colored Troops, July 15, 1864; from which resigned April 22, 1865.
Young, Gilman M.....	"	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.



COMPANY G.

Mustered in Sept. 16, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by L. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Names.	Rank.	Order	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Moses L. M. Piexotto.....	Captain.	33	July 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned Dec. 9, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Henry S. Pickands.....	"	32	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1862; to Major May 18, 1865.
Lewis S. Dille.....	"	29	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. E May 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles D. Rhodes.....	1st Lieut.	23	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1862; to Captain Co. H May 25, 1864.
William Hall.....	"	23	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Oct. 21, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 19, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry C. Seymour.....	2d Lieut.	30	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from Sergeant Dec. 9, '62; resigned July 29, '63.
Sherman E. Taff.....	1st Sergt.	20	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William Wheelock.....	Sergeant.	33	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Adonijah Elliott.....	"	19	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant, 1st Regiment U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery Nov. 24, 1863; from which mustered out as Captain March 31, 1866.
Frank Bushman.....	"	26	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Dec. 9, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Robert L. Flenny.....	"	28	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; promoted to Sergt. Major Feb. 29, 1864.
Theodore Kirner.....	"	24	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 30, 1863; Sergeant May 1, 1864; mustered out to date June 12, 1865.
Thomas R. Babb.....	"	22	July 26, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal May 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lewis Watts.....	Corporal.	28	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Amasa B. Witham.....	"	33	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	



Henry Lege.....	Corporal.	24	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Oct. 31, 1862.
Thomas Farmer	"	44	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 14, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps —.
Delos W. Turner	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 14, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Robert Woodward.....	"	22	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 27, 1864; transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
Orson Jordan.....	"	28	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Nathan W. Hawkins...	"	30	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dan- dridge, Tenn.; died May 7, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
William H. Leggett	"	44	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; mustered out Aug. 9, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Peter Hertzell.	"	22	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed —; died Jan. 18, 1865, in hospital at Clifton, Tenn.
George Barker	"	17	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George Ellsasser	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry Deal.....	Musician.	21	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	
Joseph Shrier.....	"	16	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Acklev, Moses.....	Private.	26	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Alexander, Lucius.....	"	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 8, 1863, at hospital in Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Amstrong, Richard.....	"	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent, sick at Knoxville, Tenn., April 28, 1864. No fur- ther record found.
Backus, David	"	43	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bash, Matthew.....	"	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Beckley, Adam.....	"	21	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Berner, Jacob	"	22	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bryd, Thomas.....	"	24	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Brimman, John.....	"	25	Aug. 22, 1861	3 yrs.	
Campbell, Benjamin F..	"	29	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	
Carroll, William.....	"	20	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Carroll, Lawrence M....	"	22	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	
Chetner, John	"	28	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	
Coe, Warren J.....	"	26	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Cooda, Robert	"	26	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 21, 1862, in hospital at Frankfort, Kentucky.



Cramer, Calvin S.....	Private,	27	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Detailed as artilleryman Sept. 3, 1865; mustered out May 24, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Dept.
Cummings, William S..	"	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured June 7, 1864, in action near Dalton, Ga.; returned March 4, 1865; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Dalley, Daniel	"	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 10, 1862, in hospital at Lexington, Kentucky.
Defrieze, John G.	"	26	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
DeGraff, Harry.	"	32	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dennison, Lemuel T....	"	19	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced at his own request —; mustered out May 11, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Dunham, Albert.....	"	28	Sept. 16, 1863	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged May 10, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Everson, Lewis.....	"	32	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; discharged May 6, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability, as private.
Field, William D.....	"	37	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Detailed with Engineer's Battalion July 20, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gage, James	"	22	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gasner, Jacob.....	"	34	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
Gronskic, Leon.....	"	41	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hall, John.....	"	34	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hart, James.....	"	39	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hyde, John.....	"	23	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	
Jones, Thomas.....	"	25	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	
Jones, John.....	"	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jordan, Ansel.....	"	24	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died Sept. 20, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Joy, Peter.....	"	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
King, Joseph.....	"	40	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 22, 1864, in hospital at Frankfort, Kentucky.
Knappp, Charles D.....	"	31	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 28, 1863, at hospital at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lamb, James E.....	"	24	Aug. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.

23	Leanschot, Peter.....	Private.	40	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 245th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, mustered out July 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
	Lewis, William W.....	"	20	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 12, 1863, in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
	Logan, Robert.....	"	23	Aug. 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 29, 1863, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
	McComick, John H....	"	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	McGinnis, Charles.....	"	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
	Maloy, James.....	"	26	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
	Mela, Peter.....	"	25	Aug. 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died July 5, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
	Miller, Adam.....	"	23	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Nieely, John.....	"	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 74th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out Aug. 22, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
	Nicholson, John.....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Penstad, John.....	"	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
	Petru, Levi.....	"	24	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
	Pomeroy, James.....	"	26	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to U. S. Navy June 24, 1864, by order of War Department.
	Reid, John R.....	"	20	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 8, 1864, in hospital at Cleveland, Tenn.
	Rhodes, Herman D....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Missing since Jan. 14, 1865. No further record found.
	Rhodes, Alvin B.....	"	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Rice, Charles.....	"	41	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Ryder, Peter.....	"	21	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Saunders, Mathew.....	"	26	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Shiner, Frank.....	"	47	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Smith, Jacob.....	"	48	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Temporarily transferred to Battery D, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, Aug. 13, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
	Smith, Reuben.....	"	24	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 24, 1863, in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
	Spain, Jacob.....	"	42	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	

Spencer, John.....	Private.	21	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged April 27, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Stanley, John.....	"	24	July 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent, sick in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 10, 1863. No further record found.
Stockwell, Jerome N.B..	"	30	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Sullivan, Peter.....	"	21	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865. Mustered out with company June 12, 1865. Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Thompson, William.....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Thorpe, George.....	"	24	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	
Truitt, James.....	"	22	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	
Urban, John.....	"	32	Aug. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 5, 1864, in hospital at Marietta, Ga.
Wagner, George.....	"	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	
Whitehead, Henry.....	"	19	Feb. 6, 1864	3 yrs.	Absent, sick in hospital at Covington, Ky., Sept. 8, 1862. No further record found.
Wilson, James.....	"	40	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Williams, William.....	"	22	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent, sick in hospital at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 25, 1862. No further record found.
Witham, Charles.....	"	29	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	
William, George.....	"	21	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	
Woodson, Albert.....	"	22	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	

COMPANY H.

Mustered in Sept. 8, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by A. S. Burt, 1st Lieutenant 18th Infantry, U.S.A. Mustered out June 12, 1865 at Raleigh, N.C., by E. A. Folsom, Captain and A.C.M.

Names.	Rank.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
George F. Brady.....	Captain.	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned May 9, 1863.
John Booth.....	"	July 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant May 9, 1863; resigned April 24, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Charles D. Rhodes.....	"	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. G May 25, 1864; resigned April 30, 1865.
Allert H. Spencer.....	"	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant from 2d Lieutenant Co. B Feb. 17, 1864; to Captain May 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
DeWitt C. Hotchkiss.....	1st Lieut.	July 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 2d Lieutenant Co. A May 9, 1864; resigned Jan. 19, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Michael Duncan.....	"	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. A May 18, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Philemon R. Parsons.....	2d Lieut.	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Resigned June 10, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
William T. Chapman.....	"	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant March 10, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieutenant June 8, 1864; discharged Feb. 23, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Edward B. Reynolds ..	"	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. C Feb. 29, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Co. C Jan. 5, 1865.
James Allen.....	1st Sergt.	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant July 1, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Co. F May 25, 1864.
Frederic M. Freeman.....	"	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Marvin Bruce.....	Sergeant.	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal March 10, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James Lyons.....	"	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal March 10, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Mills Blain.....	Sergeant.	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal May 1, 1863; Sergeant July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Ira P. Griswold.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Clark W. Quirk.....	Corporal.	24	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Q. M. Sergeant Sept. 8, 1862.
Edward P. French.....	"	21	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 6, 1862, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Carry L. Winckles.....	"	20	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 13, 1863, at North Benson, Ky.
Harrison Godding.....	"	30	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed ---; died Nov. 30, 1864, of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Luke Collins.....	"	29	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed March 10, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William H. Weedon.....	"	21	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; detached in Engineers Battalion July 21, 1863; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Matclow Poulber.....	"	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Charles L. Loughan.....	"	25	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1861; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
George W. Phelan.....	"	19	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Stranque.....	"	19	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John S. Warnock.....	"	21	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daniel Coughlan	"	18	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on the rolls as Daniel Coughlin; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
John Mountain.....	Musician.	28	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to File Major Sept. 8, 1862.
Andrew Parsons.....	"	16	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Umbal P. O'Good.....	"	15	July 30, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed ---; died March 24, 1864, at Frankfort, Ky.
Lewis Spalding.....	Wagoner.	30	July 28, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Wagonmaster Supply Train, 3d Division, 2d Army Corps, Oct. 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Albrey, Charles.....	Private.	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Adams, Albert.....	"	18	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Alcott, Solomon.....	"	40	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 10, 1863, wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; reduced Nov. 1, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1865.
Alexander, Job	"	20	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.



Allen, Thomas.....	Private.	18	Mich. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Allen, Robert.....	"	22	Mich. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Taken prisoner April 24, 1863, near Greenville, Tenn.
Ambose, Frederick.....	"	19	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 27, 1863, at Stanford, Ky.
Bacon, John M.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Bailey, James.....	"	44	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 47th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 27, 1864; mustered out July 1, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Baldwin, Henry W.....	"	17	Mich. 17, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Bannister, Chapin M.....	"	16	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Feb. 16, 1865, at Columbus, O., by order of War Department.
Bement, Lorenus.....	"	30	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Co. G, 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 4, 1864.
Biggs, Joseph.....	"	18	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Blain, George.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached with Engineers' Battalion, April 6, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Brainard, Henry M.....	"	19	Mich. 10, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Brannon, Jeremiah.....	"	30	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bunnell, Thomas.....	"	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 14, 1864, at Frankfort, Ky.
Bunnell, Benjamin.....	"	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 24, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Department.
Bushnell, Washburn W.....	"	32	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Feb. 20, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Carpenter, Sanford M.....	"	22	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Chapman, Haskin P.....	"	18	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 27, 1864, at Cleveland, O., for wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Chapman, Emory N.....	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 17, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., for wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Chandler, Charles.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 74th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 8, 1864; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865.
Churchill, Alfred W.....	"	22	Mich. 28, 1864	3 yrs.	Died April 9, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
Collins, James.....	"	38	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cobb, Elliott A.....	"	24	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached with Engineer Corps, April 6, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Connally, John.....	"	20	July 23, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as 1st Sergeant; reduced to ranks March 10, 1864; captured Jan. 13, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died July 30, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.



Private.	18	July 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 5, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Castle, Cephas.....	29	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 18, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Crippin, Benjamin F....	34	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Oct. 15, 1863, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
Dickson, Robert.....	40	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dimes, Paul.....	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Hospital Steward Sept. 8, 1862.
Durand, Cyrus V.....	20	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Also borne on rolls as Albert Fauber; died Nov. 23, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Fauver, Patterson.....	36	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Flood, Edward.....	22	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached with Engineer Corps April 6, 1864; mustered out June 20, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor, by order of War Department.
Fretter, Thomas O.....	21	July 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 27, 1864, at Columbus, O., for wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; lost right arm.
Fretter, Henry W.....	20	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gaudern, Austin.....	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gillmore, Byron A.....	20	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal March 10, 1863; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; reduced —; transferred to Co. D, 3d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, May 10, 1864.
Graham, Michael.....	21	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out July 14, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Hannah, Cassius B.....	19	Mch. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Harrison, Thomas.....	24	Aug. 3, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 19th O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Hawn, Almon.....	18	Feb. 25, 1864	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 6, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Howes, William.....	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hinckley, Richard C....	31	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	
Hitchcock, Henry S....	23	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 3, 1863, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
Hudson, Martin.....	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died May 25, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Hurd, George E.....	24	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 16th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Harrisburg, Pa., by order of War Department.
Iserman, Charles.....	20	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	

Isom, James A.....	Private.	21	Feb. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged Nov. 5, 1864, to accept commission as 2d Lieutenant 11th U. S. Colored Infantry; killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Jarrett, John.....	"	28	Aug. 1, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, near Memphis, Tenn., April 27, 1865.
Kilby, Charles R.....	"	39	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Lexington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Knowles, William.....	"	20	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant, captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died Oct. 16, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Florence, S. C.
Lewis, Philip.....	"	35	Aug. 4, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 2, 1863.
Lewis, John C.....	"	33	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Lowman, Charles E.....	"	18	Feb. 12, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to 15th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 8, 1865, at Springfield, Ill., by order of War Department, as private.
McCloy, Harrison.....	"	21	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; reduced Sept. 1, 1864; transferred to 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 15, 1865; mustered out July 2, 1865, at Camp Douglas, Ill., by order of War Department.
McNeil, Byron.....	"	24	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 26, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Matthews, Joseph.....	"	18	July 25, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865, by order of War Department.
Mixer, Albert K.....	"	24	Feb. 23, 1864	3 yrs.	Detached with Engineer Battalion July 25, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Moran, Arthur.....	"	22	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 4, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Myndertse, Alanson.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
O'Connell, Morris.....	"	30	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 10, 1864, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
Pelton, Grosvenor.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 9, 1863.
Pelton, Francis E.....	"	25	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 10, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Pelton, David.....	"	29	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 13, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; paroled March 3, 1865; died March 15, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.
Ransom, Raphael.....	"	22	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	

Roe, Charles.....	Private.	18	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 14, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
Ridick, John.....	"	41	May	6, 1864	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 13, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.
Shute, Richard H.....	"	18	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Smith, John.....	"	39	Aug.	5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 7th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out Aug. 28, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
Snyder, Christian.....	"	18	Feb.	12, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Spaulding, Charles C.....	"	32	Aug.	6, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Wagoner; promoted to Act. Hospital Steward at Lytle Barracks, Cincinnati, O., June 7, 1864; discharged June 1, 1865, at Cincinnati, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Stephens, Henry M.....	"	17	April	2, 1864	3 yrs.	Appointed Musician; transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865, as private.
Sullivan, Charles F.....	"	18	April	8, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Taylor, William G.....	"	39	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Thompson, George.....	"	25	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 29, 1865, at Camp Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.
Towner, Augustus.....	"	21	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Towner, Francis S.....	"	26	Feb.	17, 1864	3 yrs.	Killed Aug. 6, 1864, in action near Atlanta, Ga.
Uins, Seeley.....	"	19	July	16, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
VanGuilder, Hiram.....	"	26	July	31, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action near Danbridge, Tenn.; died Aug. 1, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Ga.
VanWagon, Welton.....	"	21	Aug.	7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; appointed Wagonmaster of Supply Train, 3d Division, 23d Army Corps, May 23, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Vetter, Jerome A.....	"	19	July	30, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Warnock, James.....	"	19	July	24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Weet, William.....	"	28	July	26, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged June 1, 1865, at Jeffersonville, Ind., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wheeler, Timney B.....	"	19	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 15, 1865, at Camp Mitchell, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Whittaker, Daniel.....	"	26	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. A, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Wilson, Joseph.....	"	35	Aug.	9, 1862	3 yrs.	
Wilson, Alexander M.....	"	19	Feb.	12, 1864	3 yrs.	



COMPANY I.

Mustered in Sept. 15, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by L. A. Folsom, Captain and A. C. M.

Name.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Lyman B. Wilcox.....	Captain.	38	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged April 7, 1864, at Mossy Creek, East Tennessee, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
George Redway.....	"	27	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Lieutenant Aug. 8, 1862; detailed to command Co. K Jan. 16, 1864; promoted to Captain May 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry A. Mills, Jr.....	1st Lieut.	28	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Jan. 12, 1863; promoted to 2d Lieutenant May 19, 1863; 1st Lieutenant May 25, 1864; detailed as Regt. Quartermaster Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Edward Andrews.....	2d Lieut.	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 15, 1862; resigned May 19, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.
James Allen.....	"	36	July 29, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Sergeant Co. H May 25, 1864, to 1st Lieutenant Co. A Nov. 18, 1864.
Harrison D. Bartran....	1st Sergt.	22	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Sergeant July 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 18, 1865, but not mustered; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Thomas W. Smith.....	Sergeant.	28	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1864, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Thomas S. Crawford....	"	24	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal July 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Henry McCloud.....	"	20	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Arthur Bradley.....	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal July 1, 1863; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William H. Fater.....	"	25	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 12, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Samuel M. Borland.....	Corporal.	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died June 4, 1863, in hospital at Camp Nelson, Ky.

William McDermott.....	Corporal.	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 12, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Asa Haman.....	"	21	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Frederick H. Stannard..	"	30	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Thomas Branigan.....	"	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed July 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kersey J. Seibething....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hannan Hippenstiel....	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Chauncey B. Welton....	"	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Isaac W. Gates	"	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
William H. Hill.....	"	22	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Orasmus Howe.....	Musician.	35	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Milton J. Freeman.....	"	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged May 12, 1865, at hospital, Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Isaac Shreman.....	Wagoner.	44	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Abbott, Chester W.....	Private.	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 23, 1864, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Acker, Henry H.....	"	27	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Acker, Benjamin.....	"	20	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Aubel, John H.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 12, 1863; promoted to Com. Sergeant June 30, 1863; reduced to ranks Oct. 31, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barnes, Cornelius G....	"	30	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 1861 O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Barnes, Remulus B.....	"	39	Mich. 2, 1865	3 yrs.	Rejected Oct. 3, 1862, by Regt. Surgeon; was never mustered.
Baiber, George.....	"	..	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred from 2d Ohio Volunteer Cavalry Jan. 13, 1864; mustered out Aug. 12, 1864, at Camp Chase, O., on expiration of term of service.
Beck, Albert M.....	"	18	Aug. 13, 1861	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bishop, Edwin.....	"	13	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bitter, James.....	"	37	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bogardus, Matthew J....	"	23	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

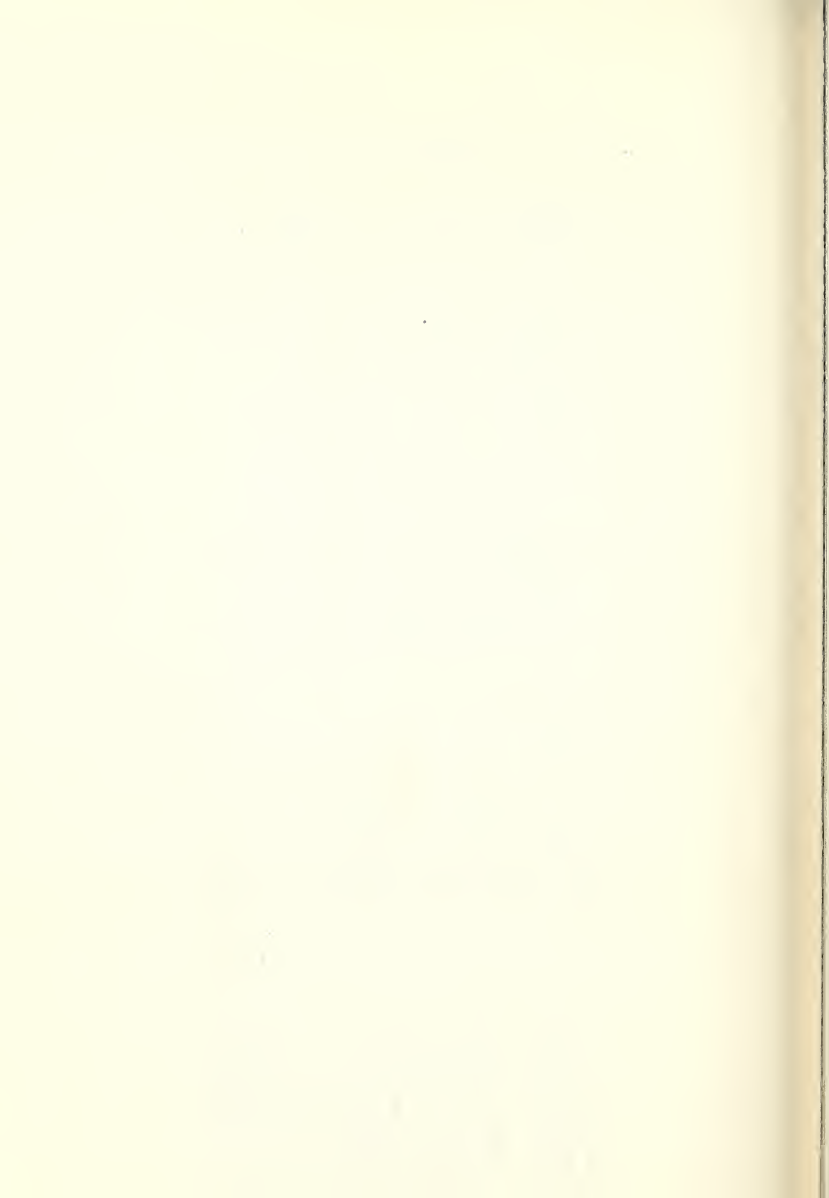
Booth, Franklin E.	Private.	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Sept. 27, 1864, to accept promotion in 1st Regiment U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery, from which resigned as 2d Lieutenant Feb. 25, 1865.
Bradley, Nolle.....	"	18	Aug. 6, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached in Engineer Corps July 22, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Brown, Charles E.	"	30	Mch. 25, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Burdoun, Franklin M. ..	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced at his own request Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cannon, George R.	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Carrington, Charles H. .	"	27	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out March 12, 1864, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Case, Addison J.	"	6	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Was never mustered.
Clark, David.....	"	23	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 23d Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 14, 1864.
Closs, Orville M.	"	21	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Cushman, William H. .	"	20	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died April 12, 1861, in hospital at Frankfort, Kentucky.
Cutler, Squire Z.	"	41	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 74th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
Cutter, Harvey.....	"	21	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daman, George D.	"	23	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daman, Sylvester.....	"	35	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 12, 1863; reduced to ranks ———; absent, sick at Camp Chase, O., June 1, 1864. No further record found.
Damon, Levi.....	"	24	Mch. 22, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Derhamer, George F. .	"	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Desher, Thomas.....	"	30	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 24, 1863, of accidental wound received same day at Carter's Station, Tenn., by the discharge of his gun while in line of battle.
Elmer, Jonathan.....	"	37	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Fenton, Charles H.	"	25	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal July 1, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865, as private.
Fritz, Peuben.....	"	25	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gatz, Charles E.	"	18	Oct. 14, 1861	3 yrs.	Transferred from 2d Ohio Volunteer Cavalry Jan. 13, 1864; mustered out Aug. 12, 1864, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
Ginton, Matthew.....	"	45	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 4d Co., 2d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, ———; mustered out June 19, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., by order of War Department.



Harrington, Stephen J.	Private,	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Captured Jan. 18, 1864, in action at Dandridge, Tenn.; died June 28, 1864, in Rebel Prison at Andersonville, Georgia.
Harper, Charles A.	"	21	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Harris, Henry W.	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hart, Thomas C.	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hatch, Alexander	"	19	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hathfield, John	"	28	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hays, William H.	"	30	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 8, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Hays, Alexander	"	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Heddon, Jonas	"	19	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hath, James	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached as Wagoner Aug. 20, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Honglaud, James	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Johnson, Moses	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Johnson, Sherman	"	22	March 22, 1865	1 yr.	Mustered as 1st Sergeant; reduced to ranks Jan. 12, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kimball, Charles H.	"	28	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Kinkler, James	"	25	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Sergeant from Corporal Jan. 12, 1863; reduced to ranks Jan. 6, 1864; mustered out May 24, 1865, at Lexington, Ky., by order of War Department.
Lauterman, John G.	"	30	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Long, John Wesley	"	17	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 19, 1864, in hospital at Knoxville, Tenn.
Loomis, Harvey	"	18	Nov. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred from 2d Ohio Volunteer Cavalry Jan. 13, 1864; mustered out Aug. 12, 1864, at Camp Chase, O., by order of War Department.
McCoy, Samuel	"	19	Aug. 16, 1861	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
McMullen, David	"	40	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Merton, Theodore	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. I, 5th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, —; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Burnside Barracks, Indianapolis, Ind., by order of War Dept.
Montgomery, John B.	"	23	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 8th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 28, 1864.
Musselman, Henry B.	"	20	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nash, Henry	"	19	Dec. 27, 1864	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Nicely, Joseph	"	21	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865, as private.

Nice, Isaac K.....	35	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nichols, Henry.....	39	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nichols, Daniel.....	27	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Nichols, Charles.....	18	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1864, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Nichols, John.....	24	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 244th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps —; mustered out July 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Null, Joseph.....	34	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Absent, sick at Cleveland, O., July 30, 1863. No further record found.
Overholt, Aaron.....	18	Dec. 27, 1861	1 yr.	Died Feb. 16, 1865, in hospital at Washington, D. C.
Poulbot, David S.....	40	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Sept. 6, 1863, in hospital at Camp Nelson, Ky.
Potter, Robert S.....	20	Feb. 22, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Potter, Charles C.....	20	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Potter, Henry T.....	22	Feb. 22, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Reed, George W.....	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Reimer, Isaac.....	28	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed April 25, 1864, by a bushwhacker, near Jonesboro, Tenn.
Rickerson, Lucius C.....	27	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 12, 1863; reduced Jan. 1, 1864; mustered out May 15, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Rodgers, Amundess P.....	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Rorler, Harrison.....	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Rosenberry, Samuel C.....	18	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Selberberg, Charles.....	18	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Sedwiling, Lloyd.....	18	Dec. 23, 1863	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Selilly, Joseph.....	..	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Reflected Sept. 8, 1862, by Mustering Officer.
Sehlabach, Stephen H.....	28	Aug. 16, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; reduced —; discharged June 28, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Seftman, Jonas.....	30	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged June 16, 1864, at Covington, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Smith, Delos.....	23	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1864, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Swanwood, James H.....	24	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Tamora, Jasper S.....	23	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Vancey, Thomas S.....	24	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 24, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Waldo, Justus F.....	17	Feb. 22, 1865	1 yr.	Transferred to Co. E, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.

Watkins, Ephraim.....	Private.	25	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Webster, Frederick.....	"	21	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. F, 19th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, June 15, 1864, mustered out July 13, 1865, at Elmira, N. Y., by order of War Department.
Webster, Charles C.....	"	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Welling, William F.....	"	23	Jan. 4, 1864	3 yrs.	Died Aug. 9, 1864, at his home, Black Earth, Wis., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Wernitz, Samuel.....	"	19	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Accidentally wounded Sept. 13, 1862, at Camp Mitchell, Ky.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wideman, George W....	"	24	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Willis, Alonzo D.....	"	23	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wiley, John C.....	"	42	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wise, Edwin.....	"	24	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 28, 1864, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Woodruff, George D....	"	20	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wunner, Jeremiah D....	"	25	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 10, 1864.
Yoder, Henry B.....	"	21	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.



COMPANY K.

Mustered in Sept. 18, 1862, at Camp Cleveland, O., by Louis D. Watkins, 1st Lieutenant 5th U. S. Cavalry. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., by E. A. Polson, Captain and A. C. M.

Names.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
William H. Garrett.....	Captain.	36	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 18, 1862; discharged Feb. 23, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Simson Windecker.....	"	30	July 24, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted from 1st Lieutenant Co. F March 27, 1864, detailed April 1, 1864, as chief of ambulance 23d Army Corps; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
David Smolk.....	1st Lieut.	39	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Aug. 18, 1862; resigned Dec. 9, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
William F. Hubbard.....	"	32	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 2d Lieutenant Aug. 13, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1862; resigned Jan. 13, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
George B. Norton	"	23	Aug. 18, 1863	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Dec. 9, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Feb. 17, 1864, to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 5, 1865; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Marshall S. Root.....	2d Lieut.	25	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed 1st Sergeant from Sergeant Nov. 16, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Dec. 16, 1862; resigned Feb. 5, 1864.
Aaron L. Fuller.....	1st Sergt.	23	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1862; Sergeant Dec. 9, 1862; 1st Sergeant Feb. 17, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lyman Knowles.....	Sergeant.	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jacob Waggoner.....	"	27	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as 1st Sergeant, reduced to Sergeant Nov. 16, 1862; to ranks Jan. 13, 1863; appointed Sergeant April 14, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Augustus Stevens.....	"	37	Aug. 5, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed from private Dec. 9, 1862; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out May 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., by order of War Department.

William P. Cowlick,....	Sergeant.	20	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; appointed Sergeant Feb. 17, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hiram B. Floyd,.....	Corporal.	22	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James C. Reynolds,....	"	22	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Feb. 18, 1863; appointed Corporal Feb. 17, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Solomon Stevens	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 4, 1862; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wallace W. Munger,....	"	24	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Nov. 1, 1862; detached in Engineer Corps July 1, 1863; mustered out June 20, 1865; at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
James Kennedy,.....	"	21	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed ---; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Joseph Levitt,.....	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Jan. 1, 1863; died April 30, 1863, at Frankfort, Kentucky.
John J. Forbes,	"	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 28, 1863; died May 15, 1864, at Resaca, Ga., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
William H. Kennedy...	"	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 28, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
James E. Marquett,....	"	28	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 28, 1863; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Daniel Collier,.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 17, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Prescott Huntley,.....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Feb. 17, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
David Clark,....	Wagoner.	42	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Alber, Lucius,.....	Private.	39	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Armstrong, Henry,....	"	37	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 5, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Engley, George,.....	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Balchman, Andrew,....	"	20	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Barnum, Richmond S.,..	"	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Beebe, Alonzo A.,.....	"	19	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 12th Co., 2d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15, 1864; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Evansville, Ind., by order of War Department.
Bell, Rodolph,.....	"	18	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Bendall, Thomas,.....	"	44	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	



Bowen, Charles W.....	Private.	21	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal Sept. 26, 1862; reduced Jan. 1, 1863; Mustered out June 6, 1865, at David's Island, New York Harbor, by order of War Department.
Branch, Arza.....	"	18	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 25, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Brintnall, Francis.....	"	18	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Appointed Corporal ---; reduced Feb. 28, 1864; detached as Clerk in Adj. General's Office, Washington, D. C.; mustered out Aug. 21, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Bullard, Benjamin L....	"	38	Aug. 2, 1862	3 yrs.	Promoted to Com. Sergeant Sept. 8, 1862; reduced to ranks March 1, 1863; mustered out June 3, 1865, at New York City, by order of War Department.
Coller, David	"	20	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 10, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Collins, Jesse.....	"	22	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out June 2, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Cunningham, Patrick...	"	33	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Killed Aug. 12, 1863, at Danville, Ky., by Provost Guard.
Curtice, David A.....	"	19	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged March 18, 1865, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Dix, John	"	36	Aug. 12, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Dotten, Horace.....	"	36	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Died May 3, 1863, at Lexington, Ky.
Dunham, Henry.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Earl, James.....	"	18	Aug. 30, 1864	1 yr.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Fifield, Irvine	"	19	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Fluent, Jonathan.....	"	18	Aug. 8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Forbes, William D.....	"	20	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	
Forbes, George W.....	"	26	Aug. 10, 1862	3 yrs.	
Fretter, Joseph A.....	"	18	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Gaines, Lyman C.....	"	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 15, 1865.
Gore, Nathan.....	"	45	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. H 183d O. V. I., June 12, 1865.
Grover, Daniel E.....	"	19	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Nov. 1, 1862.
Hilder, Henry.....	"	18	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Hold David.....	"	21	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Holcomb, Abnzo N.....	"	18	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Jan. 29, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
Hollwill, George W....	"	26	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Horton, Amos B.....	"	28	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.

Jackson, Orlo.....	Private.	26	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Jacques, William H.....	"	42	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Musician; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; discharged June 5, 1865, at Portsmouth Grove, N. I., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Kennedy, Simon.....	"	24	Aug. 18, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Kennedy, Arvin B.....	"	19	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Nov. 1, 1862; transferred to 24th Co., 1st Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps; mustered out July 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Kennedy, John.....	"	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Feb. 28, 1863; discharged to date June 14, 1863, by order of War Department.
King, John W.....	"	19	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Knapp, Harlow.....	"	27	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 25, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Knapp, Zenas H.....	"	59	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 21, 1864.
Lindley, George E.....	"	27	Aug. 22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Lindley, Francis W.....	"	23	Aug. 15, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded June 19, 1864, in action at Nose's Creek, Ga.; discharged June 30, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Lutz, Daniel E.....	"	18	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
McCabe, Cyrus.....	"	13	Aug. 7, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Mann, Lewis R.....	"	29	Aug. 14, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Martin, Hezekiah.....	"	13	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Nov. 13, 1862, at Frankfort, Ky.
Mulberry, Andrew.....	"	18	Aug. 20, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Outback, Guntieb.....	"	23	Aug. 9, 1862	3 yrs.	Wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; also June 10, 1864, in action at Nose's Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Reynolds, Benjamin F.....	"	21	Aug. 19, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to 74th Co., 3d Battalion, Veteran Reserve Corps, May 15, 1864; mustered out Aug. 19, 1865, at Camp Nelson, Ky., by order of War Department.
Robbins, Nathan P.	"	29	Aug. 11, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Sergeant; reduced to ranks Nov. 1, 1862; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Roberts, Hurl.....	"	40	Aug. 13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 5, 1864, at Knoxville Tenn.
Rockwood, Lewis.....	"	31	Aug. 21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.

Road, Jesse H	Private.	18	Jan.	5, 1864	3 yrs.	Transferred from Co. A June 29, 1864; to Co. H, 183d O. V., June 12, 1865.
Round, Lewis P.....	"	18	Aug.	11, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 30, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Rowlee, Wolcott.....	"	18	Aug.	5, 1862	3 yrs.	Transferred to Co. G, 12th Regiment, Veteran Reserve Corps, Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out June 29, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by order of War Department.
Serley, McKendree.....	"	19	Aug.	11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died March 3, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Shaw, Haskins.....	"	18	Aug.	11, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 2, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Sheldon, Perry C.....	"	25	Aug.	13, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached in Engineer Corps July 1, 1863; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn., by order of War Department.
Shuler, Henry.....	"	27	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered as Corporal; reduced Sept. 20, 1862; discharged Sept. 1, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Smallman, John.....	"	30	Aug.	13, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Dec. 24, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in siege of Knoxville, Tenn.
Smith, Wesley B	"	36	Aug.	18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Stallay, William H.....	"	18	July	24, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Stoddard, Samuel.....	"	20	Aug.	12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Jan. 31, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Sutton, William.....	"	18	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Swartz, Paul.....	"	30	Aug.	5, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Oct. 11, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Thripp, Newton.....	"	20	Aug.	16, 1862	3 yrs.	Died Feb. 2, 1863, at Frankfort, Ky.
Tipple, James M.....	"	36	Aug.	18, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Truman, Andrew.....	"	18	Aug.	8, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Van Orman, Joseph C.....	"	21	Aug.	22, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 25, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Webber, Frederick L.....	"	26	Aug.	13, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached as provost guard 3d Division, 23d Army Corps, Oct. 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wells, Daniel A.....	"	18	Aug.	22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wells, Lorenzo B.....	"	27	Aug.	22, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Wilcox, Charles A	"	34	Aug.	12, 1862	3 yrs.	Discharged Dec. 25, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Wright, Charles.....	"	26	Aug.	11, 1862	3 yrs.	Detached as provost guard 3d Division, 23d Army Corps, Oct. 25, 1864; mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Yetter, John.....	"	21	Aug.	21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out with company June 12, 1865.
Yetter, Charles.....	"	19	Aug.	21, 1862	3 yrs.	Mustered out May 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

Name.	Rank.	Age.	Date of Entering the Service.	Period of Service.	Remarks.
Avery, George W.....	Private.	18	Feb. 29, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged April 20, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Bridge, Alonzo.....	"	40	Mch. 15, 1864	3 yrs.	Discharged April 20, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
Brown, James L.....	"	28	Mch. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
Brown, James H.....	"	18	Mch. 21, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
Hall, John.....	"	21	Mch. 2, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
Harris, James.....	"	20	Mch. 17, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
Hough, Charles.....	"	18	Jan. 22, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
McDonald, William U..	"	31	Sept. 6, 1864	1 yr.	Died April 11, 1864, in General Hospital at Loudon, Tenn.
Stable, Joseph.....	"	22	Mch. 21, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.
Wheeler, Henry K.....	"	19	Mch. 10, 1864	3 yrs.	No record subsequent to enlistment.

F 825.2839

5748





